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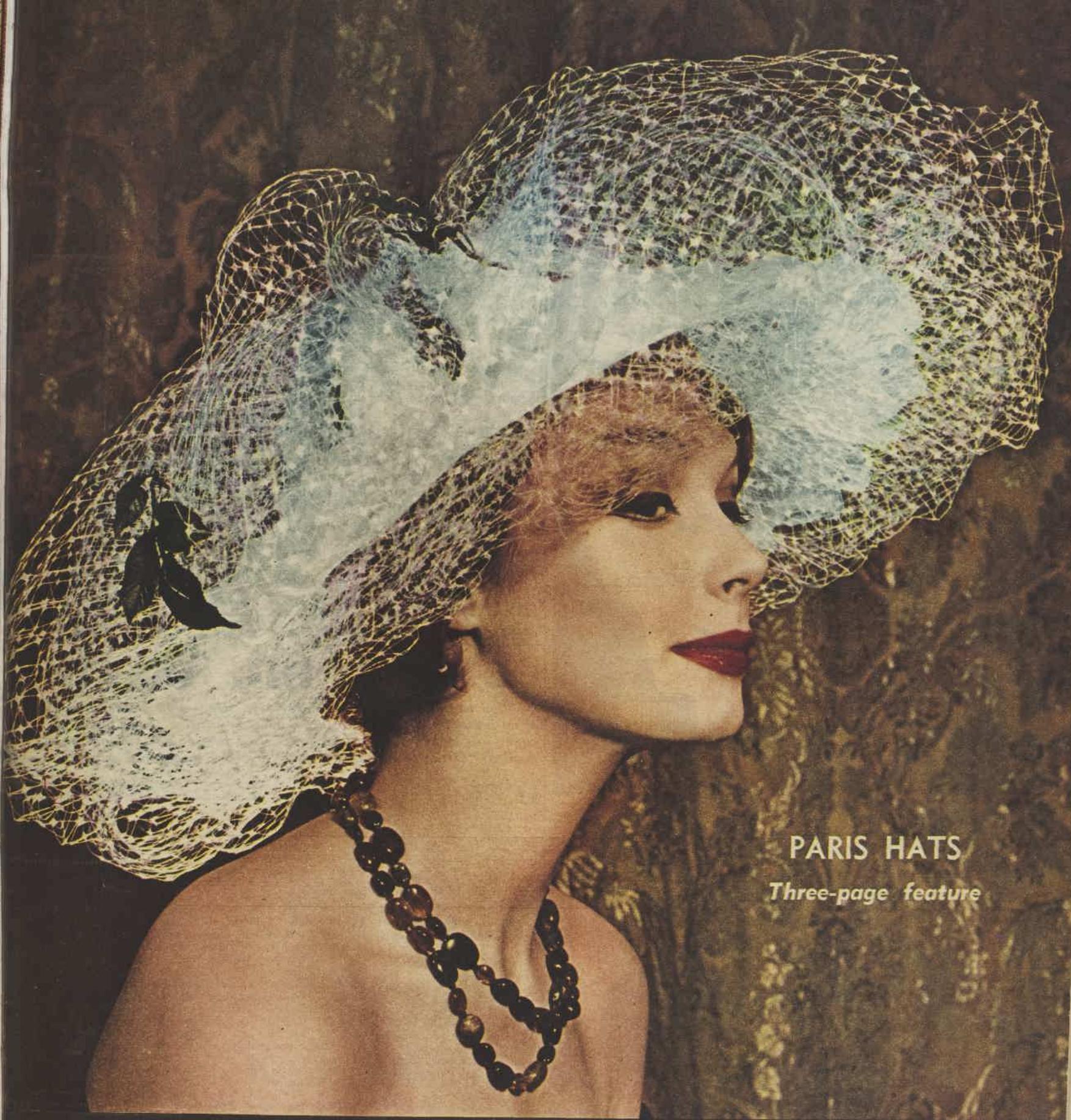
March 26, 1958

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



PARIS HATS

Three-page feature

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 26, 1958

Vol. 25, No. 42

Our cover

• Pierre Cardin, brilliant young Paris designer, masses open mesh net on a wide-brimmed frame to create this feminine afternoon hat. The fullness of the net is caught up at points with green leaves. The cover photograph was taken specially for us in Paris by Alec Murray.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

EXTRA BIG ISSUE

• This week's paper is an extra large issue—96 pages. Because of an industrial dispute affecting our color printing plant, last week's paper was an emergency letterpress issue containing the final installment of "Listen to Danger." Now we are back in our full color dress.

ON pages 24 and 25 you'll find our new romantic serial, "The Eye of Love," by Margery Sharp. The Australian Women's Weekly is the only paper to be granted serial rights to this novel, one of the most heart-warming, unconventional love stories we've ever read.

Another special attraction is a long short story, "The Enchantress," by popular author H. E. Bates.

• THE Sara quads, of Punch-bowl, N.S.W., are growing up with good manners.

On the way home after a recent shopping expedition (see page 48) each of the quads was given a small packet of sweets.

By chance, Phillip was the nearest to the counter and received his packet first.

Mark snatched the sweets away from him and passed them to Judy, saying, "Ladies before gentlemen is polite."

Incidentally, it is not difficult for outsiders to separate Judy and Alison these days.

Judy has neatly looped plaits and Alison a short, straight haircut.

• WHEN Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, sent us the story on the opposite page about Sir Winston Churchill's paintings he reported a sensible, if back-handed, compliment from ex-President Harry Truman.

Asked if he thought Churchill was as great a painter as a statesman, Truman snapped:

"Impossible. He would have to be a Rembrandt."

• WHILE the latest Paris spring hats are alive with color, black is the favorite for late-day autumn hats.

Judging from the pictures on pages 43, 44, 45 this week the autumn hats will also revive the fashion for fringes.

* * * THIS week we announce the winners of this year's Peter Mitchell Will Quest for young Australian women.

Again this year teachers and nurses were in the majority among the finalists who came to Sydney for the judging.

They told us they found it hard to get leave from their schools and hospitals, but harder still to explain to small patients and pupils.

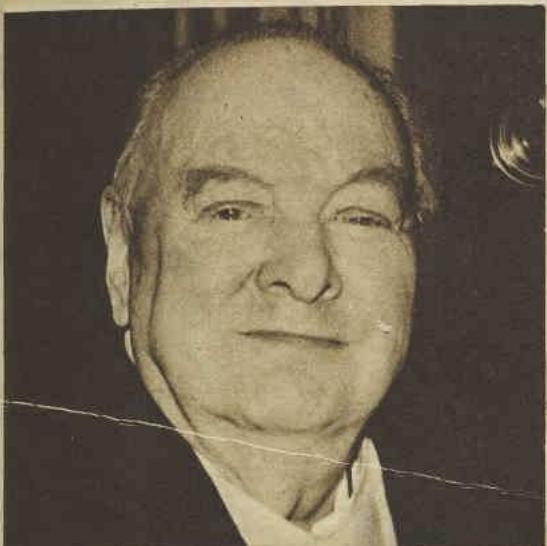
The young charges seem to have a fixed idea that their nurses and teachers are flying to Sydney to get husbands.

Judith Drummond, a Victorian finalist who teaches at Ararat, said her excitement about coming to Sydney was marred by the thought of returning to school classes with her third finger, left hand, as bare as when she left.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

Coming in May
to Australia:

Churchill's paintings



PAINTER 83-year-old Sir Winston Churchill was reluctant to send his pictures to America. Most of the pictures in the show are from the walls of Chartwell, his home in Kent.

He's an Old Master at drawing crowds

Story and pictures from ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

• Most art critics admit that Sir Winston Churchill, the world's most famous part-time painter, has technical facility. But many of them question that an original Churchill deserves a place beside a Picasso, a Rembrandt, or a Renoir.

THIS is the argument that has made the air blue over six major American cities where the show of 40 pictures is being exhibited.

It is Sir Winston's first one-man show, and is coming to Australia in July.

He was at first reluctant to send the exhibition to the U.S. A letter from President Eisenhower finally persuaded him.

Sponsor of the show is a firm that has used Churchill paintings for its greeting cards.

In New York, Kansas City, and Detroit, all previous attendance records at art museums were broken. At the Detroit Institute of Arts a crowd of 11,859 jammed the gallery one Sunday.

In defending the decision to show them, the director, James J. Rorimer, said:

"He will not be judged in history as a painter, but the results of this pastime will add to the stature of the man."

"Think of how eager we would be to see the paintings of Alfred the Great, were they to be discovered tomorrow."

Said the chief curator of the Detroit Institute, Paul L. Grigaut:

"The show has attracted people who would not know about our permanent collections without some such shot in the arm."

"There is something touching in the respect that visitors have for these paintings."

Two of the pictures — the maximum number permitted

by copyright laws — are reproduced here.

"Bottlescape" is said to be the best in the collection.

"Black Swans at Chartwell" (the swans, kept at his country home, were presented to him by the people of Western Australia) is considered more typical of the collection — pleasant, but mediocre.

Among the pictures in the exhibition is an interior of Blenheim Castle, seat of the Duke of Marlborough, Churchill's famed ancestor, and his own birthplace.

By the time the travelling show folds its tent in the States it is estimated that about a million people will have seen it.

Such a number, argue the critics, proves that most people have gone out of curiosity, not from love of art.

The pro-Churchills' reply is:

"What's wrong with curiosity?"

Brickbats thrown at the artist:

• From Leon Arkus, Director of Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute, which turned down the show: "I understand Mr. (sic) Churchill is a terrific bricklayer, too, but nobody is exhibiting bricks this season."

• From Philip Adams, Director of the Cincinnati Art Museum: "Our interest, as a museum's should be, is in art, not history."

• From an anonymous museum head: "What we should do in revenge is send President Eisenhower's paintings to be exhibited at the Tate Gallery in London."



"BLACK SWANS AT CHARTWELL," painted in 1948 (copyright, Sir Winston Churchill). Paintings in the exhibition span a period of 41 years, the earliest being "Plug Street," a World War I French village scene, 1916, and the most recent, "View of La Pausa, Roquebrune" (French Riviera), 1957. The Riviera is a favorite holiday site.



"BOTTLESCAPE," painted around 1932, lent by Lady Churchill (copyright, Sir Winston Churchill). Critics consider this still-life represents the best of his work. Six of the pictures on show were lent by Americans who received them as gifts. Sir Winston has never sold a painting, but through the years has presented many of them to friends.



blouses that run a wardrobe—

Sportscraft's well-bred Ingola blouses have the dash, the distinction, the colors—to make a wardrobe exciting—double its clothespower. And what a fit. They're cut and fashioned with the same finesse as Sportscraft's famous skirts and slacks. Ingola is of course, the softest, coziest, lightest mixture of pure lambs' wool and fine cotton*—washes and irons with ease. Here—in white, champagne, pastels, lilac, sapphire, moss, taupe, teal, red, XSSW-OS—at Sportscraft specialists throughout Australia. Above—quilted, piped fly-front and collar—about £3/15/- Below—softened two-way Peter Pan collar—about £3/6/-.

*IN 45% WOOL 55% COTTON — WOVEN BY INGOLA

SPORTSCRAFT

Page 4



PRIZEWINNERS in this year's Peter Mitchell Will Quest included (from left) Joyce Hopkins, Ruth Rennie (second), Margaret Ring (third), Muriel Morley, Judith Mugford, and Jill McLauchlan.



JUDITH DRUMMOND, 22-year-old winner of the quest, will buy a radiogram with part of her prizemoney.

By
ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

Mitchell Will quest won by school teacher

• Small, snub-nosed, blond Judith Drummond, of Warrnambool, Victoria, has won first prize of £498/16/9 in this year's Peter Mitchell Will Quest.

THE second prize of £249/8/4 went to Ruth Rennie, of Rockdale, N.S.W., and third prize of £124/14/2 to Margaret Ring, of Lindfield, N.S.W.

The 12 other finalists were awarded prizes of £62/7/1.

In alphabetical order, they are: Deirdrie Carroll (N.S.W.), June Cousins (N.S.W.), Helen Cross (Vic.), Pamela Donaldson (S.A.), Beverley Graham (Vic.), Margaret Holland (Vic.), Joyce Hopkins (W.A.), Gwen Johnson (Qld.), Jill McLauchlan (N.S.W.), Muriel Morley (A.C.T.), Judith Mugford (S.A.), and Margaret White (Vic.).

The names of prizewinning male entrants will be announced later.

Three of the girls, Ruth Rennie, Margaret Ring, and Margaret White, plan to marry within a few weeks.

Two others, Jill McLauchlan and Helen Cross, are engaged to be married next year.

Among the 12 runners-up are three girls who won prizes in last year's quest. They are Deirdrie Carroll, Gwen Johnson, and Jill McLauchlan.

Winner Judith Drummond is a 22-year-old high-school teacher (French and history) at Ararat, Victoria.

An Arts graduate, she wants to travel overseas—particularly to France.

"As soon as my teaching term is up I'll go abroad," she said. "And I hope to put my French to use in a consular or diplomatic office."

Judith swims, plays golf, makes her own clothes, and enjoys cooking exotic dishes in her small flat.

She is a competent typist and stenographer, and plans

one day to learn pottery, too.

Ruth Rennie, 22-year-old primary-school teacher, will marry the Rev. John Sutton this month.

Her prizemoney will help buy a car or furnishings for their home.

Choir member

Ruth makes most of her own frocks, and has taken cooking lessons for the past nine months.

For the past three years Ruth has been a member of the Australian Christian Theatre Guild.

She is also registrar for the Christian Endeavor camps, leads the Junior Fellowship at her church's Sunday school, and sings in the church choir.

Third-prize winner, Margaret Ring, 22, will marry Dr. James Burstall in October.

She, too, will spend her prizemoney on furnishings.

Margaret, a stenographer, is a good swimmer and B-grade tennis player. She used

to play cricket and is a former member of a State squad.

Her hobbies are stamp-collecting, reading, and playing the piano, and she is a member of a Presbyterian Church club.

Deirdrie Carroll, 20-year-old high-school teacher (home economics and needlework), of Port Macquarie, used her prize last year on a holiday in New Zealand.

She will put this cheque towards her fare to England.

Gwen Johnson, who turned 21 a few days after the judging, comes from Greenslopes, Brisbane. She teaches at a school for the deaf.

Gwen, a member of the University fencing club, bush-walking club, and choir, said her prizemoney would help her finish her Arts course.

Jill McLauchlan, an occupational therapy student, of Five Dock, N.S.W., has worked as a governess in England and Australia.

THE quest was conducted for the fourth successive year by The Australian Women's Weekly, which brought the girls to Sydney for a two-day series of interviews with the judging committee.

The committee was headed by Professor A. P. Elkin, Emeritus Professor of Anthropology of Sydney University, and included Dr. John Fulton, Medical Superintendent of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney; Mrs. C. Tilden, former president of the N.S.W. branch of the Country Women's Association; and Miss Fanny Cohen, former headmistress of Fort Street Girls' High School, Sydney.

The will of the late Peter Stuckey Mitchell, grazier, of Bringembong, near Albury, N.S.W., provides annual prizes for promising young Australians.

It directed that after the death of his wife the net income from his estate should be awarded, through periodical competitions, as prizes to 15 unmarried women under the age of 30, to 10 youths under 21, and to soldiers, sailors, and police.

The trustees of the will are Miss Jocelyn Henderson; Brigadier Raymond Walter Tovell, chartered accountant, of Melbourne; and the Union Trustee Company of Australia Ltd.

She is 27 and her interest in records—musical comedy and ballet—is shared by her fiance, Phillip Ware. They plan to marry next January.

Pamela Donaldson, 21, is a high-school teacher—of geography, English, Latin, physical education, and sport—at Glossop, near Berri, on the River Murray.

She is a Queen's Guide, plays the piano, makes her own clothes, cooks, teaches Sunday school, and has played hockey for South Australia against England and Canada.

Judith Mugford, 23, the other South Australian finalist, teaches infants at Linden Park.

Joyce Hopkins, 29, a nursing sister at Royal Perth Hospital, is saving for her fare to England to do a postgraduate course.

June Cousins, a nursing sister at Sydney's Royal Hospital for Women, recently returned from a two years' overseas trip.

Aged 25, June is an accomplished pianist and is interested in languages.

Wedding plan

Helen Cross, 22, of North Balwyn, Victoria, a librarian at the Melbourne University Library, will be married next year to accountant John Glasson.

Arts graduate Muriel Morley, 22, a librarian at the C.S.I.R.O. in Canberra, is also a trained stenographer.

Her spare-time studies are German and home nursing.

Margaret White, 21, a staff sister in the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, will marry veterinary surgeon Tom Hales on April 26. They will make their home in Foster, South Gippsland.

Beverley Graham, 23, like Judith Drummond, is from Warrnambool, Victoria. She is senior French teacher at Portland High School. One of her ambitions is to found a company of Sea Rangers in Portland.

Margaret Holland, 24, of Temora, N.S.W., has been living in North Caulfield, Victoria, for nearly three years.

She is a former air-hostess and stenographer, and wants to be a writer.

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION?

YES: *It gives a woman the rightful happiness of her own child.*

NO: *It creates great problems, especially when the husband is not donor.*

- Artificial insemination is a controversial subject, and opinions about it differ widely and bitterly. Some people condemn totally both AIH — artificial insemination by a husband — and AID — artificial insemination by an anonymous donor. Some condemn only AID; others don't condemn any form of artificial insemination. This article, by staff reporter Ronald McKie, gives arguments for and against.

THE Roman Catholic Church opposes AI totally, but many people accept AIH — artificial insemination by a husband — and oppose only AID — artificial insemination by an anonymous donor.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, has called AID an "offence against the legal and social implications of marriage."

But Lord Wheatley, Judge of the Scottish Divorce Court, has said that a woman who had an AID child without her husband's consent had not committed adultery.

Lord Blackford, in the House of Lords, claimed that

AID was sufficient ground for divorce.

This follows the decision by the Anglican Church as far back as 1945 that AID involved a breach of marriage, violated the exclusive union between husband and wife, defrauded the child, and deceived both his apparent kinmen and society at large.

But let's try to sort out some of the arguments.

Take the case of a married couple who want children and can't have them.

Should the wife, if she is medically capable of conceiving, be inseminated artificially from her husband?

Most people say "Yes." They argue there is little or no difference between this and various methods by which

gynaecologists correct abnormalities.

They also point out that the happiness of the marriage may depend on children.

But what's to be done if the husband is incapable of fathering children?

Most people I talked to argued immediately for adoption. A few said if a husband and wife were in complete agreement, then the wife should have a child by AID.

Apart from the religious and moral issues, AID uncovers so many snags in the river of human relations that it is almost impossible to get past them.

But what about the single woman, particularly one who desperately wants a child? Most people I questioned

were against her having a child, by a known or unknown donor, or adopting one, largely because of the child.

To get a more specialised view I asked a Protestant clergyman, a Roman Catholic priest, and a woman doctor.

"It is wrong to shy away from any new development just because it is new," said Rev. Alan Walker, of the Methodist Church.

"Anything that can develop the family unit and make it whole should be looked upon as a gift of God.

"No issues are involved with AIH, but AID is complicated and dangerous, and I don't know a doctor who would touch it. One did—and it nearly ruined him.

"This doctor helped childless couple through AID. The baby was abnormal. The couple blamed the doctor, and washed their hands of all responsibility.

"Jealousy would be the main potential problem with AID. The child would be a constant source of friction that could destroy most marriages.

"I can't see how AID could constitute adultery.

"For the unmarried, AID is not justified, because every child needs both parents."

A spokesman for the Catholic Church said that AID in-

volved tremendous legal problems, including legitimacy and inheritance, and psychological problems for the husband and wife.

"The Catholic Church forbids AIH and regards AID as mechanised adultery," he said.

The woman doctor said:

"I know of good results with AIH, but AID is complicated and dangerous, and I don't know a doctor who would touch it. One did—and it nearly ruined him.

"This doctor helped childless couple through AID. The baby was abnormal. The couple blamed the doctor, and washed their hands of all responsibility.

"Jealousy would be the main potential problem with AID. The child would be a constant source of friction that could destroy most marriages.

"Even if two mature people—and mature people are rare—were in complete agreement about AID, this doesn't mean they would not change.

"The pattern of marriage changes. What is right today

can be wrong in 10 years' time.

"If a couple want a child, I prefer adoption. This does not involve emotional problems, for both have a mutual vested interest in the child.

"A woman's deep biological urge to have a child is not frustrated by adoption. A woman who adopts a young baby misses little.

"It is also not generally realised that most men have as much paternal urge as a woman has maternal urge.

"I'm opposed to AID for single women. Two parents are needed to bring up a properly adjusted child.

"I'm also opposed to a single woman keeping her child, because I believe adoption is the only solution for the illegitimate.

"I'm sorry for the single woman who wants a child, but most of us don't get neurotic because we can't have the things we want in this life.

"To me, first, last, and always, the child, not the adult, must come first."

Arguments about AID

Yes

No

Married

- AID does not involve adultery because there has been no sex act.
- It satisfies the mother instinct. Adoption does not.
- It is far superior to adoption, because at least the mother is biologically linked with the child.
- Two mature people, once they have agreed to have a child by AID, should be able to accept that child as their own and to cope with any emotional problems which might arise later.

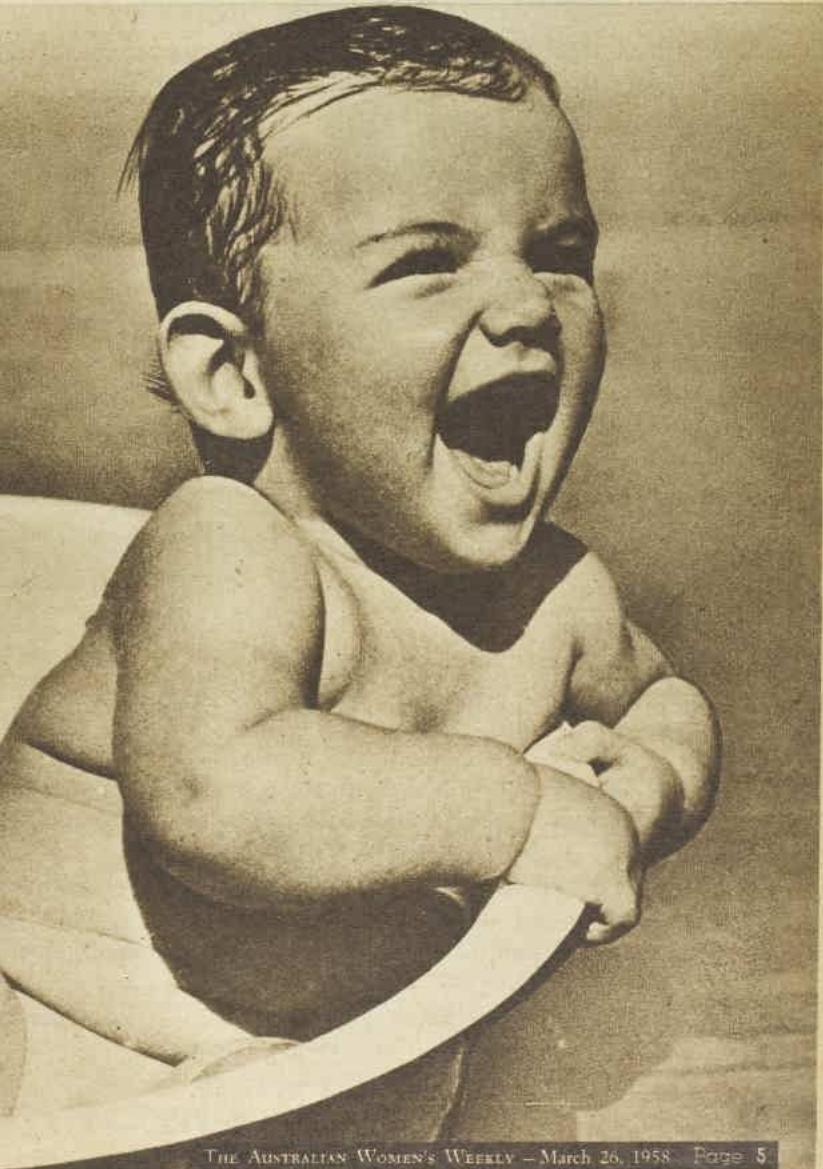
Unmarried

- Why should a single woman suppress her maternal instinct if she wants to have a child and can support it?
- Free of emotionally complicating attachments, she could bring up her child in her own way.
- Children brought up by widows or divorced mothers make fine citizens. A single woman is just as capable of bringing up a child.

- Why have a child by AID when, by having it naturally, a woman would know something of the father's background and heredity?

- A child needs the love and security which both parents provide; a single woman is not enough.
- The child of a single woman, other than an adopted child, starts life with grave and unfair disadvantages.

● A happy, laughing child—the embodiment of the hopes of women who long to have a baby.



The new way to be prettier

Goya BEAUTY PUFF



*New compact make-up that
won't cake, dry or change
colour on your skin!*

IT'S NEW, IT'S WONDERFUL

See magic in your mirror, with Goya Beauty Puff — the one complete make-up that's more than a base or powder. No need to fiddle with foundation. No fuss with flying powder.

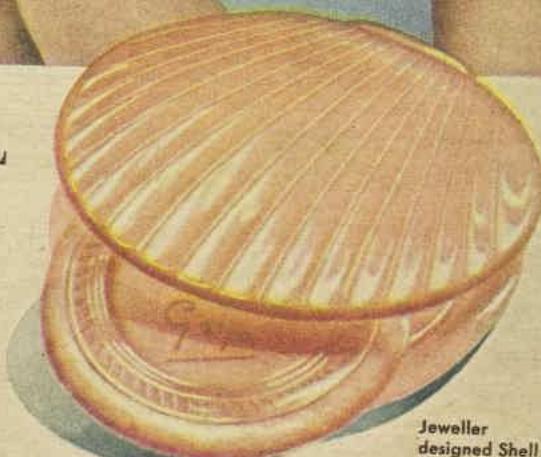
Carelessly it *clings* . . . flatters as it *covers* . . . yet is *beautifully fine*. This wonderful new make-up discovery helps retain the skin's natural moisture . . . Puff it on for a pearly look, a luminous, glowing radiance. There it stays for loveliness all day.

In six skin tones to flatter all complexions — Ivory Rose, Misty Pink, Basque, Sun Peach, Riviera, Honey Moon.

At all leading Stores and Chemists

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Page 6



Jeweller designed Shell Compact with puff and mirror.
The Cocktail Compact (Refill) with puff. 8/6 13/6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

"Bride of the Year" Quest attracts many girls

• Two thriving country centres, Dalby, in Queensland, and Goulburn, in New South Wales, are the latest districts to be represented in the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

RED CROSS candidate Mrs. Malcolm Cameron comes from Goulburn, the centre of one of the richest grazing areas in New South Wales, and the seventh city in the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron were married on February 1.

Dalby contestant is Mrs. Harley Milford, who works as a stenographer in this busy Darling Downs town. Mr. Milford is a builder in Dalby.

Country districts are anxious to have one or more representatives in this exciting Red Cross Quest.

The winning candidate may carry the name of her town right around the globe.

The "Bride of the Year" and her husband will fly around the world by Qantas Super G Constellation, and have £1000 spending money donated by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

The prizes will be won by the girl who raises the most money for Red Cross.

There are eight other prizes for the girls (other than the first prize winner) who raise the greatest sum of money in each State and the Australian Capital Territory.

These eight entrants and their husbands will spend two weeks enjoying the sun, surf, and sand as guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce on Queensland's Gold Coast.

Any girl who is a natural born or naturalised Australian or a British subject resident in Australia, married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958, is eligible to enter the "Bride of the Year" Quest.

Sporting clubs may nomin-

ate candidates; one girl is being sponsored by the rowing club to which her fiance belongs.

An enthusiastic Queensland candidate has the support of the staff of the factory where she works.

Factories and business houses can be proud to have their name represented by a contestant in this Quest.

Red Cross Quest organisers advise contestants to form committees to help them raise funds.

Committees can call on the experience of these organisers for suggestions and advice.

City girls may find theatre parties, mannequin parades, and weekend barbecues good ways to raise money; country girls with active committees could organise sports carnivals, picnics, even a rodeo or a race meeting.

How to enter

For entry forms and all inquiries write to Red Cross in your State.

Here are the addresses:

N.S.W. Division: Red Cross House, 27 Jamison St., Sydney.

Vic. Division: 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

Qld. Division: 409 Adelaide St., Brisbane.

S.A. Division: 8-12 Stephen Place, Adelaide.

Tas. Division: 53 Collins St., Hobart.

A.C.T. Division: P.O. Box 82, G.P.O., Canberra.

N.T. Division: P.O. Box 81, Darwin.

W.A.: Address all correspondence to Red Cross National Headquarters, 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.



QUEENSLAND entrant Mrs. Harley Milford, of Dalby, photographed with her husband after their wedding last September. Mrs. Milford is the second entrant from the Darling Downs. The photograph is by Lloyd Kath, of Dalby.

Our £1500 Color Scheme Contest

• This week's £10 Progress Prize in our Color Scheme Contest goes to Mrs. J. W. Clarebrough, of Graymore, South Australia.

MRS. CLARE-BROUGH chose restful pastels for her lounge-room, bright sunny contrasts for her kitchen, and strong colors combined with a lot of white for a striking bathroom.

Entries for the contest are pouring in.

All you have to do is to choose color schemes for a lounge-room (14ft. by 20ft.), a kitchen, and a bathroom. Remember, the wonderful prizes to be won are: £1000 1st Prize; £200 2nd Prize; £50 3rd Prize; £100 in consolation prizes (three of £20, four of £10); £150 in progress prizes of £10.

Funds raised by the contest will assist the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

Colors must be illustrated with samples cut from advertising or editorial pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, using any one or more of the issues dated February 19 and subsequent issues up to that date June 11.

ENTRY COUPON

COLOR SCHEME CONTEST,
Box 7052 R.C., G.P.O.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name.....

BLOCK LETTERS

Address.....

I enclose 1/- entry fee to support *...
a candidate in the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.
* If you do not name a candidate the entry fee will
go to a common fund to be divided equally among
all candidates.



YEAR-IN, YEAR-OUT
she'll bless the day you gave her

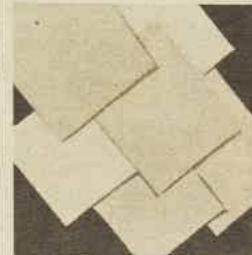
Finlay's sheets

These days, a bride's warmest thanks are reserved for the gift she will use, year-in year-out. That's why Finlay's Sheets are high on her "most-wanted" list.

As you surely know from personal experience . . . Finlay's Sheets will give her many years of wonderful wear. And how she'll appreciate their beautiful quality . . . the firm, crisp texture that keeps them new-looking throughout their long, long life. No . . . there's nothing she'll appreciate more than your gift of Finlay's Sheets—especially with Finlay's pillowcases to match!



HERE'S WHERE QUALITY TELLS!
Finlay's Sheets keep their fresh
"new" look . . . even after
countless months of wear and
washing.



SIX SPARKLING DECORATOR
COLOURS . . . primrose, apricot,
rose, dark rose, blue, nil green
—as well as snowy white.

It's an old Scottish
custom to date your
Finlay's Sheets to see
how long they wear!

Finlay's sheets

FINLAY'S SHEETS woven and bleached in the Scottish Highlands
to give you YEARS of luxury sleeping!

88/142.13

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CANDIDATE from Goulburn, New South Wales, is February bride Mrs. Malcolm Cameron. Both Mrs. Cameron and her husband are well known in Goulburn sporting circles. Photograph by Warlow Studios, Goulburn.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

ACROSS NULLARBOR TO SURF CONTESTS



Proud moment for Barry Stuart, of Maroubra, N.S.W., winner of the single surf ski title during the Australian and Interstate Surf Championships held at Scarborough Beach, Western Australia, this month.

ON trucks and trailers, a fleet of surf-boats crossed the desert-like emptiness of the Nullarbor Plain to Perth to compete in the Australian and Interstate Surf Championships at Scarborough, Western Australia, this month.

More than 200 competitors, representing all five eastern States, travelled from 2000 to 3000 miles to take part in the championships, when for the second time Western Australia was the host State.

The competitors came by road, rail, sea, and air (63 in a special plane). Most surf-boats were transported overland, and two arrived by ship. Some boats were sold after the carnival to local clubs.

The two-day carnival was watched by thousands, including many interstate visitors, who saw in action

the bronzed, courageous members of an organisation that has rescued 104,475 men, women, and children in the 51 years since surf life-savers began their work.

Saturday — the "big day" — began with calm seas, but an early sea-breeze quickly became a strong south-westerly. Spectators, seated in grandstands and under beach umbrellas, gasped as surf-boats battled choppy seas and high, crashing breakers, and competitors were swept hundreds of yards up-coast in the strong drift.

The senior rescue and resuscitation event, the carnival's blue-ribbon contest, was won by Cottesloe, Western Australia, who, with it, took the title of premier club for the 1957-58 season.

On the second day New South Wales won the interstate competition, with Western Australia second.



NORTH BONDI, N.S.W., crew and the boat in which they won the Australian surf-boat championship during the two-day carnival. From left are Johnny McNamara (second bow), Philip Scott (stroke), John Sayer (second stroke), Keith Hurst (sweep), Keith Woods (captain).



VICTORY WAVE by the Cottesloe, Western Australia, senior rescue and resuscitation team, who hold the premiership flag. From left are R. Hounslow (captain), C. Jarratt, R. Bailey (patient), G. Lahiff, R. Hartley, and D. Morrison (beltman). The carnival, in which more than 200 members of eastern States' teams competed, was conducted by the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia. Bundaberg, Qld., was second to Cottesloe, who used a boat they won in the W.A. championships.

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SURF-BOAT RACE, showing onlookers and a pattern of surfboards and boats on the sand. The Governor of Western Australia, Sir Charles Gardner, and Lady Gardner attended the second day. These pictures are by Laurie Kimber.

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SPECTACULAR march-past, in which 17 clubs competed. North Bondi, N.S.W., won the event, with City of Perth, the local club, second, and Maroubra, N.S.W., was third.



FINISH of surfboard race championship, with the judges in the water. Winner was Ted Cahill, of Coogee, N.S.W., with E. Barling, of Maroubra, N.S.W., in second place.

TELEVISION PARADE

• The Council and Committee of the Royal Agricultural Show have banned all live telecasts from this year's Royal Easter Show with the exception of the official opening ceremony.

THEY feel, so Mr. G. P. Alexander, assistant secretary of the society, told me, that too much direct televising would have an adverse effect on attendances.

Last year attendances did drop. There were 176,174 fewer people through the turnstiles than in the previous year.

The councillors must have good reason for banning direct telecasts, but surely they don't put the whole blame for the attendance-drop on TV.

At Easter, 1957, there were only 13,440 licensed TV sets in the entire viewing area in New South Wales. The accepted survey method to get the number of viewers is to multiply the number of sets by four. This puts the maximum televisioners for last Easter at 53,760, about one-third of the people who didn't go.

Whatever is the reason, it is the worst news of the year for televisioners. Since it was published some weeks ago, many of them have written to me complaining and asking can't anything be done. Not a thing this year, I'm told.

Two letters were particularly interesting. One was from country people who said:

"We come down each year for the Show, but never saw as much as we wanted to till last year. We go nearly every day, but last year we saw more of the Show than ever before because of TV."

Another letter was from an elderly couple, who, via TV, enjoyed the Show for the first time since age had kept them away. They really are upset.

"Once we even saw some people we knew on the screen," they said.

Personally, I'm upset, too. I've gone year after year to the Show, and, indeed, with the telecasts last year, went twice. But last year, after years of grandstand - watching ring events, I realised that on TV I saw them properly for the first time.

There will be other Shows and other years, I suppose, when I hope the ban will be lifted.

Incidentally, Mr. Alexander told me that the official opening does not include the grand parade, which IS the official opening to most people. All we'll see is people making speeches—very dull.

So dull in fact that both commercial Channels 9 and 7 aren't going to bother at all, although Channel 2 will, I believe.

FOOTNOTE: Melbourne's Royal Show people have this year given all Victoria's TV channels an open go on Show telecasts. They have even gone to the extent of rearranging some programmes so that the best possible telecasts can be given. They consider that last year's TV cover was largely responsible for the year's "splendid" attendances.



MARGUERITE HIDES, 22, director of the James Cahill Kindergarten at Waterloo, who conducts Kindergarten Playtime (Channel 2, Wednesdays, 4.45 p.m.), photographed meeting a doll with Deidre Tapping, 4, one of her pupils. Marguerite never has children with her on her TV kindergarten. It has been found that children televisioning feel they are merely her secondary interest if there are other children with her in the studio.

"GUNSMOKE" (Channel 9, Sundays, 9.00 p.m.) has finally become my first choice as the best of the TV Westerns. I admire James Arness as Matt Dillon, but the boy I hand the Oscar to as TV's most real character is Dillon's sidekick, Chester Good.

Chester is Dillon's unofficial deputy. He's a little fellow with a stiff right leg, has a habit of saying "shucks-a-mighty," and tags along with Dillon, whom he treats with the right amount of polite deference.

None of this "pardner" or "Marshal" business for Chester. He always addresses the

By
NAN MUSGROVE

Marshal as Mr. Dillon, which I think is a good real-life touch.

"Can you bring your shotgun, Mister Dillon?" he asks politely, even in the middle of the greatest trouble.

Chester is played by Dennis Weaver, who in real life is just as polite, but, surprisingly, stands a good 6ft. 3in. and is not lame.

Weaver says his size on "Gunsmoke" is an illusion that fools even him.

"I get to thinking of Chester as a little guy, too, from watching the show at home," he says.

Chester's "Gunsmoke" limp is purely part of the character he portrays, but it has got him more sympathy than any other TV actor.

It has even reached the stage when a doctor at the University of California medical centre wrote asking if he could visit the "Gunsmoke" set.

He said he had always thought Chester's limp was acting, but the position of Chester's footprints in a close-up had raised doubts.

He had bet one doctor that

Weaver was really lame, and had bet another that if Weaver wasn't lame he wore a device to make him limp.

Young Mr. Weaver rolled up the leg of his pants to prove he wasn't lame and to decide who paid who.

Weaver said that early in the piece he decided against any mechanical aids to limping.

"You never know when you'll have to get out of a horse's way on the set, and then I'd be really unable to run. So I just perfected the limp at home."

Weaver said that ironically he had been helped to do this through being a former athlete.

In 1948 he was tried as an American Olympic hope for the decathlon.

"I came sixth," he said. "I did so poorly I decided I might as well stay on in New York and try acting."

* * *
LATEST figures in New South Wales put the number of licensed TV sets at 95,740 and indicate a steady rise of 3400 licensed sets a week.

However, experts at the Postmaster-General's Department and at private survey firms add to this 25,000 unlicensed sets, a figure described by them as "conservative" for the Sydney pirates who won't buy licences until they're caught.

With a great deal of heartburning and help from mathematicians I have worked out that these figures mean that at present, after 18 months of TV, 20 per cent., or 1 in every 5, of the homes in the Sydney metropolitan area are equipped with TV.

In Britain, where TV for the general public dates back to 1936, the percentage of TV-equipped homes is 65; and in America, where it's 10 years old, TV-equipped homes total 85 per cent. of all dwellings.

"Alpine" No. 442
New style casual featuring adjustable gold trim and tongue — Colours, the new Vicuna and Black. All leather sole.
49'11

...try them on and appreciate their smart good looks, high quality and down-to-earth values.
(Prices may vary slightly outside of N.S.W.)

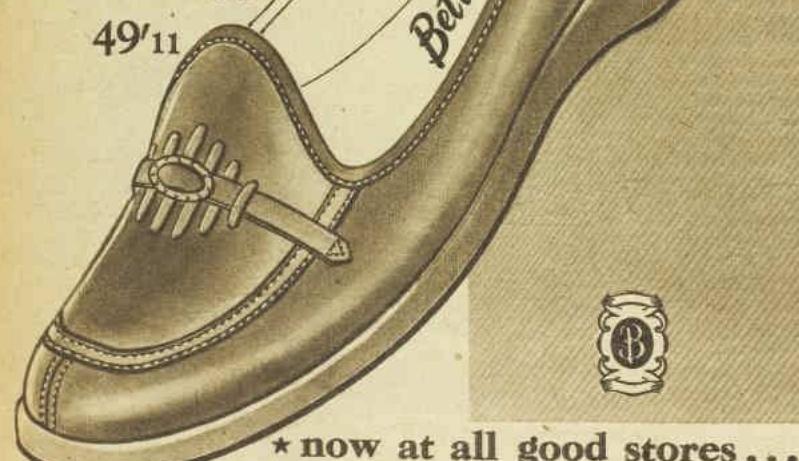
Excitingly NEW Styles!
by

Betta
"never wear out their welcome"

"Chalet" No. 492

A casual that is smartly "different" — comes in the new Rien colour and Black. All leather sole.

49'11



* now at all good stores ...

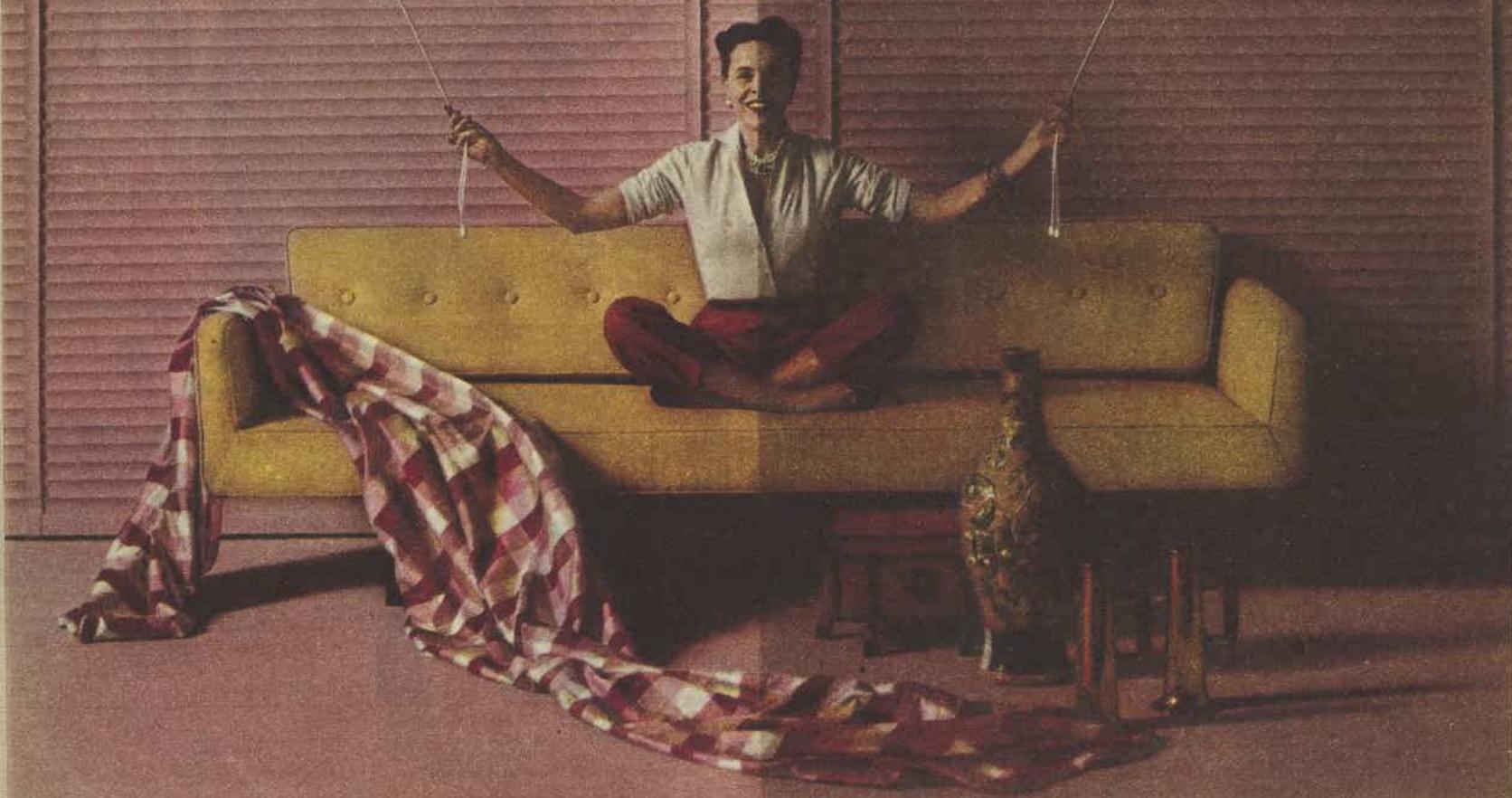
BUY AUSTRALIAN-MADE GOODS

BETTA SHOE FACTORY PTY. LTD., 10 CAIRO STREET, ROCKDALE, N.S.W.

Luxaflex

TWI-NIGHTER the venetian blind that makes any room

not just dim—but dark!



Luxaflex

TWI-NIGHTER

Decorating the world's smartest windows

Melanie Kahane, famed American interior decorator and designer, uses TWI-NIGHTER venetians in her finest homes, because they're completely as functional as they are fashionable . . . providing a beautiful wall of colour to complement or contrast the many new window treatments. The exclusive shut-tight design of Luxaflex TWI-NIGHTER venetians makes any room not just dim—but dark—with the simple flick of a cord. No other venetian works so smoothly.

so effortlessly or lasts so long. The secret is the Luxaflex exclusive spring-tempered aluminium slats, wipe-clean plastic tapes, nylon cords and friction-free mechanism.

The colours of all materials in the Luxaflex TWI-NIGHTER harmonise perfectly or, if you prefer contrast, there are almost two hundred exciting decorator colour combinations from which to choose.

All-metal Luxaflex TWI-NIGHTER, the only blind that gives you all these exclusive features!



FREE DECORATING BOOK

You can have this beautiful 16-page, full-colour brochure. Write now to Dept. WW2, Hunter Douglas Australia Pty. Ltd., 338-346 Victoria Road, Rydalmer, N.S.W.



NEW SHUT-TIGHT DESIGN



SNAP-BACK ALUMINUM SLATS



WIPE-CLEAN PLASTIC TAPES



NON-SLIP TILT CONTROL



CRASHPROOF CORD LOCK

LUKAFLEX MATERIALS YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY — ARE MANUFACTURED BY HUNTER DOUGLAS AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD



Unmistakably...
an Australian beauty

Crystal-clear water of a cool glade in summertime reflecting natural loveliness — glancing off the smooth, sun-kissed limbs of a true Australian beauty. Her name: Diana Andrews, of Randwick, N.S.W. Her beauty care: Rexona Toilet Soap — for face, arms, all of her.

Bring out
your natural loveliness
with Rexona Soap

MEDICATED WITH CADYL



See your skin improve on Rexona's health and beauty diet. Only Rexona Toilet Soap has 'Cadyl', a special blend of rare and wonderful beauty oils, oils of cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth. As you smooth Rexona's silky lather over yourself, Cadyl flows gently deep down into the pores of your skin, where blemishes begin... healing, nourishing.

Give your skin Rexona's health and beauty treatment every day... And day by day, reveal your natural loveliness. Rexona even smells like a beauty treatment... its fragrance lingers with you like that faint whiff of honeysuckle on the morning air.

Ready for the Royal Show

• Groomed for Sydney's Royal Easter Show, these animals from New South Wales properties may win prizes for their owners. Most Show awards go to stock from blue-ribbon properties where throughout the year scientific breeding and farming is practised by graziers to win the most from the land and stock.



HEFTY (650lb.) Canadian Berkshire boar Endeavour Major 27 seen leaving "Camp Mackay," Kurrajong, with Mr. Ken Corbett, who is in charge of the camp farm, run by the Federation of Police Citizens Boys' Clubs.



WELSH MOUNTAIN PONY Retford Beacon Light II being led from stables at "Retford Park," Bower, by estate manager Mr. Ken Armstrong.

RIGHT: Firm grip is kept on Poll Shorthorn Milly Igloo by Mrs. H. MacFarlane by the swimming-pool at "Milly Milly," the MacFarlanes' Young property.

SHOW-BOUND Shorthorn bull Oxford II with attractive Patricia King, whose father, Mr. E. S. King, manages historic "Coombing Park," Carcoar, owned by the Whitney Pastoral Company. This year they are sending nine Shorthorn bulls and one heifer.



EVERY DOG DOES HAVE HIS DAY



TOP DOG in the canine world from the early 1950s till now has been the poodle in all shapes and sizes. The black miniature poodle (above) looks superior about this success.

• Next week, at Sydney's Royal Easter Show, nearly 3000 dogs—groomed for stardom—will lead their proud owners into the show-ring. Among the different breeds on show will be new "starlets" making a bid for Show favor.

THE Royal Agricultural Society's entry sheet for the dog section of this year's Show compares the number of entries in the different sections for the years 1954 to 1958, and illustrates how much dog fashions have changed in this short time.

Cocker spaniels still head the list—they have for the five years—with 255, the biggest number of breed entries.

Highly placed are dachshunds (smooth, 168; other types, 51), collies (197), Pekingese (173), fox terriers (smooth, 115; wire, 60), Welsh corgis (Pembroke, 145; Cardigan, 3), Labradors (116), Australian terriers (112), and Australian cattle dogs (107).

New success

There are nine Doberman Pinschers; four of the breed were entered last year for the first time.

In 1954 one Afghan hound was entered. This year there are 24.

And the tiny Mexican chihuahuas come into the field for the first time with 19 entries, and every indication of having as great a success as the current sack dress.

Classic dogs—like classic suits—do wear very well, and their popularity stays fairly steady.

RIGHT: Alsatian, or German shepherd dog, the favorite of the 1930s.



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FASHION LEADERS can afford to look bored—even when they're dogs. These boxers show the rugged charm which is helping to make the breed fashionable.

or 12 he will be as great an embarrassment to his owner as a birth certificate.

Well, that's what THEY say.

What are their reckonings based on? Apparently it's simple.

In the 21 years between the end of World War I and the beginning of World War II, dog fashions changed every five years.

Pekingese were top favorites in the immediate post-war years.

Then came the gay 'twenties

—the era of cloche hats and the original sack dresses—and wire-haired fox terriers reigned supreme.

The vogue for big, handsome dogs—especially Alsatians—reached its peak around 1930.

The cocker spaniel became popular later in the 'thirties, and has stayed so all this time.

Poodles of all shapes, sizes, and colors leaped to first place in the early 1950s, helped along by fashion advertisements—and sometimes by the fact that their hair can be dyed to match their owner's dress.

Fashion choice

Miniature poodles are the smart girl's choice at the moment.

And 38 of these pets (26 of them in 1954) will parade at Sydney's Royal Show, where also on parade will be four standard poodles, being shown for the first time.

But sound fashion advice is to watch for that handsome dog—the boxer.

Featured in all the glossy advertisements—usually at the end of a long leash held by an impossibly elegant young model—the boxer is definitely 1958. He's the trapeze line of the canine world.

This year at the Show there are 72 boxer entries. There were 44 in 1954.

He's looking at
you . . . are you
looking your best?



You owe it to your audience to wear

KAYSER 1-2-3's

30 denier proportioned length nylons

It's so nice to have a man around the house, 'specially when he so obviously admires your Kayser 1-2-3's. Yes, you hit the nail right on the head when you chose attractive, long wearing 1-2-3's for everyday wear. Another point we'd like to hammer home is that Kayser 1-2-3's are available in 3 proportioned leg lengths. That means perfect fit, longer wear, greater comfort.

12'6

Slightly less in some States.



Fashion toned to harmonise with
your natural skin colouring

KAYSER
NYLONS

Goodbye curtain shrinkage!

Grafton NON-SHRINK furnishings are here

Make sure you see the new Grafton selvedge with the non-shrink guarantee. Easier to wash and iron, no laundering or dry cleaning problems.

Goodbye to ugly gaps between sill and curtains after washing or dry cleaning. Goodbye to too tight chair or settee covers. No more saggy, baggy curtains and covers, either. From today the famous Grafton furnishing fabrics are NON-

SHRINK and NON-STRETCH! The reason is a miracle discovery, a finish that "fixes" the fabrics invisibly and permanently. This is the Calpreta-Fixt finish that improves the drying and feel of Grafton furnishings.



Goodbye to ugly spaces between sill and curtain after washing



Goodbye to tight "loose" covers. No shrinking with Grafton fabrics



Goodbye to saggy, baggy curtains and covers, too. No stretch!

Choose from five new Graftons:

Grafton Sherwood
Grafton Homecraft
Grafton Antique Satin
Grafton Cotsway
Grafton Glister



POLO ENTHUSIASTS at the Strabroke Cup polo tournament at Flemington Racecourse, Melbourne, are (from left) Mrs. R. E. Porter, Mrs. George Stogdale, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ken Bieri (formerly Annette Stogdale, of Point Piper). The Bieris are now living in Toorak, Melbourne.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hyles (at right) leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Hyles was formerly Cynthia Adams, daughter of Mrs. J. E. Adams, of Edgecliff, and the late Mr. Adams, of Devon, England. They will live on Mr. Hyles' property, "Hill Station," Queanbeyan. He is the elder son of Mrs. W. G. Hyles, of Kirribilli, and the late Mr. Hyles, of Bungendore. After the wedding, a reception for family and friends was held at Rancliff, Woollahra.



THE BRIDE ARRIVES. Judy Robb (above) arriving at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with her father, Mr. Len Robb, who, until his retirement, was the official secretary to the State Governor for 21 years, serving under three Governors. Judy married Alan Marlock, of Bellevue Hill. INSET: The newlyweds leave for the reception at the Australia Hotel.



SOCIAL JOTTINGS

LADY SLIM, wife of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, will officially open the new wing of the Women's College, Sydney University, on April 12.

There are 31 bed-sitting rooms in the new wing, bringing the total number of students in residence up to 123.

The building cost approximately £54,000, which was donated by ex-students and friends of the college.

THIS is the thirtieth anniversary year of the Wahroonga Music Club, founded in 1928 by Mr. Laurence Godfrey Smith and Mr. George Crichton-Smith. During the years many famous musicians have played for the club, including Benno Moiseiwitsch, Lily Kraus, and the late William Kapell. The president, Dr. F. A. E. Lawes, has extended an invitation to any former members to visit the club during the anniversary celebrations.

I LIKE . . . Mrs. Dale Turnbull looking ice-cream cool on the most humid day wearing a simple white voile dress, the scooped neckline finished with a flat bow . . . June Kaufman's bell-skirted suit of caramel-colored shantung the double-breasted jacket cropped above the waist.

BRIEFLY . . . Attractive Adrienne Throsby, president of the Youth Concert committee, tells me that tickets for this year's series will be on sale on April 19, and the first of the eight concerts will be held in the Sydney Town Hall on April 29 . . . The Roy McCaughey's, of "Coonong," Narrandera, have donated a "Coonong" bull to the Black and White committee to raise funds for the Royal Blind Society. The bull, Coonong Distinction, will be auctioned at the Easter Show on March 31.

A MONG the country people at the Town and Country Ball at Princes on April 1 will be the Peter Snows, of Queanbeyan, and the Bill Macphillamys, of Bathurst. Proceeds from this dance will aid the Smith Family.

IT'S nice to see that elegant blonde Prue Pratten home again after three months in London. Another popular lass returning soon is occupational therapist, Eleanor Fell, of Warrawee.



A FAREWELL PARTY was given at Victoria Barracks for Lieut.-General Sir Henry Wells (right), who retired as Chief of the General Staff. With him are (from left) Colonel and Mrs. Michael Buring and Lady Wells.



IN DUBLIN, IRELAND. President of the Aberdeen-Angus Society of Australia, Michael White (second from right), of "Belltree Farm," Scone, at a cattle show with (from left) Mr. Conor Carrigan, Mr. John Niven, Miss Louise Carrigan, Mrs. White, and Mr. Jim Norton, who has recently announced his engagement to June-Ann O'Brien, of Moree.

Anne

AMERICAN ART SHOW. The Consul-General for the U.S.A., Mr. Frank Waring, talking to Mrs. Bill Kendall (centre) and Mrs. Waring at the exhibition of paintings and sculpture by eight American artists which is on show at the National Art Gallery.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958



New fashion colours....
Old fashioned values....

Pure Wool quality for a lifetime of healthy warmth

Onkaparinga

100% PURE WOOL BLANKETS

Now and forever . . . and for wedding anniversaries to come . . . only ONKAPARINGA pure wool blankets can offer the luxury of quality to last a lifetime . . . and bring glamorous new beauty in a radiant range of colours. Only the purest fleece has gone to the making of these blankets - so cuddlesome and warm - you'll love the lamb-soft touch - so healthy and light to lull you snugly to sleep. ONKAPARINGA blankets keep beautiful as new for years.

No amount of washing ever harshens the texture. They come up soft and luxurious as when you first bought them.

They're moth-proofed, too, for longer life. And for the wise woman who seeks value (and who doesn't?) ONKAPARINGA offers you guarantees . . . for 12 whole years.



Best in Australia
Best in the World!

Choose from soft multi-checks or delightful plain pastel shades, Tropic Rose, Peach, Primrose, Pink, Lupin, Blue, Green or White. All shades come with satin bound edges too, if you wish.

OBtainable from leading stores throughout Australia

ONKAPARINGA WOOLLEN COMPANY LIMITED,
P.O. BOX 57A, ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Makers of famous Onkaparinga Blankets, Rugs, Dressing Gowns and Fine Woollens.

Onkaparinga 100% PURE WOOL BLANKETS
Nature's guarantee of healthy restful sleep

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 26, 1958



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

• It's Royal Easter Show time in Sydney with pure-bred livestock worth more than £2,000,000 gathered from all over Australia for one of the biggest and best shows in the world. The turnstiles will spin from March 28 to April 8; record attendance figure to date is 1,232,413 people. No matter what you are interested in—cattle, horses, goats, pigs, birds, dogs, cats, agricultural and dairy produce,



arts and crafts—you'll find the best at the "Royal." Rodeo and polo contests, wood-chopping, and, of course, sideshows add to the excitement. Displays of Australian industry are valued at £3,000,000. Cattle sales are a feature of the Show with as much as 6700 guineas being paid for one bull. The champion pictured here by staff photographer Ron Berg is Poll Shorthorn Gunnawarra Gay Lad 10th.



Even white
nylon garments
must have that
last rinse in
Reckitt's Blue
for perfect
whiteness.

and **Robin STARCH**

keeps things crisper, cleaner, longer

Choose your LAXATIVE wisely

As Mrs. Baxter does...

I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.

Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose...

BEECHAM'S
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE **pills**

SP.AUS.7/57

WONDERFUL RELIEF FROM
VARICOSE VEINS



Scholl SoftGrip

2-way stretch SURGICAL HOSIERY

MORE EFFECTIVE SUPPORT

GREATER WEARING COMFORT

Scholl SoftGrip gives maximum comfort for any leg length; correct support throughout entire length of stocking. Double expansion mesh gives perfect control — is cool, light, ventilated. Near invisible — no seam, hem or ridge — can be worn under finest nylons. Insist on Scholl SoftGrip. Stores, Scholl Depots.

ALSO . . . SCHOLL NYLON SURGICAL HOSIERY

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

LAST year I travelled extensively in Great Britain and on the Continent. I met several American tourists who had made a point of bringing from home a number of gifts peculiar to America or to their own State. The Americans gave and received a great deal of pleasure by leaving these gifts as a friendly gesture to those chance acquaintances whose company or hospitality they enjoyed. When Australians go abroad, let me suggest they take in their luggage a number of small, inexpensive gifts with an Australian flavor, to leave in appreciation of happy times spent with the friends they will make in the countries they visit.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Kirkman, Norseman, W.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as £1/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WITHOUT doubt the greatest menaces to hospital patients are the hordes of relatives and friends who visit them in the early days of convalescence. Usually, as soon as visitors are allowed, a constant stream of brothers, uncles, and aunts all rush in, often accompanied by tearful or impatient kiddies. From my own experience I know this is the period when rest and quiet are all that are required, and this nightly invasion of visitors, other than immediate relatives, is both upsetting and wearying. To make it worse, many are not genuinely interested in the patient, but are there only because of what "sister Maudie" will say if she heard I didn't come."

10/6 to "Nursing Sister" (name supplied), Mount Isa, Qld.

Guides for Girls

THE Police Boys' Clubs are certainly doing splendid work for the boys in this country (Femina's recent letter), but there is already a wonderful organisation in our midst for girls. The Girl Guides' Association caters for girls from seven to 16. Not only does it keep girls happily and enthusiastically occupied one evening a week, but they work to gain badges by passing tests in such subjects as camping, swimming, first-aid, and entertaining.

10/6 to Mrs. Eileen Oakes, Hoskins St., Temora, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

WHEN we bought a television set we knew there would be arguments about the programmes—we have a family of two grown-up sons, a schoolboy son, and a teenage daughter. But we have now solved the problem. Each one has his own night a week to choose the programmes, and we all vote for the best programmes and plays on Sundays.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Ryan, 82 Ashby Ave., Yagoona, N.S.W.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

MY wife was cooking vegetables for dinner, and looking rather gloomy, when she suddenly burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" I said.

"I was thinking of Mr. Paleezi," she replied. "This cabbage reminded me of him."

We met Mr. Paleezi years ago when we were living temporarily in New York.

One night we were asked to dinner by a nice young couple named Hawkins.

They explained that it was an unusual kind of dinner.

They were thinking of buying a set of Magicook saucepans.

As a demonstration, the Magicook people had offered to send a man out to cook dinner for the Hawkins' and six guests, free of charge. We were two of the guests.

We knocked on the door of the Hawkins' suburban home at seven o'clock.

The whole party was assembled and Elva Hawkins poured out drinks while we waited for the Magicook man.

But he didn't arrive.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock passed, and still no sign of him.

Night In New York

Everyone was hungry. Al Johnson, one of the guests, was somewhat affected by the drinks. He kept saying: "C'mon, Elva Wezzadinner? Sno wayda treat a man."

At 10.40 the Magicook representative arrived. He was a short, swarthy man named Mr. Paleezi.

He explained that he and his



assistant had lost their way, the van had broken down, etc.

Then he set about his work with great energy.

He arranged rows of chairs in the kitchen for us to watch the preparation of the dinner. He put up a blackboard and gave us a talk on Magicook saucepans.

"The secret of our saucepans is

they preesive the vitamuza-minerals," he said.

"You cook vegetables in an ordinary saucepan, what happens the vitamuza-minerals? It's pure adulterated moider!"

"Never minda vitamins!" Al Johnson called out. "Wezzadinner?"

Elva Hawkins was close to tears.

We sat down to the dinner, a pot-roast, at midnight. It was quite tasteless, despite all the vitamins and minerals.

After the meal Mr. Paleezi set up his blackboard in the living-room and gave another lecture.

Fixing his eye on my wife, who was soon to become a mother, he said: "Lady, I see you have a li'l stranger coming. You know what that li'l fella needs more'n anything else in the wold? Vitamuza-minerals!"

It was one o'clock when we made our getaway.

We did not buy any Magicook saucepans (though some of the others did) and we never saw Mr. Paleezi again.

But now and then, for the rest of our lives, when we see vegetables cooking, we shall remember Mr. Paleezi. And what else? Vitamuza-minerals!

THE CLEVER ONE

The story of a woman who thought she had everything

By THELMA KORTING

Illustrated by Barbara Robertson

LEONORE stood in the middle of the lounge-room, pulling on her soft, Continental gloves, looking imperious as a brilliant woman ought to look, and her eyes snapping like a fox-terrier after Ralph as he walked nervously in and out while his hands wrestled with his collar-stud.

"Hurry—hurry—hurry!" She flung the words to her husband, and after the scurrying heels of her frightened daughter. "We're already late getting away. Can't you move yourselves a bit faster?"

Ralph stood still for a moment, his fingers fumbling at his throat, his eyes resting on her with the musing, saddened look of a man who has been made to feel he is less than the dust beneath his wife's feet.

And yet—she had married him because of his cleverness, because he was a young up-and-coming architect worthy of a girl who all her life had been pointed out as "the clever one of the two sisters"—the one who would make a dazzling life for herself—who should have only the best that love and life could offer.

Well, and hadn't she? Wasn't she a superb hostess, surrounded by bright and admiring people successful in their own fields? Hadn't she a wardrobe just that shade ahead of the prevailing fashion which marked a woman of taste and imagination? She had had everything, Leonore reflected, except that, along the way, she and Ralph had mislaid their love somewhere.

She put a hand to her forehead as though she were trying to recall where she could possibly have put her handbag or the marcasite lapel-pin. Somewhere—it had been lost or left—the love and mutual approval they had begun with twelve years ago. It was then she had decided to have a child, at last. Only when she no longer loved Ralph and he had begun to look at her with that musing look as though he had regained sight of some kind.

She had thought she would find in the child what she had lost in her marriage. Belinda would be bright, beautiful, and—above all—worthy of her mother. But Belinda was, in point of fact, a lethargic child who had to be spoken to never less than twice before she seemed to understand what was wanted of her, and always that insipid smile on her face. But—unforgivable sin!—not even pretty.

From the first she had become Ralph's child. Whatever the mother deplored the father saw as being something dear and fine.

"She isn't lazy or stupid," he said. "She's a dreamy, thoughtful child. She doesn't understand what you want of her because you want what she hasn't got—a sort of bright

personality, always on the go. She doesn't fuss over the clothes you think she ought to rave about—because they are not her kind of clothes. I know what she would like. And she isn't plain. You think beauty is vivacity, and Belinda is not vivacious. She will unfold slowly and she will grow all her life because of that slowness. She will never come to the end of herself, so that every time one sees her she will always be a little bit more than she was last time."

What was he talking about—with that far-away tenderness in his eyes? Ralph could be subtle, of course, and in the outburst of praise for his daughter he had lashed her, Leonore, with the fine whips of comparison. In so many words he had told her all that she was not. In other words, he implied that she was static, brittle, shining, and hard like a diamond.

She had answered with her savage irony: "You ought to have been a copywriter—not an architect. I didn't know you could be so lyrical."

But all he said couldn't alter the fact that she was clever, that her social skill, her mastery of the compliment had brought him to where he was today—at the top of his profession among people who wanted houses just a shade ahead of the prevailing fashion.

Carefully, because of her tight sheath frock with its bronze kid belt and the bronze accessories, Leonore eased herself into the

front seat of the car, while Belinda climbed in behind. She looked over her shoulder and said: "You are not going to make a fool of me at your aunt's—with that ridiculous baby toy. Put it away this minute. A girl of eight ought to be over such nonsense."

But for Ralph she would have burnt the frayed and grubby flannel rabbit years ago. A homely toy her sister Wendy had made herself—and the child had loved it from the first, carrying it everywhere, sleeping with it, and talking to it. Leonore was shocked by this attachment, as though it denoted backwardness in the child. Belinda pushed the rabbit behind her on the seat and sat tightly, with her gloved hands folded around her fresh folded handkerchief.

"Now, hurry," Leonore said to Ralph. "Pity knows, I don't want to go, but if I put her off once more—"

She didn't finish the sentence, and Ralph knew as well as she that it was a lie. Her sister Wendy was the last person in the world to take offence. Always she found some reason for excusing the defects and omissions of others.

Ralph knew why Leonore was making this visit. His mouth made a little ironic twist. She felt low-spirited, a little jaded, and at those times she had her own way of lifting her morale. She would insist they go somewhere different to their usual haunts—somewhere where they would shine—"outshine" was the word—their company and surroundings.

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What on earth, wondered the imperious Leonore, did her sister Wendy find so wonderful in life that there was always a smile on her lips?

A WOLF HE



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DON'T sit under an apple tree, the song says. Maybe it should have included palm trees. Chuck Allison found himself a palm tree just a week after he landed in Australia. He picked it originally for its protective qualities because he was dog-tired and wanted to sleep the noon hour through until he came out of what was practically a coma.

He knew it must be a coma because so far he'd been too tired to feel more than a spark of anticipatory interest in the long-limbed, suntanned Australian girls he'd noticed thronging the streets. True, he'd noted them and filed them away at the back of a mind still too busy with equations and figures (the other kind) to swing into action with the old Allison charm.

For two weeks after Kippen and Hayward had got the contract for an oil refinery in Sydney he had worked feverishly round the clock in an atmosphere of sharpened pencils and loosened ties and gallons of coffee, on the ground in New York and 30,000 feet up in the air over the Pacific Ocean. It had been a grind.

Even exotic spots like Honolulu and Fiji had turned out to be merely places where he looked up absently from pages of calculations and noted with faint surprise that the landscape was standing still.

But now that the pressure was lifting he expected to make up quite rapidly for lost ground after he caught up with some of his lost sleep. It was sheer waste of time to use the hot starlit nights for sleep, since promising invitations to here and there were beginning to accumulate. So each day at twelve he headed out from his office into the brilliant sunshine past the flower-stands in Martin Place, up and across Macquarie Street, and through the big wrought-iron gates into the Botanic Gardens.

Here, almost always, his dark hair was ruffled by a nice breeze coming in over the harbor, and he paused to take a deep breath and run an approving eye over a view that encompassed immense quantities of blue sky over red roofs, green trees, and diamond-bright water. Then, stopping only long enough to take a quick look at a couple of redheads by way of keeping in practice, he made a beeline for his palm tree, ate his lunch rapidly, folded his jacket into a pillow, and with a sigh of the purest contentment went off into dreamless slumber for the rest of the lunch hour. Altogether it was a great big wonderful world and Chuck was right on top of it.

Along the smooth expanse of lawn each palm tree had its occupant during the lunch hour. Nothing much of anyone was visible under the low canopy of fronds, but the one on Chuck's right seemed usually to be occupied by a pair of grey slacks. He wasn't even remotely concerned with grey slacks except when he was buying a pair.

The tree on the left was more interesting. When Chuck finally got the sleep out of his system and was able to sit up, what he saw under the left-hand palm tree brought forth a long, low whistle. He was suddenly glad that he always slept on his right side and must have had his back turned in that direction up until now, because the expression you wear when you're asleep isn't always the one you'd use for publication.

The first things that caught his eye were a floral skirt and then, with awakening interest, a pair of trim ankles and slim brown legs. The long green leaves he had applauded before proved to be a nuisance now, because they impeded his view of what appeared to be a worth investigating. He rearranged his own fronds, but it didn't help much, because hers were still running interference.

Chuck craned and twisted and peeked, and got nothing for his trouble but a crick in his neck and dirt on the knees of his pants. The aggravating palm fronds divided her up like a jigsaw puzzle with all the best bits missing. All he could see were the slim brown legs, a pair of hands holding a sheaf of closely written pages, the delicate curve of a cheek, and once, as she moved her head, a flashing glimpse of honey-colored hair.

After a while he gave it up. Besides, the nights were growing longer and hotter, the moon came up rounder and more mellow, and a fine array of shapely girls, daughters of presidents and vice-president and bank managers, had proved more than willing to show him Sydney's beauty spots and dance with him under other palm trees beside water slapping romantically against the shore. He really needed the noon hour for sleeping (on his right side) and not for gawking at the neighbors.

Only thing was, he kept turning in his sleep and waking up on his left side, a thing he'd never done before in his life, and once, when a pair of large blue eyes regarded him seriously through an unexpected slit in the fronds, he almost stopped breathing until it dawned on him that although they were looking right at him they simply didn't see him at all.

Chuck was a handsome young man not used to having large blue eyes remain unaffected by the sight of him. It was a novel experience, not entirely pleasant, and it made him uncomfortable.

And then the miracle happened. All of a sudden she lifted her wrist as if she were consulting her watch, and, folding her papers very deliberately and carefully, she got to her feet, smoothed down her skirt (it was navy linen today), and came

out from under the tree into the spotlight of the sun. Chuck stopped breathing altogether.

He watched her cross the grass to the iron gates, saw her pause for a moment and look back over her shoulder uncertainly before she disappeared through the gates. Now Chuck knew why powerful waves of something or other had drawn his interest like a magnet to the left-hand palm tree.

Because she was beautiful and he wanted to get to know her, to take her out, to make those blue eyes look into his and really see him, to hold the slim shoulders between his hands and . . . and . . .

Next day, refusing lunch with a girl whose father owned a few million acres of sheep property outback, he galloped up to the Gardens five minutes ahead of his schedule and arrived panting. She wasn't there. He sauntered back and forth over a radius of twenty feet or so from the far side of his palm tree to the far side of hers, keeping an anxious eye on the entrance gates and glaring at people who veered too close and looked as if they had predatory designs on either tree.

When he saw her coming, he skittered to the back of his tree so that he could come from behind it and arrive in an entirely unpremeditated manner at the same time as she did. At the strategic moment he moved to enter the canopy and paused, one hand on a lifted frond as casually as if it were the latch of his own front door.

"Oh . . . hi," he said, beaming on her in the best Allison manner. "Lovely day, eh?"

Her blue eyes focused, and she looked as if she actually recognised him. At least, he admitted to himself (being honest), she recognised him as a human being and different from, say, a kangaroo. But she didn't reply. She smiled faintly and absently out of the merest politeness, and then ducked into her hideout.

It was an unusual and altogether unexpected response, and after some rather puzzled thought under his own fronds, Chuck decided he approved of it.

Tomorrow, he decided, he would be just a little bit helpless. Spill something. Upset a bag of oranges and scramble around after them with a small, sheepish smile. There was something about seeing a large, lovable male stranded in this kind of domestic crisis that usually went straight to girls' hearts, and he assured himself it would serve to get them on speaking terms.

Not a man to do things by halves, Chuck bought a good big bag full of apples and oranges from a street barrow on his way to the Gardens next day, figuring that he needed plenty if they were to scatter with sufficiently pathetic effect. He had some difficulty getting his cargo to its destination, due to its distressing tendency to shift above the point of balance where his arm gripped the bag.

But he arrived without mishap, only to discover that his own palm tree had been swiped by a couple of plump damsels who were placidly setting out thermos flasks and paper bags and rattling plastic dishes in a variety of colors.

Chuck looked around wildly for another unoccupied spot and found none. Then he had a brilliant idea. Why not? Plenty of room for two under one tree. An Adam cast out from his Eden might evoke even more sympathy than spilled fruit. Chuck dived under the fronds and set down his burden. He had only just taken up his position when she came through the gate.

She crossed the grass with a quick, light step that brought a lift to his heart and an odd, totally new sensation that gave him pause for almost a moment to wonder just where this thing might end. She pushed aside the fronds and stopped, frozen.

Chuck brought out his best smile. "I've been evicted. Do you mind sharing?" Her eyes went automatically to the next tree. "There's room for us both," Chuck went on quickly. "Half a tree is better than none, I always say. Don't you?"

Her thoughts were distressingly transparent. American—he could almost hear her say it—with that accent. And fresh . . .

"I'll find another place," she said. "Don't disturb yourself."

"Hey!" Chuck cried. He scrambled forward on hands and knees and poked his head through the greenery. "Hey! Just a minute! Hey! We've practically known each other for practically three—"

Ignoring him completely, she marched away down the row of palms, back poker-straight with indignation. Chuck sat back on his heels and watched her go. He began to feel affronted. Some of that much-vaunted British reserve. All very fine, he said righteously to her retreating back, but carry it too far and see where it gets you. He watched her progress. There were no vacancies in the whole row of palms. The place was cluttered with people, like a beach on a hot Saturday.

She sat herself down at last in the skimpy noonday shadow of a statue: if she'd been an inch bigger either way she'd never have fitted it. She got out her sandwiches and began to read her papers, looking ill-used and conspicuous. People kept stopping to read the inscription on the pedestal. Once she was asked to move while a woman took a photograph.

WAS

One whistle was always enough to start the girls running after him—but this one didn't even turn her pretty head

By MOLLIE GILLEN

Three little boys played tag round the statue and one of them tripped over her feet. She rubbed her ankle and threw a dirty look across the lawn towards the palm trees.

Well! So I'm a wolf, Chuck told himself, easing himself back against the trunk, a great big, bad American wolf. He reached thoughtfully behind him for an apple, and the bag sagged drunkenly sideways and collapsed. Red-faced and swearing, Chuck crawled after gambolling apples and oranges, and the plump ladies on the right, leaving their plastic dishes, clucked helpfully as they crawled around with him, intimating that something about a big, lovable male in this kind of predicament always brought out the mother instinct in them. Chuck went back to the office and called up a blonde he'd met last weekend.

Curse that palm tree, Chuck thought irritably next morning, head in hands. Somebody should have killed it while it was just a little seed. Well, there were other methods. No little bit of a blue-eyed, honey-colored girl was going to get away with cold-shouldering Chuck Allison.

She was early next day, but Chuck was earlier. Out of the corner of his eye he watched her enter the fronds, saw her stop as she spotted the flowers he'd secreted there a moment before. She picked them up slowly and read what he'd written on a card: "I'm not really a claim-jumper. Can't we bury the hatchet?" Then she parted the fronds and said severely: "Did you put these here?"

"Nearest thing I could find to an olive branch," Chuck said.

"But why?" She was confused. "I mean, it really wasn't—I mean, you didn't really . . ."

"Oh, yes, I did. I'm a low-down, no-good, ornery critter who goes around stealing people's palm trees and I don't wonder you're mad."

"But I'm not. I—"

"I could reform," Chuck suggested hopefully. "All I need is a guiding influence in my life." He circled his knees with his arms. "I've been sitting beside you for three weeks," he complained. "Don't you think it's time we got acquainted?"

She showed signs of recovery. "Thank you for the flowers. But I don't believe it's necessary to become acquainted with everyone who happens to eat lunch beside me in the Botanic Gardens."

"Not with everyone. Just with me. How come a pretty girl like you sits all alone under a palm tree every noon-hour studying?"

"I'm not studying," she said, goaded. "They're letters. From my—"

"Letters? All that many? Good gosh, are you running a lovelorn column?"

"Of course not. They're letters from my . . . from a friend."

"Well, heck." Chuck flashed a smile at her. "If you like letters that much, I could write you some. I can write good letters, several people have said. But I'd far rather take you out some time. We could have lunch together and tell each other the story of our lives, and find out if we both like singing in the bathtub, and caraway-seed cake, and the smell of shoe-polish. Do you?"

This was nonsense, her face said. "Look, I'm sorry . . . I have a . . ."

"The guy that writes you all those letters? You're engaged?"

"No," she said unwillingly, "but we have an—"

"Well!" He whistled. "I'd tie a girl like you up good and tight with a ring and a licence before I went off and left her sitting under palm trees talking to strange young men."

She lifted her chin. "As of now," she flashed, "I am not talking to strange young men." She turned away from him and rustled the pages of her letter purposefully.

Chuck hauled down his flag suddenly, his eyes crinkling. "Okay. I didn't mean to be a nuisance. Only I've watched you there so long it seemed like we were neighbors, and I've wanted to get on speaking terms from way back." He made his voice plaintive. "They told me the natives were friendly out here."

"Look," said Chuck, "I've been sitting near you every lunch hour for three weeks, so don't you think it's time we were acquainted?"

She blushed furiously, which gave Chuck another of those queer new sensations, because the kind of girl he had met to date seldom blushed and never furiously. She wasn't the sophisticated type. All kinds of expressions went fleeting across her face. She picked up the flowers and touched a rose absently. "It was nice of you to want to take me to lunch," she said, "and I'm sorry I can't go. It's just that it wouldn't be . . . I don't think it would be right."

Altogether a satisfactory day's progress, Chuck thought. That night he found himself humming so contentedly into the ear of the redhead he was dancing with that she asked him what made him so happy, and he floundered around for quite a while with "Uh—h—uh—" before he came back to the here and now. What would he like to bet, he had been asking himself, that in a couple of days they'd be sharing the same palm tree?

But they weren't. Progress was a lot slower than he'd anticipated, although across the neutral territory between the trees she was willing enough to converse quite freely. Over the next couple of weeks he found out that her name was Robbie Payne and the massive letters came from a young man

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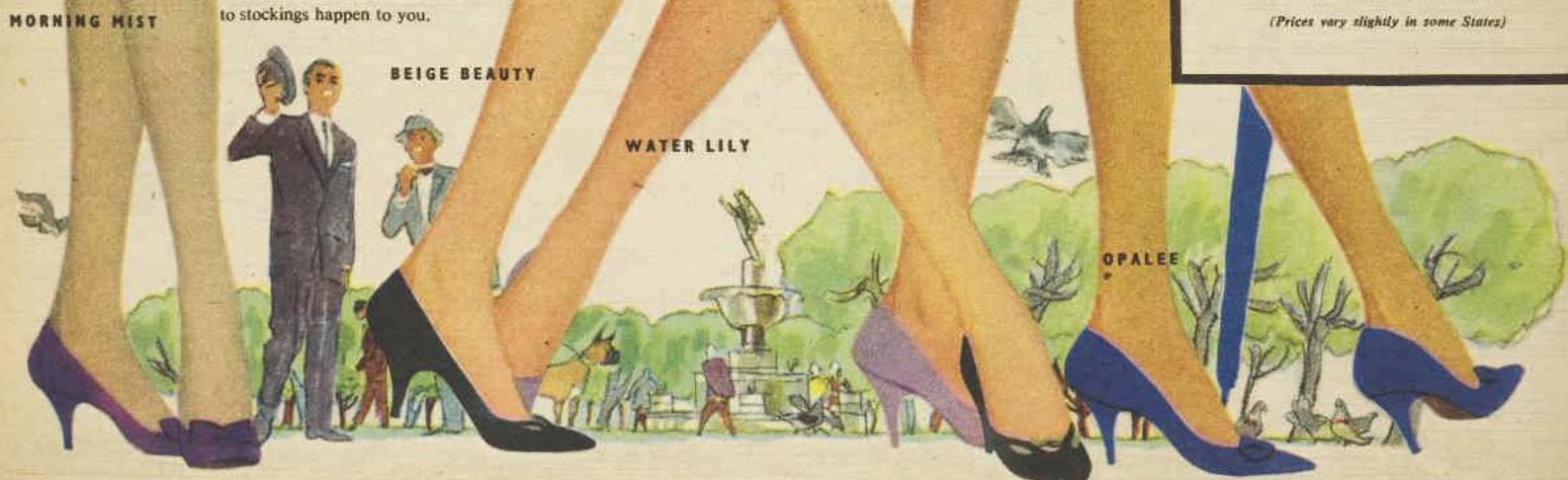


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A Perfect Swindle

A short story complete on this page

By DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM.

THE arrangement between Aubrey Himper and Carl Dorrington, of the Dorrington Galleries, worked very well. Both these small, New York firms were in the market for old prints, period china, and glass, and it was in a spirit of mutual assistance that the arrangement came into being.

"Nice people," Himper had explained when he proposed it, "particularly old people, need careful handling. When an elderly gentleman on a small income offers a teapot that belonged to his great-grandfather, and knows it's valuable, you've got to be very careful."

"True," said Dorrington.

"Suppose it's worth 250 dollars. Suggest fifty dollars and he wonders if you're cheating him. He may part with it at that price, but he's resentful. He won't recommend you to his friends."

"That's so," agreed Mr. Dorrington heartily, since he knew quite well any small business will never make much progress unless it is being continually recommended by satisfied clients.

"There's a simple alternative. I'm sympathetic. I tell him I can't afford to raise my figure. But why not get a second opinion? Try the Dorrington Galleries. A first-class firm. Mention my name." Himper smiled with the benediction of a bishop. "While he's on his way I phone you."

Dorrington pursed appreciative lips.

"And then," said Himper, "you offer him 50 dollars and in the end, with courteous reluctance, you make it 60 dollars. He's still disappointed—but he's grateful. That's the point, grateful. Grateful to both of us. It'll pay—I'm sure it will. You use the same approach with your clients and we split the profits. Yes?"

"Joyfully, yes," said Dorrington.

That was how, in the course of profitable time, both firms came to receive a visit from Miss Mary Forsyth, small, frail, genteel, in her fading seventies, with transparent skin, a clear little voice, and good well-worn clothes that were out of date. She entered Himper's one morning carrying a portfolio.

She may have been a trifle nervous, but this was balanced by a certain poise from the better-off past.

She coughed and said inquiringly: "You advertise for old prints?"

"We do, madam," Himper bowed. He specialised in prints. Dorrington's expert line was china.

"My late dear brother," said Miss Mary, "collected antiques of all kinds for years and years. He was very skilled in such matters."

"Indeed?" Himper's manner conveyed that nothing in the world could be more interesting than Miss Forsyth's late dear brother and that

he had all the time in the world to talk about him . . . and his collection of antiques.

"Mind you," she said, with a discreet ghost of a titter, "he made a few mistakes. Who doesn't in the course of a life of collecting? But not many. Oh, dear me, no."

There was a pause while she sighed. "The old house in Pittsfield is full of his treasures. I hate to have to sell any. But you can guess how it is for some of us—a modest, fixed income, and the cost of living going up and up, and, after all, as I have no one to leave them to, I might as well sell them. You just can't eat old silver and pictures."

There was a richness of sympathy and understanding in Himper's slow nod.

Miss Mary opened the portfolio and took out a flat brown-paper package.

As she began to unwrap it, she said, "I have here two prints of a series of four, 'The Country Sportsman.'"

Humper's eyes flickered. "Osterlein?"

Miss Mary nodded. "I'm told they're valuable."

Humper held the prints in white, plump fingers and looked at them, frowning.

"They're genuine, aren't they?" Miss Mary said, watching him hopefully.

"Without a doubt."

"And they're worth?"

"To me, 75 dollars."

Her mouth quivered. "I understand they ought to bring at least 250 dollars."

"If you had the other two, to make the set complete, I could offer you 350 dollars for the four. As it is . . ."

Humper shook his head, and went on with touching gentleness: "I'm sorry. I'm sure you must be so disappointed. But, madam, may I offer you a piece of advice, based on years of professional experience? Why not get a second opinion?"

"A second opinion?"

"Yes. There's always the chance of getting more from another dealer. The Dorrington Galleries, for instance—a firm of the highest repute. They're three blocks south, not five minutes from here. Ask for Mr. Carl Dorrington. Mention my name."

"It's extremely kind of you to suggest it," said Miss Mary.

"Not a bit, not a bit." Himper bowed her out, went to the phone, and told Carl Dorrington what to expect.

"Start off with 75 dollars," he said. "If she objects, raise to 100 dollars. They're worth every penny of 300 dollars."

Seven minutes later Miss Mary was being received by Mr. Carl Dorrington. His smooth, heavy cheeks



and smiling blue eyes radiated a kind of comfortable honesty.

"Recommended by Mr. Himper? Ah, yes, yes. One of our leading authorities, of course. Now, please, don't hurry yourself. Please take a chair, madam. New York can be wearing, can it not? To my mind it gets busier every day."

Miss Mary sat down. She explained about her visit to Himper. She said: "With very great kindness he suggested that you might be disposed to make a higher offer." She untied the portfolio. "Here are the prints."

Dorrington considered them. His brows puckered a trifle. He said with exactly the right touch of deference: "Will you forgive me a minute while I consult a friend of mine?"

"Why, of course."

In the small office at the back of the shop Dorrington picked up his phone.

"That you, Himper?" he said. "Dorrington. Listen. They don't strike me as anything to write home about. The Osterleins, I mean."

Humper's voice sounded a bit impatient. "They're gems. If you're talking about the ungainly figure of the man, the gun out of all proportion, the peculiar shape of the dog, that was characteristic of Osterlein. A kind of lampoon of—"

"Yes, I know. But these don't seem to—"

"If you're claiming to know more

about the subject than I . . ." said Himper sharply.

"I'm not. I only thought that —"

"Well, don't. As I told you, they'd bring 300 dollars anywhere. Tell her 75 dollars. If she digs her toes in, you can make it 100 dollars."

"Right," said Dorrington, and, replacing the phone, he went back to his pleasant task of chiselling a few hundred dollars out of Miss Mary.

At his first offer, Miss Mary turned sad and silent. After a great deal of polite discussion, much too elegant to be called haggling, Dorrington finally bought them for 100 dollars.

As he showed Miss Mary out he told himself that there went another client who believed she had been treated with the utmost generosity.

Back home in Pittsfield, in the big house on the broad old street, a place crammed with Georgian and Victorian knick-knacks, Miss Mary was greeted by her stout, elderly, genteel sister, Miss Agnes, who had everything ready set out for afternoon tea.

"Well, dear, how did you get on?"

Miss Mary sat down with a purr of satisfaction.

"Oh, dear," she said. "It's such a relief to get home and sit down. New York's so tiring. But never mind; they brought 100 dollars."

Miss Agnes clapped her hands.

As soon as Miss Mary turned to leave, Mr. Himper called Carl Dorrington on the phone.

Miss Mary opened the portfolio. Out of it she took a flat package and unwrapped it to reveal the two genuine prints she had shown to Aubrey Himper, but not to Carl Dorrington.

"After all," she said, "our late dear brother paid a lot of money for the two I sold to Mr. Dorrington, although they were copies."

"And, after all," said Miss Agnes. "Mr. Himper and the Dorrington Galleries cheated me when I sold them that Waterford glass. So all we've done is to get our money back, isn't it?"

"Just that," said Miss Mary.
(Copyright)

*They saw each other with the eye of love . . . to Harry she was dark
and fragile, his Spanish rose; to Dolores he was big and bluff, her
King Hal—beginning the most unconventional love story of the year*

By MARGERY SHARP

The Eye of Love

SEEN from eye-level (as the child Martha, flat on her stomach, saw it), the patch of pebbly grass in the back garden of 5 Alcock Road had all the charm, mysteriousness, and authority of a classic Chinese landscape.

Tall, shot-up bents, their pale yellow stems knotted like bamboos, inclined gracefully before the wind; across a sandy plain, boulders in proportion carried a low scrub of lichen to the foot of a mountain shaped like a mole-hill. There was only the right amount of everything, and only one sharp note of color: pimpernel-red a wild azalea bloomed under the bamboos.

Suddenly the whole composition was altered, the whole landscape receded, as into the foreground leapt a tiger—drawn to a different scale, in fact life-size. For a moment the round, striped face glared with Chinese ferocity, the lips writhed back in a Chinese scowl; then the cat recognised the child, and the child a cat.

From the house, from one of the pink-curtained windows, a voice called high and urgent—Miss Diver's.

"Martha! Come and say how do you do to Mr. Gibson!"

Martha remembered it was Tuesday, and reluctantly rose and dusted herself down the front.

More precisely, it was the second Tuesday in June, 1932: a date to be of importance.

Ladies of ambiguous status have by convention hearts of gold, and Miss Diver was nothing if not conventional; but a child in an irregular household is often an embarrassment. It had been wonderfully kind of Miss Diver to save her brother's child from an orphanage, but not surprising; what was surprising was how well the arrangement worked out.

Martha came when she was six, and was now nine: during those three years the quiet harmony of life at 5 Alcock Road continued unjarred. In part this was due to Mr. Gibson's good nature; even more important, in the daily contacts between aunt and niece was a safeguard never in fact recognised as such—though it had operated from the start.

Little Martha was never allowed to address her benefactress as Aunt. To the latter's ear the appellation lacked romance; romance being of Miss Diver's life the essence, she instructed Martha to call her by her first name instead; the happy if un-aimed-at result was a super-

ficial chumminess putting no strain on the emotions of either.

Also due to Miss Diver's romanticism was the fact that they no longer shared the same patronymic, which was for both, legally, Hogg. Miss Diver's brother, Martha's father, had been Richard Hogg; Martha was Martha Hogg. But even while still vending haberdashery Miss Diver had so sincerely felt herself not-Hogg, so to speak, and practically going under a false name that in the interests of truth (or at least of verisimilitude) she changed to Diver. Besides commemorating a favorite authoress, it went euphoniously with her initial D. The D stood for Dolores, itself modulated from Dorothy because Miss Diver was a Spanish type.

"You shall call me Dolores," instructed Miss Diver actually in the taxi going home from Richard Hogg's funeral.

She had never seen the child until an hour earlier; she had never before visited the shabby Brixton lodging-house in whose shabby parlor the thinly attended wake was being held. A dozen or so of Richard Hogg's ex-colleagues from the post office stared inquisitively; this meeting between the two chief mourners provided a touch of drama, something to talk about afterwards, otherwise conspicuously lacking. (As Doctor Johnson might have said, it wasn't a funeral to invite a man to; only one bottle of sherry and fish-paste sandwiches. Richard Hogg, with his motherless daughter, had lodged two full years in Hasty Street; but a landlady never does these things so wholeheartedly as relations, even with the Burial Club paid up and next week's rent in hand.)

Interest naturally focused on Miss Diver, partly because her brother had never mentioned her and partly because of her appearance. Though the only person present in proper mourning—even Martha had no more than an arm-band—Dolores' total blackness somehow produced a brighter effect than the neutral tints of everyone else. She was jetty, they merely subfusc. Her black Spanish hair gleamed beneath her eye-veil. Her black fur was a black fox. Her black pumps were patent leather. Dolores, for her part, felt like a bird of paradise among crows . . .

She felt also like an angel of mercy; and so took little Martha home with her in obedience to a law not so much unwritten as written to excess in every sentimental novel of that date, which was 1929.

"You shall call me Dolores," instructed Miss Diver in the taxi that bore them away.

The child Martha, then aged six, looked placidly co-operative. She was a fat, placid-looking child altogether. Her squarish face, pale under a sandy fringe, didn't appear ravaged by any particular sorrow, as her rather small grey eyes, under rudimentary eyebrows, weren't red with weeping. The bundle of clothes at her feet—her last link with the past—she simply put her feet on to make her short legs more comfortable. It was Miss Diver, aged thirty-seven, who wept.

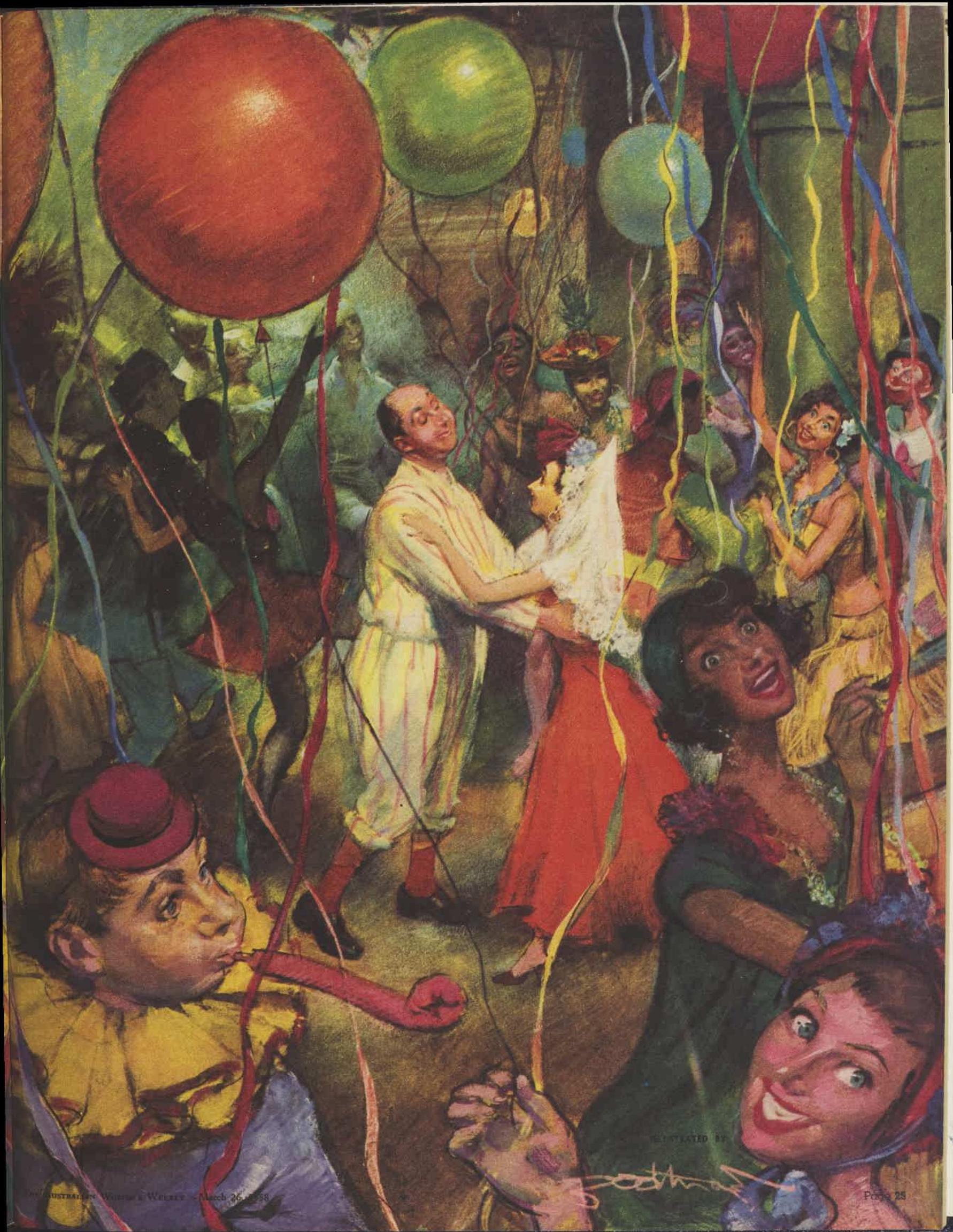
The arrangement worked out better than anyone could have expected. In Hasty Street, indeed, for many a day to come Martha was looked for back bag and baggage. "I've seen her sort before," declared the landlady—in grim reference to Miss Diver. "Give a thing and take a thing—! By which same token, if she don't tire, someone else will." The luscious prognostication proved false. Mr. Gibson, who subsidised the little house with the pink curtains, accepted Martha without demur. He had often feared that his Dolores might be lonely, and trusted her not to let the child become a nuisance.

As was inevitable, Miss Diver went through a brief period of sentimentality—during which she bought little Martha a three-legged stool to sit on and a box of beads to thread; fortunately if there was one thing Mr. Gibson detested it was treading on a bead. He didn't actually swear at Martha, but the effort not to was obvious, and Dolores was saved from prolonging what might have been a disastrous experiment. She was a trifle let down herself.

All children under eight have charm, just as all young animals have, but little Martha had less than most. She didn't perch on the stool, she squatted on it. The beads stuck to her fat fingers, when she didn't drop them, and she was always losing her needle. The picture envisaged by Miss Diver had been very different. She was still thankful she hadn't started with bubble-blowing, because heaven knew what

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Of all the couples that danced that night in the Albert Hall Harry and Dolores were the happiest.





Mink Soft!

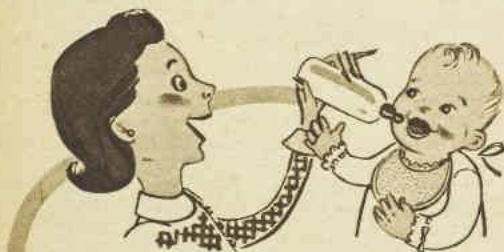
Caressably mink soft is just how your hair will be after the luxury of a White Rain shampoo; after a million gentle bubbles leave your hair glistening with new highlights; after the purest of costly ingredients make it so easy to manage.

He'll love it, too . . .

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WHITE RAIN

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THE ENCHANTRESS

Each man she met fell under her spell and each one begged her to be his wife . . .

By H. E. BATES

I KNEW her as a rather plump, fair-skinned child with eyes of brilliant hyacinth-blue and long, ribbonless blond hair that hung halfway down her back in curls. Her mother was a gaunt, hungry-faced, prematurely aged woman who, with sickly yellow eyes sunk far into her head behind steel-rimmed spectacles, treaded feverishly all day and half the night at a sewing-machine, wearing black dress and apron, closing boot uppers, in the dirty window of a little house in one of the narrow yards we used as short cuts at the railway end of the town.

Her father was an ex-pugilist grown coarse and fat who worked little, drank a lot, and spent most of his time in a pub called The Waterloo, retelling for friends and strangers alike the story of how—incredibly as a lightweight—he had won impermanent fame and a silver belt as a champion twenty years before.

On Sundays her mother skulked furtively to the Methodist Chapel, wearing a black dress that might well have been the one she worked in, an old black straw hat without trimmings, and black button boots worn badly down at the heel, looking like the poorest of the poor.

In a town like Evensford, where boots and shoes are made, even the poor have no way of acquiring public derision more swiftly than to be seen in boots or shoes that need heelng badly. It is not merely a point of honor not to do such things; it incurs a sharp communal scorn.

But no one felt either scorn or derision for Mrs. Hickson. Nor did anyone ever seem to know the cause of her state of perpetual mourning, but as the years went past I guessed—correctly—that it was not mourning at all. She was merely saving for Bertha.

The yard in which they lived was no more than a slum alley eight or nine feet wide, and only those who lived there knew what went on behind the narrow backways that were no more than naked asphalt squares from which the fences had been ripped down. That stretch of the town, low down by the station, was called The Pit.

To come from The Pit was the social equivalent of having leprosy. It was a place of loafers playing crown-and-anchor under smoky walls, of yelling women in perpetual curling rags and old battered hats, who came down to The Waterloo with beer jugs in their hands, and made twice-weekly visits with rattling prams to pop-shops.

On Mondays Bertha's mother went to the pop-shop, too; on Saturdays she redeemed whatever she had pawned. It is my guess that she went about in app rently perpetual mourning only because whatever clothes she otherwise possessed were in almost eternal pawn. And they were there because of Bertha.

Even as early as those days they started calling Bertha "the princess." At ten she was big for her age. She had already a clean, splendid, sumptuous bloom about her. Her eyes were most wonderfully clear and brilliant, with a great touch of calm and candid pride about them.

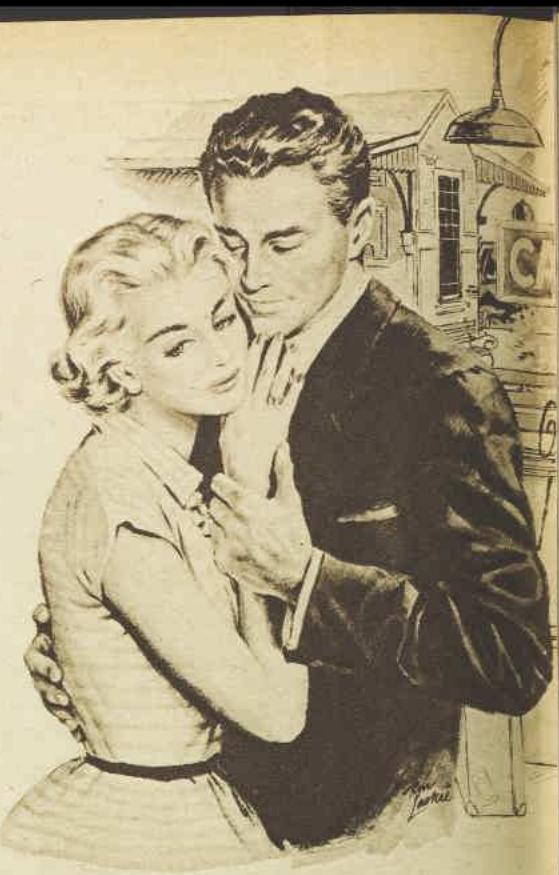
Her hair was magnificent. It is quite common to see young girls with hair of palest bleached yellow and of extraordinary lightness in texture, but Bertha was the only child I ever saw whose hair was the color of thistledown and of exactly the same lovely, insubstantial, airy quality.

She was always beautifully dressed. It used to be said that her mother, sitting up into the small hours or surreptitiously working on Sunday afternoons, made all her dresses for her, but years later I met a woman, one of two sisters, the proprietress of a very good class dress shop at the other end of the town, who said: "Oh, no! Bertha's clothes all came from here. We made them for her, my sister and I. And her underclothes. I suppose it would surprise you to know that that child never had anything but pillow-lace on her petticoats? And always paid for."

At thirteen she already looked like a girl of sixteen or seventeen. She was tall, with full sloping shoulders and a firm high bust. Her legs were the sort of legs that make men turn round in the street, at least once if not twice, and she had a certain languid way of swinging her arms with a backward, graceful pull as she walked.

All this time her mother sat at the little window in the yard, treading with sick desperation, almost insanely, at the sewing-machine, and her father sat in The Waterloo, working his way through the chronicles of his history as a lightweight. You never saw them together.

At fourteen she put her hair up. There was a good deal of it—it had been her mother's eternal pride never to cut it at all—and now, not so light in color, though still very blond



Bertha was not only beautiful, companionable, and gay, there was also a wonderful innocence about her.

and airy in texture, it made her seem an inch or two taller, giving her better proportions.

By this time she was working in a boot factory. In those days women went to work in the oldest clothes they could find, pretty shabbily sometimes, and often in the sort of thin black apron that Bertha's mother wore, but Bertha went to the factory exactly as she had previously gone to school: with her own impeccable quality, beautifully, fastidiously dressed.

Already by now she looked like a young woman of twenty, and already people began to say you could see all the old, eternal danger signs. It was only a question of time before girls of sensational early maturity found themselves in trouble, disgraced, and tasting the fruits of bitter, unlearned lessons. Girls of fourteen who went out of their way to look like women of twenty, dealing in the deliberate coquetry of voluptuous attractions, had only themselves to blame if they bought what they asked for. The time had come for Bertha's fall.

Just under three years later she astounded everybody by suddenly getting married—quite undisgraced—to a retired shopkeeper with a modest income, a most respectable Edwardian house enclosed by an orchard of apple and pear trees, and a taste for driving out in a landau, in straw hat and cream alpaca suit, on summer afternoons.

William James Sherwood was a neat, courteous, decorous man of the old school, very gentlemanly and of quiet habits, and the whole thing was a sensation. No one could say how it happened.

"But she comes from The Pit!" they said. "She's from The Pit! From there. And seventeen. How do you suppose it happened? What possessed him?"

When a man of seventy marries a girl of seventeen who is remarkably mature, fastidious, and beautiful for her age, it never seems to occur to anyone that all that has possessed him is a firm dose of taste, enterprise, and commonsense. Consequently it did not occur to anyone that William James Sherwood might have made in Bertha a good bargain for himself.

"But she's from The Pit!" they kept saying. "She works in a factory. And the way she walks. The way she fancies herself. She isn't his kind. She can't be. Look who she comes from—the poorest of the poor. Her mother scraping and saving at shoework, her old man every day in The Waterloo."

Presently Bertha was to be seen driving out with William James Sherwood in a landau on fine summer afternoons. By the way she sat there, upright, composed, holding a parasol over her head, one hand resting lightly and decorously on the side of the carriage, you could have supposed that she had rarely done anything else but drive in landaus for the better part of her seventeen years. But there was something else still more surprising and more interesting about her. She looked supremely content and happy.

For the next three years she went on matching herself, her ways, and her appearance to William James Sherwood. She behaved more like a woman contentedly settled in her middle thirties who had been born and brought up in a quiet country house, of good family, than a girl still in her teens who had been brought up in The Pit, on pawnshop bread.

Sometimes in summer you would see her walking quietly,

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

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IT'S ALWAYS CHEAPER AT COLES
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New Tact stick deodorant

Exclusive twist action
propels Tact stick
as you use it



NEW COOL WAY TO CHECK ODOUR ALL DAY

Here's the handy new way to get all-day protection against perspiration odour! Tact Stick Deodorant *instantly* kills perspiration odour and keeps you safe *longer*—not just for a few hours as with some deodorants. Tact Stick is as refreshing to use as cologne and its gentle cooling action feels so good, even after shaving! Not messy, not crumbly! Handy as a lipstick! Use Tact Stick daily!

FOR MEN, TOO! New Tact Stick is the perfect *man's* deodorant! Not dribbly, not greasy, won't pick up underarm hair! Buy two . . . one for you and one for 'him.'



Tube, 2/4 Jar, 3/6
Spray, 6/6 Stick, 7/11



cream



spray



stick

Tact for you in more ways than one

FATHER

MOTHER



"Don't get excited . . . those figures are calories I'm allowing myself . . . not my budget!"



"All right, then. I'm a mean, cruel, heartless old monster . . . And you STILL have to go and play with your little cousin Cyril."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drawn

USUALLY a strong supporter of summer, especially the Sydney summer, I ceased to sing its praises this year.

Like two million other people, I became thoroughly tired of Turkish baths alternating with deluges and thunder and lightning.

All through the past couple of months I kept remembering a short story in which Ray Bradbury tells of an old insurance man who had a theory about murder in relation to heat.

He believed that some people, because of their exasperating characters, were born "murderers." These types survived until the temperature reached exactly 93 degrees. At that point somebody's temper reached breaking point and the "murderer" copped it.

No actual murder has been done in my immediate circles. However, this is probably because revolvers and sharp knives are not readily available in offices.

* * *
A DOMESTIC sidelight on the summer's trials comes from a wife who one night was awakened by a sharp slap on the shoulder blades.

"Whatever is the matter?" she asked her husband, waking in alarm.

"There was a mosquito on your back," he said virtuously.

"The truth emerged later," she said. "He wanted a cup of tea."

* * *
SOME interesting correspondence followed a remark I made a couple of weeks ago — that I'd rather do the washing than wrap the laundry.

Mr. R. Schliemann, manager of a laundry, writes on behalf of laundrymen to point out that there is no real need for all this nervous strain of finding paper and string.

Laundry, he reminds me, can be collected and delivered. And paper is not absolutely essential.

"I assume," he writes, "that you wrap and tie the bundle because you deliver your own laundry, and do not want to be numbered among those extroverted, socially conscious people who carry their linens uncovered as a badge of distinction, proclaiming to the world that they use a laundry."

From M. Whitfield, of Chelsea, Victoria, comes some sound advice:

"As I take my linen out of its brown-paper wrapping, after untying the string," she writes, "I roll up the string inside the paper as well as the form from the laundry. I place these three things in the linen cupboard alongside a pencil and scissors, which are always there. Now, isn't that easy?"

Yes, it sounds easy, though first I must conquer a lifelong habit of keeping the string, the brown paper, and the scissors in three separate places.

If little girls were taught time and motion study instead of algebra it might make their adult lives a lot simpler.

IN the mail this week was an advertisement for an American magazine which, so the ad. says, will enable the reader to "talk about the news with new ease and authority."

"At desk or dinner-table," the pamphlet continues, "your views carry extra weight when you've covered the ground thoroughly with experts."

This line is obviously addressed to men. Women have plenty of faults, heaven knows, but expounding their views on international news at desk or dinner-table is not one of them. You may encounter the odd woman who does so, but, fortunately, she is odd.

The average woman would rather discuss people than nations.

She can be boring, one can't deny, but she is seldom as weightily, ponderously, suffocatingly boring as a man who makes dinner-table speeches on international affairs.

I realise, reading the above, that as a female I can't be considered an impartial judge. But it's nice to defend one's own sex sometimes.

* * *
A LONDON Press report stated that tests at Christmas Island would complete Sir William Penney's work in developing a reliable, controllable, and relatively cheap hydrogen bomb.

Human beings will be comforted to think that they can be exterminated without undue waste of money.

* * *
A N American professor, Dr. Wendell A. J. S. Krieg, advises: "To woo the creative muse, try sitting in your library without any occupation. Soon your thoughts will begin to rustle about and pull something out for you."

*Not having a library I have tried sitting in a chair,
And fixing the bookshelf in the corner
with an owlish and hopeful stare.
But when my thoughts rustle they
absolutely refuse
To take a form that owes any direction
to the creative muse.*

*One notes that the bookshelf should be
dusted and some of the magazines
thrown away,
That the picture rail is old-fashioned and
ought to be painted grey.*

*One recalls an unanswered letter and
several garments in need of a mend,
But the sight of the telephone reminds one
it would be more diverting to ring up
a friend.*

*Perhaps if one had a library one's
thoughts would rustle around,
But the theory that they'd produce something useful isn't necessarily sound.*

Hanro

adds that
certain
'something'
to bring you...



Winterlock
WONDER-WEARING
COTTON INTERLOCK WITH A DIFFERENCE

You'll love HANRO
Winterlock — made from finest
English spun cotton, more snugly
knitted than ordinary interlock,
unmistakably Swiss-styled
in the HANRO tradition,
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matches HANRO Winterlock
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*Warm as a Summer Breeze
Light as a Floating Cloud*

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BLANKETS



You'd scarcely know you had blankets on your bed . . . so light, so fleecy soft are Castlemaine Blankets . . . yet their blissful warmth enfolds you like a balmy Summer breeze. Whether your bedroom is prettily feminine or smartly contemporary, the Castlemaine range includes the blankets you dream of. You'll see soft delicate pastels and vibrant colours in plain and in check effects . . . all in the purest of pure lambswool, skilfully woven into beautiful blankets of traditional, superfine quality.

They're at your favourite store now . . .

Castlemaine

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BLANKETS

Worth Reporting

A LEAN, grey-haired, cigar-smoking Australian grandfather, whose half-brother is keeper of the Crown Jewels of Tonga, recently finished carving the Tongan coat of arms.

He is Mr. Frank Stelling, of Roseville, N.S.W., who was adopted about 50 years ago and given the title "Kamoto" by Princess Vika Veigo, a cousin of Queen Salote's father, the late King George Tupo II.

Mr. Stelling believes he is the only Kamoto alive: "It is a title given to those who sit at the right hand of royalty," he explained. "The Tongans respect a Kamoto next to their Royal Family."

Mr. Stelling told us that members of the Tongan Royal Family had asked him to carve the coat of arms which will be presented to Queen Salote.

Tongan postmaster David Taumoepeau, who is holidaying in Sydney, will take it home with him next month.

Born in England, Mr. Stelling learnt his trade as a heraldic engraver in London. He went to Tonga in 1905, then moved to New Zealand, and from there to Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Stelling's Roseville home is filled with carvings, etchings, island trophies, antique clocks, and paintings.

Mr. Stelling has a collection of pippins, carved and painted to represent Red Indians, flowers, and insects. "I carved Sir Winston Churchill on a shell a few years ago and sent it to him," Mr. Stelling said. "He wrote to thank me, praising what he called 'very clever carving.'"

PARENTS who can't decide whether they want a girl or a boy might consider Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Schoening, of Wisconsin, U.S.A.

They've just had their third set of twins.

As usual, a boy and a girl.

"Animal" goes to Las Vegas

SINGING star Shirley Bassey, at present in Australia, has accepted a song called "Animal" written for her by the Sydney song-writing team of Marwood and Sherman (Hazel Isherwood and Charles Marwood), and she is considering another, called "Lock the Door."

Miss Isherwood, who writes the lyrics, told us that Miss Bassey's manager thought the singer would introduce "Animal" in her Las Vegas, U.S.A., appearance, and incorporate it in a long-playing recording.

Last year Miss Isherwood and Mr. Marwood returned after three years in England, where their songs had "moderate success."

They have written hundreds of songs and two musicals in the past eight years.

Now they're working on a full-length Australian musical—whenever Miss Isherwood takes time off from her secretarial duties, and Mr. Marwood leaves the stone house he is building at Seaford.



"Oh, go ahead. It's a weighing machine, not a land mine."

GERALD BROCKHURST, reputedly the world's most expensive portrait painter, sums up:

"Executives have big hands. Thick ankles are often the result of bad feeding. I don't like men with small hands. Modern art is a trick. You see bosoms before you see faces today."

Not a fan of Jayne Mansfield, Diana Dors, and Co.

* * *

It's not Greek to them

BETA SIGMA PHI may be just Greek to most people, but to 150,000 women all over the world it means "Life, learning, and friendship."

Beta Sigma Phi is a recent arrival in Australia.

A 26-year-old international women's organisation, based in Kansas City, U.S.A., it aims to bring women together for social pleasure, cultural improvement, and service to the community.

Organiser Mrs. E. L. Guenther came to Australia last year from International Headquarters at Kansas City.

With the help of Mrs. Juanita Riedel, an American living in Sydney who had been a member in the U.S., Mrs. Guenther established the first Chapter (as each group is called) at Turramurra, N.S.W.

There are now 19 Turramurra members who meet fortnightly in one another's homes to discuss topics from art to Zulus.

Another Chapter, with mostly business-girl members, has been established at Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Each member, in turn, must speak on a prepared topic, and then everyone joins in for question time.

Social gatherings benefit the charity adopted by each Chapter.

Mrs. Guenther will soon go to other capital cities to introduce more Australian women to Beta Sigma Phi.

* * *

Pistol packin' kitten

WE'VE had a letter from

Mrs. Alice Evans, of Mombasa, Kenya, who says: "My grandson, Peter, aged 12, found a sick, deserted kitten on his father's farm.

"He took it home, but it couldn't lap. So he got his water-pistol, filled it with milk, and every time the kitten squeaked he gave it a shot of milk."

The kitten is flourishing.

Wallaby Punch has wallaby's punch

ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff, reports that an exotic Australian dinner set the gourmets' tongues wagging recently at Manhattan's Overseas Press Club dinner.

The menu included Sydney rock oysters, kangaroo-tail soup, lobster tail, fillet steak, pavlova meringue, and tropical fruit, with Australian wines, plus a concoction called Wallaby Punch.

All the food and drinks were specially flown from Australia for the dinner.

"The Wallaby Punch was concocted and served by Lawrence Blochman, a mystery writer and member of the Press Club," says Feldman, "and it had the impact of a wallaby's kick."

"It's made of one part Australian vodka (75 per cent.), 1 part South Australian port, one-tenth part lemon juice, two parts Vichy (carbonated) water. The Vichy is optional."

"Serve well iced from a punch bowl. Then signal stretcher-bearers to close in for the catch."

"Before the room starts to spin, the mixture tastes something like vermouth."

* * *

MOST people trip over their words at some time or other, and British actor Eric Portman is no exception.

Mr. Portman was playing a scene in Terence Rattigan's "Harlequinade." He was supposed to say to another actor, "No, no, dear fellow — go into the wings and wait for your cue."

Then, one unforgettable night he said, "No, no, dear fellow — go into the queue and wait for your wings."

* * *

Home and travels of a redhead

"HOME in Hereford, England, for attractive redhead Helen Norton is "Friar's House," built in the 16th century.

Helen — who has been in Australia nearly two years — told us that monks lived in "Friar's House" during the Cromwell persecution.

"There are two secret passages," she said.

"One goes down to the river where the monks used to fish; the other is about a quarter of a mile long and comes out behind the altar in Hereford Cathedral."

We asked how long Helen's family had lived in the house. "They've been there only 100 years," she said.

When Helen came to Australia, one of the first people she saw was her former nanny, Mrs. John Hunt, of Walwa, Victoria.

Helen is now public-relations officer for a chain of hotels in Queensland.

* * *

EMINENT poet-playwright

T. S. Eliot, in Britain, is given to addressing his letters in verse. For example:

"Postman propell thy feet and take this note to greet the Mrs. Hutchinson who lives in Charlotte Street."

For you busy people who can't brush after every meal...

New Super White KOLYNOS



Just one brushing stops decay and bad breath right round the clock.

Don't you, like most busy people, find it difficult to brush your teeth after every meal? When you use new Super White Kolynos your whole mouth feels fresh and is protected, too, all day long.

New Super White Kolynos refreshes your whole mouth... leaves a clean after-taste that lasts much longer than any other toothpaste.

NEW DECAY-FIGHTER "S-15"

New Super White Kolynos gives you science's newest, most effective cleaner and decay-fighter, "S-15"...

the miracle ingredient that takes up the fight where others leave off. "S-15" quickly destroys germs that cause dental decay and bad breath — in a way never before known.

ROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION

Just one brushing with New Super White Kolynos gives you round-the-clock protection against dental decay and bad breath. If you're too busy to brush your teeth after every meal, then Super White Kolynos is the toothpaste for you!



Tycora Nylon twinset by Golden Fleece, Tycora Nylon heavy rib cardigan by Hanro. Skirts by Lucas.

Brushed Nylon red dress by Lucas, Brushed Nylon matching separates by Lucas.



For outdoor living or party giving

New Nylon textures bring you the softest knitwear
and dresses that wash beautifully . . . can't shrink.

Now, as never before, you can be carefree and casual out-of-doors . . . elegant and beautiful after dark in clothes that practically look after themselves. Nylon enters Autumn fashions with new textures that have all the softness and beauty of familiar winter fabrics—all Nylon's virtues of easy-care and better wear. Meet two of Nylon's new fashion stars . . . Tycora Nylon, divinely warm and soft, Brushed Nylon, a fine velvet-like fabric with richness in looks and feel. You'll love the beautiful, practical, new Autumn fashions in trend-setting Nylon.

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is getting newer every season



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MISS CONSTANCE FEARS, visiting English artist, holds an album containing photographs of bouquets she has made for the Royal Family. The book is open at a picture of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation bouquet.

West's wildflowers on her canvas

By JOAN JACOBY, staff reporter

A woman who made bouquets for Queen Elizabeth at her wedding and Coronation has just ended an exhibition of Western Australian landscape and wildflower paintings in Perth.

THE woman is Miss Constance Fears, an English artist on her first visit to Australia.

She is staying with her brother, Mr. W. P. Fears, of Lesmurdie, in the Darling Range, whom she had not seen for 50 years.

Miss Fears has been painting for many years, but, because artists must eat, she turned her talent and love of flowers to practical use and became a florist.

She joined the firm of Longman's, of London, as an apprentice, stayed 43 years, and became chief floral artist.

When Buckingham Palace asked Longman's for designs for Princess Elizabeth's wedding bouquet, Miss Fears took some flowers home and made water-color drawings of five designs.

"We sent the designs to the Palace," she said, "and Princess Elizabeth chose two."

"Mr. Longman and I were sent for, and we were received by the Princess in her private sitting-room."

"We took small bouquets in real flowers of the designs she had chosen, and she chose the final one — which she carried on her wedding day."

"While we were there Princess Margaret came in and we were introduced to her."

Miss Fears has a copy of the letter of thanks signed "Elizabeth," written to the Master of the Worshipful Company of Gardeners, a guild originating in the 16th century, which has the privilege of giving Royal brides their wedding bouquets.

"Because of my part in it, they gave me the Freedom of the Worshipful Company of

Gardeners," Miss Fears said. She became the only woman, apart from Royalty, to have received this honor by presentation, and it gave her also the Freedom of the City of London.

Miss Fears will return to England in June, and will hold an exhibition of the paintings she has shown in Perth.

Miss Fears, who has visited Geraldton, Albany, the Porongorups, and Rottnest, was surprised that flowers "varied" in the Darling Range and in other parts of the State.

"At first I thought the Australian bush was colorless," she said. "But the more I saw the more colorful I found it."

"When I first arrived I missed the sweetness of England. Now I find there is

great beauty here, especially in your trees and flowers."

Miss Fears hopes to return to Western Australia.

"I could be very happy working here," she said. "although, at first, I found the brilliant light very trying. I'm just getting into the way of Australian scenes and trees."

"What struck me most about Perth was that it was so clean. Of course, I come from one of the world's oldest cities."

"I was also impressed by Perth's lovely setting — one of the loveliest in the world, with all that water and that beautiful hill, King's Park, almost in the city."

Miss Fears will return to England via New Zealand, where she hopes to spend a month visiting relatives she has never seen.



THE QUEEN, after her marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh, is holding the wedding bouquet she selected from five designed and made by Miss Fears.



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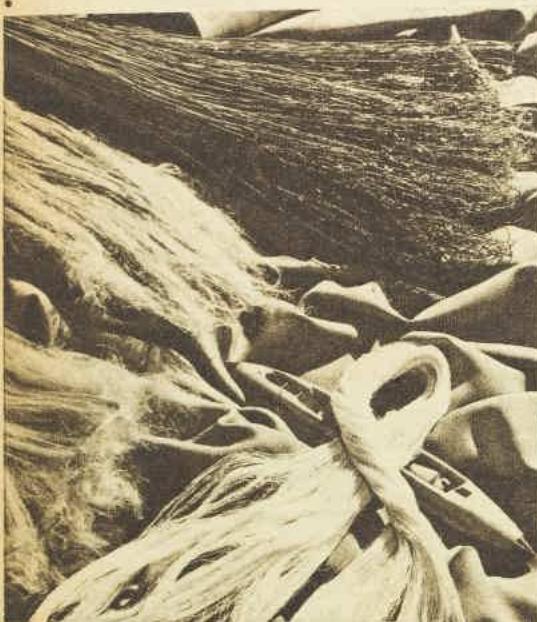
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Continuing . . .

The Enchantress

from page 26

slowly, and in thoughtful conversation with William James Sherwood in the orchard of apples and pears. They looked like a couple locked in the most harmonious tranquillity. It was easy to see that he was fond of her. His ways had obviously become her ways. In the swiftest and most unobtrusive fashion the daughter of The Pit, the child of the coarse expug, had become a good wife, leaving all trace of any other self behind.

Then suddenly, when Bertha was twenty, William James Sherwood slipped from a ladder while pruning a pear tree, fell to a concrete path below, and died of a haemorrhage two days later.

"Now watch her," everybody said. "She's got what she wanted. Now watch her let it rip. Now watch her slide."

Sherwood died in January. One very hot oppressive evening in the following July I was walking slowly through the town, up to the tennis club, when a low green open sports car cut a corner as I was crossing, almost killed me, and then roared away through rapid changes of gears and the guttural grind of twin exhausts. I had just time to catch sight of a man named Tom Pemberwell at the wheel, and a very fair, bare-headed girl with one arm round his neck, before the car cut another corner and disappeared.

It was some minutes before it came to me that the girl was Bertha, and the fact that I hadn't recognised her instantly was due to an interesting thing: Bertha had cut her hair. Twenty minutes later I walked into the tennis club and found her playing tennis with Pemberwell and a man named Saunders and another girl whose name I can't remember. Saunders was a rather surly, dark-eyed man of great virility who played tennis well above the local average and Pemberwell, though a fool in all other respects, was as polished and fluent a player as you ever get in an ordinary club.

I was still trying to recover from my astonishment that Bertha was playing as well as any of them—in fact from my astonishment that she could play tennis at all—when I saw that Tom Pemberwell had been drinking. Though not actually drunk, he threw the ball in the air several times and missed it and once, missing a smash, he fell headlong into the net and lay underneath it cursing and giggling. Every time he did something of this kind Bertha started giggling, too.

It was plain, presently, to see that Saunders was tiring of this and soon they were exchanging, hotly, some words about a ball being on the wrong side of the line. Pemberwell, I thought, was less drunk than stupid. But Saunders was not the kind of man who took any kind of argument very lightly and presently, surly as a mongrel, he hit a ball deliberately high over the shrubberies and into the street beyond.

The next thing I realised was that Pemberwell was walking off the court, followed by a cool, racy, slightly haughty Bertha who looked, I thought, more striking than ever. But this was not what impressed me, at that moment, most powerfully.

What impressed me so much was that she had trained herself to Pemberwell's pattern. She no longer looked like a woman nestling down into the contentment of her middle thirties. Though she was now a widow she looked, with her close-bobbed hair, severe twentyish tennis frock, her low waist, and short skirt that showed her magnificent legs to superb ad-

vantage, like a careless, wild-headed girl of seventeen.

Five minutes later they were roaring away in Pemberwell's sports car and older members of the club began to say, prophetically as it turned out, that Pemberwell would kill himself before he was much older. And I actually heard her scream—with delight, not fear—as the car skidded round a bend.

I never cared much for Pemberwell or indeed for men of Pemberwell's upbringing, outlook, and class. Tom was the only son of a wealthy boot manufacturer who lived in a house of hideous chateau-like design surrounded by large conservatories with occasional diamonds of colored glass in them.

He had no need to be anything but empty-headed and his father encouraged the condition by ceaseless indulgence with sports cars, open cheques, expensive suits, and the ready payment of court fines whenever, as so often happened, Tom ran the sports car into lamp-posts, trees, or even other sports cars. Drunk or sober, he always looked pitifully handsome, vacant, vain, and without direction.

It occurred to me—I don't know why—that Bertha, who had married so unexpectedly and quietly into the gentility of William James Sherwood's septuagenarian household behind the pear trees, was the very person to dispossess him of these unlikeable characteristics. I was wrong.

IT was many years indeed before I grasped that Bertha never dispossessed anybody of anything. The truth about Bertha was in fact very slow in coming to me. All I thought I saw in the incident of the tennis club was a girl who, consorting with an idiot, had caught a rash of idiocy. It was still early for me to know that the same characteristics that had turned her temporarily into a decorous wife for an elderly gentleman were the very same as those that were now turning her into a flapper of loud clipped speech, skirts above her knees, and a taste for wild parties at dubious clubs on riversides.

Grieflessly, swiftly, and with not the slightest pressure on the nerves of conscience, she had slipped out of the part of widow as easily as she might have slipped out of one of her petticoats, taking on the new tone, new pattern, and new outlook of another man.

About a year later Tom Pemberwell, driving his car home very late and very fast one night in a thunderstorm, with Bertha at his side, crashed into a roadside tree for the last time.

By one of those strange tricks that surround violent and accidental death, Pemberwell was terribly mutilated while Bertha, thrown clear, landed with miraculous gentleness on grass, dazed but unbruised, as if she had slid gently down a helter-skelter at a fair.

Only a few weeks later a great scandal broke out.

Bertha by this time had gone back to live with her mother in The Pit. It might have been supposed that the few hundred pounds William James Sherwood had left her would have revolutionised life behind the dark little front window and the treadle sewing-machine. Nothing of the kind had happened. The sick, yellow-eyed

To page 37



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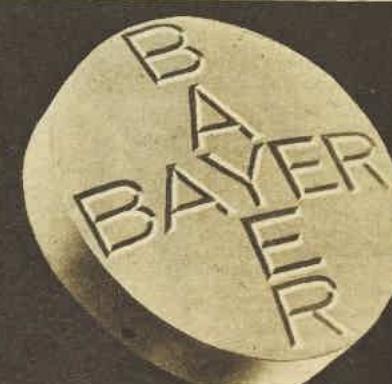
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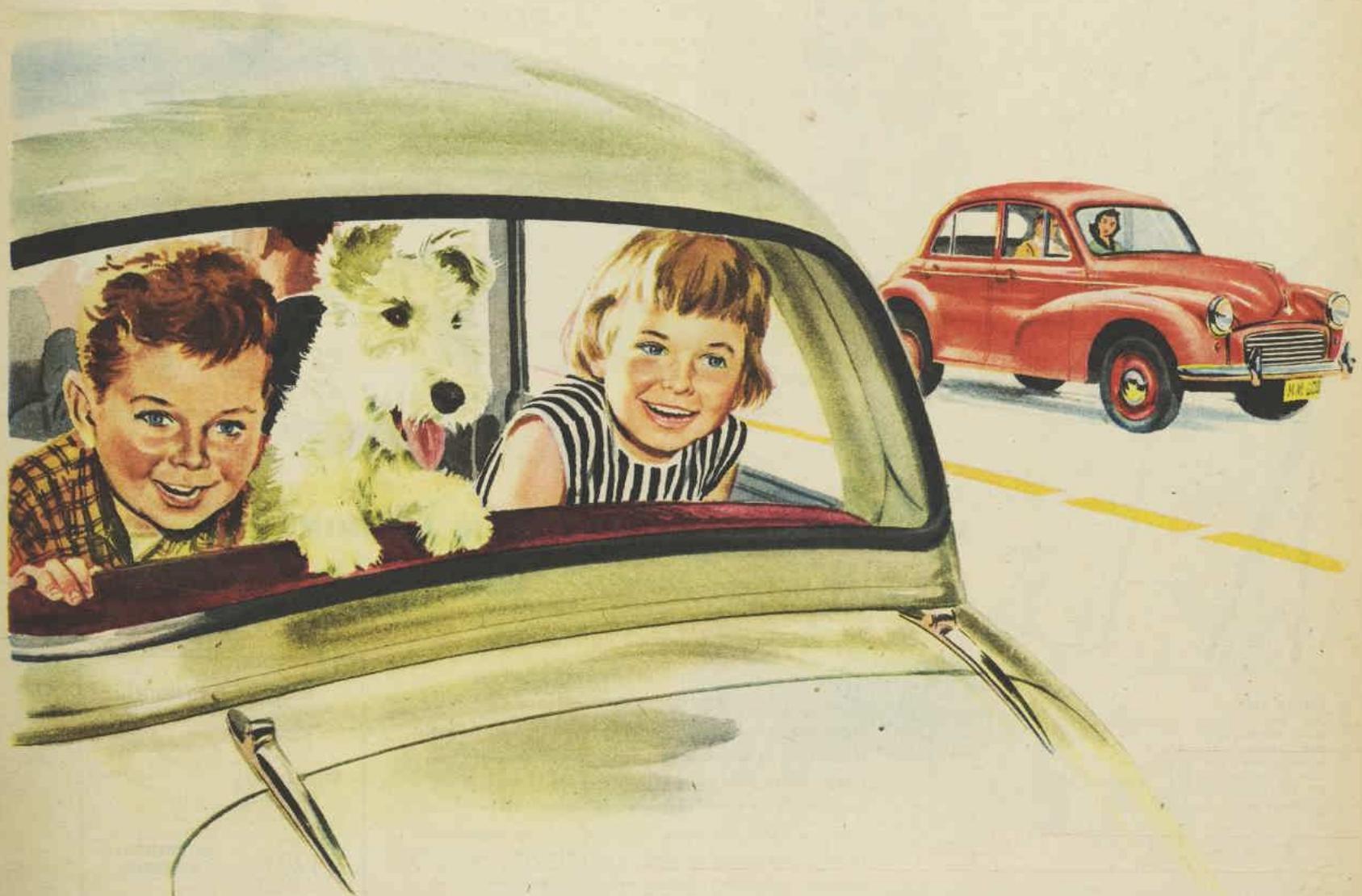
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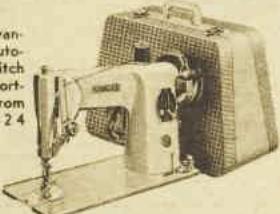
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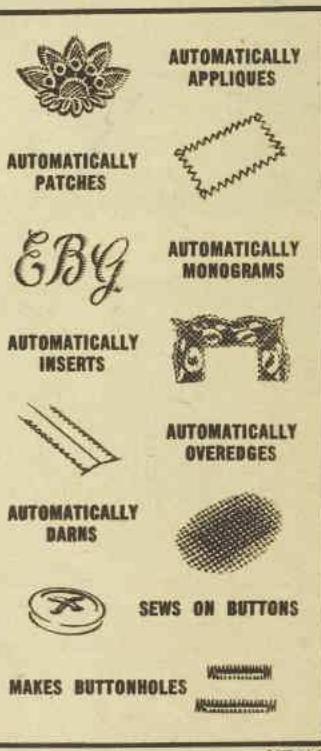
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Continuing . . .

The Enchantress

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figure went on treading as desperately as ever; in The Waterloo the ex-pug unfolded to all who would listen his tale of lightweight triumphs; and Bertha, splendid and well-dressed as ever, went back to the factory where she had previously worked.

Two or three days after the death of Tom Pemberwell a young curate named Armsby-Hill called to see Bertha in The Pit, bearing the conventional condolences of the clergy and hoping, after the crash and its mutations, that all was as well as could be expected.

Clergymen have a strange habit of calling on their sheep at awkward times and Armsby-Hill, getting no answer at the front door of the house, which no one ever used anyway, went round to the back, among the miserable naked yards, just after six o'clock. The ex-pug by that time was already in The Waterloo, and Bertha's mother, free for a few minutes after the long day of treading, was out shopping.

Bertha, arms bare in a sleeveless chemise, was at the kitchen sink washing away her factory grime.

"Oh—come in if you can get in," she said. She clearly remembered the young curate at Tom Pemberwell's funeral. "I'm afraid the kitchen's in a mess. Can you find a chair in the living-room?"

Armsby-Hill sat down in the little living-room while Bertha, entirely unaffected, finished washing and drying herself in the kitchen.

It was never very clear to me, nor I think to anyone else, why Armsby-Hill had entered the church. He was in all ways the complete opposite of the young curate of convention. Big, bovine, sensuous-lipped, fond of beer and rugby football, he belonged to that class of clergymen, not I think so common now, who thought godliness should be muscular and the way to heaven a healthy free-for-all.

He thought the gospel went down much better from clergymen who offered it while dressed in tweeds rather than dog collars, with pints of foaming ale in their hands rather than crucifixes, and by means of sportsmen's services, sometimes actually held in pubs, where the congregation was roughly addressed as "chaps."

That evening he had gone to The Pit in trepidation, with some idea that Bertha was a wild, bad girl. Nobody liked going down to The Pit if they didn't have to and Armsby-Hill had been deliberately sent there on a distasteful errand by a vicar too squeamish to stomach the sordid alleyway.

His surprise at seeing Bertha was very great. His surprise

at hearing her voice for the first time was even greater.

With Tom Pemberwell it had become a shrill, empty, fun-at-any-price sort of voice; during her marriage to William James Sherwood it had been a decorous, sympathetic toned-down voice of charm and understanding.

When Armsby-Hill heard it for the first time it was a smooth, throaty voice, easy and rather casual; as if she had already decided what voice he would like her to have.

"I'll slip upstairs and put on a dress if you don't mind waiting," she said. "I won't be five minutes. I have to be at the dressmakers by seven, anyway."

When she came down exactly five minutes later she was wearing a sleeveless yellow dress with a low neck and a very short skirt and with it cotton gloves and white high-heeled shoes. She was very fond of white and yellow clothes and once or twice later I used to see her in this dress. It was tight and smooth across her thighs and so short that it showed her pretty rounded knees to great advantage.

SHE hardly ever wore a hat in those days—she really didn't need to, because the fine, close-trimmed blond hair was shaped exactly like a hat itself—and the low-cut neck of the dress, in the fashion of the time, showed a deep curve of soft breast, the skin clear, unblemished, and wonderfully smooth.

When Armsby-Hill saw her come downstairs into the dingy little living-room he forgot almost at once what he had come to say to her. She was already drawing on her gloves and she said: "I'm awfully afraid I shall have to go. My dressmaker closes at half-past seven and I have to have this fitting. I don't know which way you're going back, but it's only in the High Street, this shop, if you'd like to walk that way."

Walking down the yard out of The Pit, he managed to say a few words of conventional condolence about Tom Pemberwell, asking her at the same time how she herself was.

"It was very sad," she said, "but I don't remember much about it."

"I believe you also suffered another unfortunate bereavement," he said.

"Yes," she said. "Some time ago."

By the time they were out in the street she was talking easily, lightly, and readily of something else, quite unperturbed and sometimes laughing. She had a laugh that had a

kind of spring to it. It uncoiled suddenly and lightly, ending in a series of high shimmering notes, merrily, like repeated echoes.

And as he walked with her that evening through a High Street still crowded with late shoppers, Armsby-Hill could hardly bring himself to believe that he was with a young woman who had lost a husband and a sweetheart in so short a time. Nor was there the slightest sign of the wild, bad girl he had expected. He felt indeed that he had never met anyone quite so pleasant to talk to, to look at, or to listen to. Above all, he couldn't believe—it was simply incomprehensible—that she had been born, bred, and shaped in The Pit. It made his head rock with wonder that she had come, so golden and impeccable and pleasant, from that sordid place.

He fell in love with her at once, with abandonment, quite blindly, and she let him fall in love for precisely the same reason as she had let William James Sherwood and Tom Pemberwell fall in love: because it was natural, because it was pleasant, and because she liked it.

The scandal warmed and mounted quickly. It was one thing for a young curate to be seen in occasional conversation with a good-looking girl, or even to dance with her at one of those decorous functions by which the church, in the nineteen-twenties, had begun to try to lure youth back into the grace of the fold; but it was quite another for Armsby-Hill to be seen waiting for her at the factory door, often at the dinner hour and almost always at night, and then walking home to The Pit with her through the rushing crowds of shoemakers hungrily herding homewards on foot or on bicycles.

He comes of such a good family. He went to Oxford. His mother lives in a big house in Wiltshire. And Bertha—from The Pit. From there. What do you suppose the vicar thinks? And his mother? He doesn't wear the dog-collar very often, does he? I suppose he's ashamed."

Armsby-Hill, strangely, was not ashamed. He existed boldly, for an entire autumn, a winter, and part of the following spring, in a state of suspended enchantment. And Bertha in turn rewarded him as she had rewarded William James Sherwood and Tom Pemberwell; with the sort of affection that moulds itself on the pattern of the receiver.

If it is possible to imagine her as being sensuous in well-cut tweeds, that was how she looked that autumn, winter, and spring. And she looked like that and dressed like that for a sound, simple reason: because Armsby-Hill loved her and because he wanted her to. She also went to church, though her mother was a Methodist and went to chapel, and watched him take part in the services and listened to him preaching and reading the lessons. She took on also some of his accent, slightly Oxford, his phrases, and his muscular mannerisms.

She was sometimes to be seen in country pubs outside the town, drinking from large tankards of draught ale, laughing with ravishing heartiness and saying such things as: "Darling, how could you? You're too, too awful. You're really shame-making, honestly you are. Really shy-making. All right, pet, let's have another. Why not?"

Suddenly, in the June of that year, there was no longer a Rev. Armsby-Hill in the town,

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

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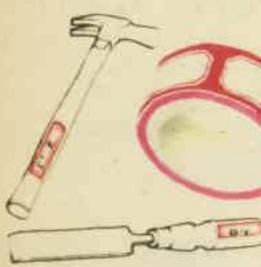


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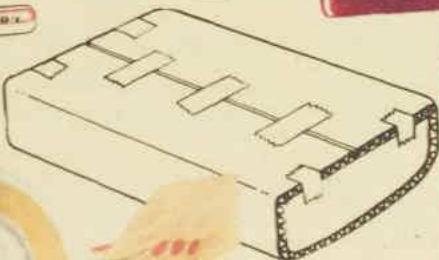
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Continuing . . . The Enchantress

from page 37

though down in the West country, in a remote rocky village isolated on the coast, a new congregation was getting ready to welcome a new curate in September.

"One dead. One killed. One disgraced," people said. "Who's she going to ruin next?"

Nobody seemed to understand that, down in the 'rit, it was not Bertha's place to give an answer.

I, in part, gave it instead.

She was now, like the century, in her twenties. It was the bright, gay, desperate time. There was much dancing.

She was always the central figure at dances, seldom wearing the same dress twice, always strikingly golden, elegant, friendly, in demand. Perhaps the friendliness was the nicest thing about her. She never refused the clumsiest lout a quick-step. She waltzed on equal terms with youth, age, undergraduates, shoe-hands, golfers, shooting-men, clerks, masters of fox-hounds, always beautifully companionable, at ease, talking whatever language they spoke to her.

And presently, the following summer, she was even dancing with me.

It was a very hot, sultry evening in early July and some of the men were wearing blazers and white flannels. Most of the girls were in light silk or satin frocks and the doors and windows of the dance hall were all wide open and you could see the blue, brilliant evening beyond.

I had just decided to disentangle myself from hot sea-crab embraces of a Paul Jones when suddenly the music stopped and I found myself by pure accident facing Bertha, almost isolated on that corner of the floor.

She smiled, and at once raised her bare, golden arms towards me. Both the smile and the gesture might have been those between two old friends, though we had in fact never even spoken before.

SHE was dressed that evening in striking blue silk. The dress was short and sleeveless, in the fashion of the day, and she had matching gloves and shoes. Her eyes, naturally very blue, seemed to catch in reflection all the brilliance of the evening outside, so that they appeared to be deep violet in color. Her hair looked as if she had spent most of the day brushing it, and she had now begun to let it grow a little longer again, so that it hung down in the shape of a casque.

She danced superbly. But what really struck me, in that hot, saxophonic scrum of pounding feet, was not her dancing. It was her coolness. Sweat was pouring heavily from the faces of all the men, and now and then you could see across the bark of a girl's dress the huge, wet hand-print of a hand.

Bertha's arms and hands were, by contrast, as cool as porcelain cups dipped in spring water.

"Enjoying it?" I said.

"Oh, awfully!" she said. "Aren't you?"

I confessed. I felt it rather warm, and then she said: "I hear you've started to become a writer."

"Oh?" I said. "Who told you that?"

"As a matter of fact I read an article of yours the other day," she said. "About flowers. I cut it out because I liked it so much."

After that it was impossible not to be happily at ease with her, friendly and greatly flattered. To my dismay the music stopped almost immediately. The dance had ended. She immediately gave me a wonderful smile of thanks and I had the presence of mind to ask her if

she would like some ice-cream and if she would have the next dance with me.

"Of course," she said. "How nice of you."

Over the ice-cream, which we took outside to eat, she said: "About those flowers. They weren't from our part of the country, were they?"

"Most of them."

"But the orchids. I didn't know we had orchids in this country. Do they grow here—the wild ones you said were like greenish white butterflies?"

"In Longley Spinneys," I said, "just outside the town."

"Honesty?"

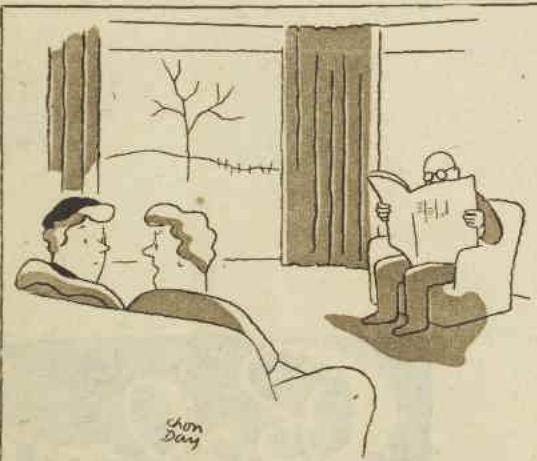
She licked the last of her ice-cream from the spoon and looked at me with, I thought, an air of disbelief.

"You don't believe it," I said.

"Oh! I don't want you to think that," she said. "Please."

I have always found that women are frequently most incredulous when you tell them the truth. I have also always been, all my life, a person governed by the swiftest, if sometimes the most foolish, impulses. "If you don't believe me I'll take you to see them," I said. "They're in bloom now."

"Oh, that's lovely!" Bertha said. "When should we go?"



"In all our years together, Harvey has never looked at another woman . . . nor has another woman looked at him."

"Now," I said. "What about these flowers? These orchids?" she said. "Or did you just invent them?"

I took her into the spinneys. It was still not fully dark and presently, under the ashlings, we came upon the first of the orchids, rare, fragile, milk-green winged, the ghostliest of flowers. The scent of them was overpoweringly sweet, too sweet, un-English, almost tropical, on the calm night air.

"You must have extraordinary eyes to see them in the dark," she said. "Or does the scent guide you?" I had no answer to make to her and for the second or third time, with trembling intoxication, I stopped under a tree, took her in my arms, and kissed her.

There was no murmur in the spinneys, the fields, the sky, or the hedgerows about us. I could hear only in my own mind the echo of some words of a poem that had been haunting me since waking and that the later saxophonic pounding cries, the bicycle ride, and the orchids had driven temporarily away.

"Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream . . ."

She stood, dream-like herself, for a few moments as insubstantial as the flowers she was holding, while I quoted to her with ardent quietness Donne's

The road to Longley Spinneys is a fairly flat one and the actual business of bicycling was

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Tact deodorant soap

safeguards your freshness,

all over, all day

all year round

as no ordinary soap can . . .



New miracle

Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

★ PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.

G11 HEXACHLOROPHENONE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

REGULAR SIZE 1/- BATH SIZE 1/5

SO91

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all the softness
and femininity
you've dreamed of...
Balmoral's
Brushed Nylon
Slumberwear
in warm
candlelight colors

Balmoral

News for Winter—Brushed Nylon Slumberwear that's irresistibly pretty and utterly carefree. For Brushed Nylon, with all its warmth and softness, has the magical quick-drying, no-iron qualities of nylon. Ask to see Balmoral's new Winter creations in Blossom Pink, Whisper Blue, Saffron Yellow, White, SSW-OS — at really practical prices—at leading department stores and salons throughout Australia.

A. **'GALA'**—Fitted night with bedjacket to match. Softly ruffled at neck and long sleeves with ribbon-run embroidery. Night 79/11. Jacket 59/11.

B. **'ROMANCE'**—Flowing softly from a yoke with accents of embroidery applique and twin rows of permanently pleated nylon. Long sleeves 89/11.

C. **'TRIO'**—Draping softly from the shoulder, with snug long sleeves and a yoke of delicate nylon Swiss embroidery. Specially priced—69/11.

IF UNOBTAINABLE, WRITE TO BALMORAL TEXTILE MILLS, MELBOURNE, N.11, FOR YOUR NEAREST STOCKIST

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1955

CANDY HARDY FROCK SERVICE

• Belted chemise dress can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew—at budget prices.



"MARI-ANNE" is an all-purpose, all-day, autumn-into-winter one-piece dress—only the look is expensive. The material is an excellent quality soft wool and, as shown below, the prices are moderate.

The dress is designed with loose, casual lines, the fullness above and below the self-material belt giving the dress the easy look of this season's fashion.

The bodice is front-buttoned and finished with buttons matched to the dress fabric. The above-wrist-length sleeves are attractively cuffed.

The colors available are all high fashion. They include Dior-red (as shown in the dress illustrated above), royal-blue, bottle-green, junior-navy, and black.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust, £5/8/9; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/12/6. Postage and registration 4/9 extra.

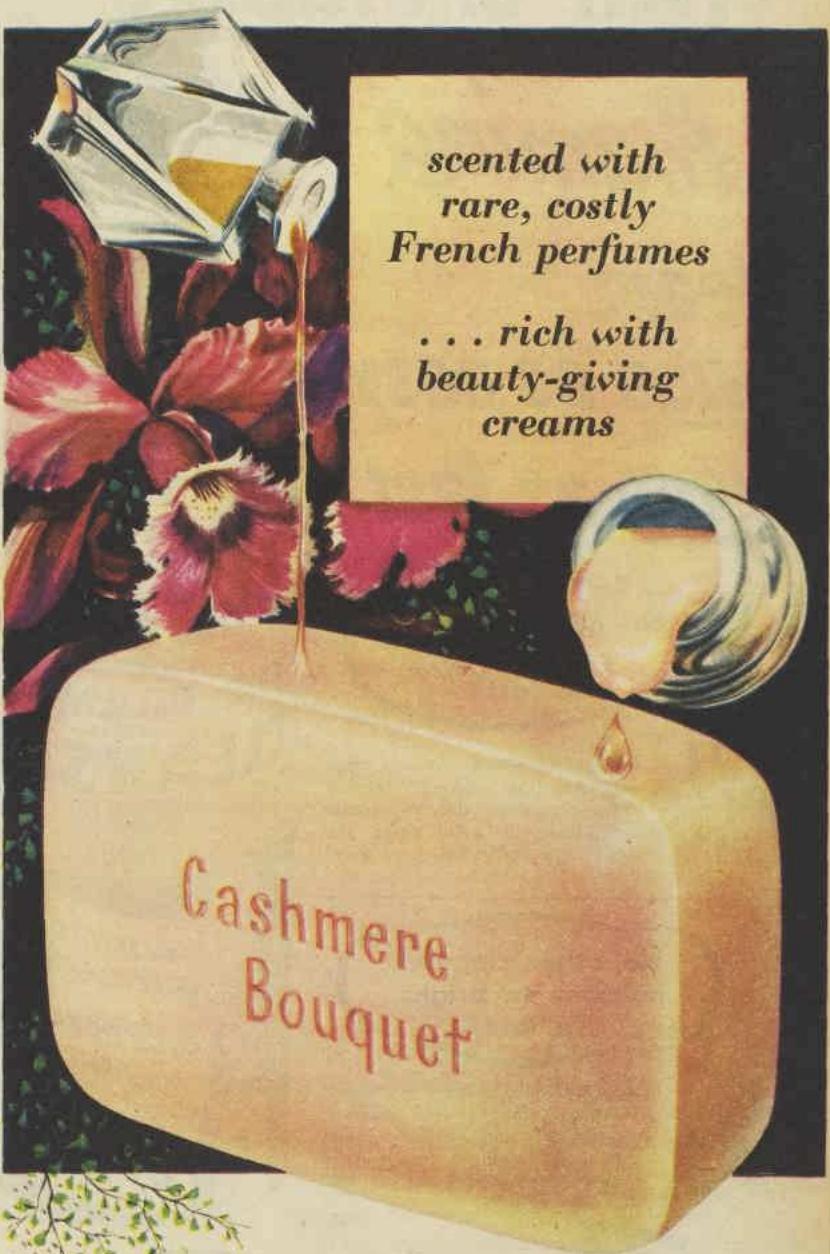
Cut Out Only.—Sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust, £4/1/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/2/9. Postage and registration 4/9 extra.

HOW TO ORDER

• Address order to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to same address. When ordering, mention Mari-Anne and state clearly the size required.
• IMPORTANT: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Introducing the lavish, luxurious

new pink Cashmere Bouquet



scented with
rare, costly
French perfumes

... rich with
beauty-giving
creams



Now you can enjoy all the luxurious beauty benefits of Cashmere Bouquet in either the pure white cake in the familiar flowered wrapper or the new pearl pink cake in gleaming pink and silver foil. Both give you the same exquisite fragrance and the caress of a unique creamy formula to complete your personal beauty care. Whether you use pink or white . . . you can see your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet soap.

For you . . .
New gleaming
pink and silver foil
wrapper seals in the
captivating perfume

yet it costs no more
than ordinary soaps!

AJAX new

miracle cleanser with exclusive "

"foaming action"

**cleans
twice as easy,
twice as fast!**

No other cleanser
cuts grease
so fast!



Greasy pans come shining clean with half the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

No other cleanser
polishes so bright,
so fast!



AJAX actually polishes as it cleans—makes pots, sinks, cookers, everything, shine brighter than ever. AJAX floats away every trace of grease and dirt—in half the time!

YOU CAN
PROVE IT
YOURSELF



* AJAX IS GUARANTEED

Use AJAX on a portion of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

A COLGATE-PALMOLIVE
PRODUCT

FLOATS DIRT, GREASE AND STAIN
RIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN

BUY THE LARGE KING SIZE AND SAVE MONEY



No other cleanser keeps
porcelain so white—because
only AJAX contains
BLEACH

No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America and Australia than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- ★ AJAX smells good, too.

DRESS SENSE

by
Betty Kepp

● Typical of the present trend in fashion is this easy chemise dress with a low drawstring waistline.

THE fashion item above answers a reader's request. Here is her letter and my reply:

"Would you please design me a tailored dress suitable for plane and car travel? I am holidaying interstate and will be using both forms of transport. The material for the dress is a wool-and-rayon mixture with a small stripe. I want the style to have short sleeves. Would it be possible to have a paper pattern cut for the design?"

The dress I have chosen is illustrated at right. The loose lines make it a perfect travel dress—and it is right in fashion. The dress is chosen with elbow-length sleeves, because they are newer than the short-cut ones you suggest.

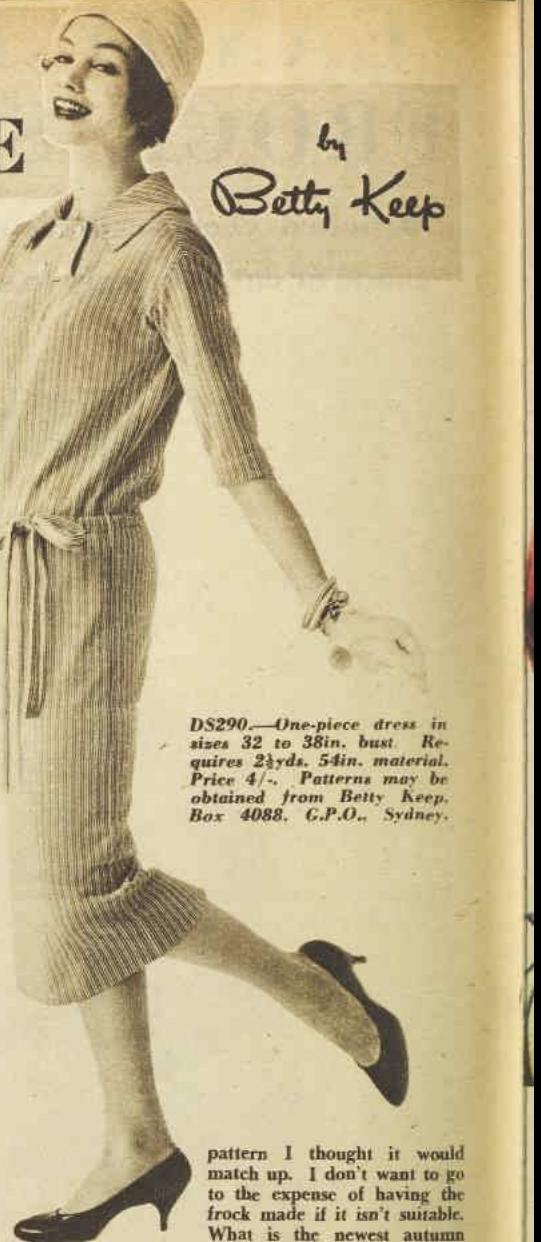
However, as the sleeves are uncuffed it would be quite a simple matter to adjust the sleeve length when drafting the pattern.

You did not mention your size, but a paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Near the picture are further details and how to order.

"I WANT to make a coat for the theatre and concerts, and wondered if a nice brocade would be suitable? I would need a style suitable to wear over afternoon frocks. I am SSW fitting."

Nothing could be newer than a brocade theatre coat. Have the coat tailored, with a high double-breasted fastening and with deep side-slits. The latter is rather a pretty idea, because it allows the dress to be glimpsed underneath the coat.

DS290.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Kepp, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



pattern I thought it would match up. I don't want to go to the expense of having the frock made if it isn't suitable. What is the newest autumn style?"

The under-coat "prim" is a good fashion theme to span the seasons. It is also a good idea for an end-of-season wardrobe "pick-up." The newest and most popular autumn design is the chemise.

"I HAVE some nigger-brown wool crepe I want to have made into a late-day chemise frock. Would you please suggest a style I could have copied?"

I suggest a sleeveless one-piece with a bateau neckline and shirred slightly in front just below the natural waistline. Have a narrow string-tie in self-material over the shirring.

"WOULD a printed silk be suitable for a between-seasons frock? I have a good navy coat from last season and as the silk has navy in the

Beauty in brief:

Putting on a "royal" face

By CAROLYN EARL

ROYAL jelly is something quite new in beauty.

Basically, it is the substance fed exclusively to the queen bee by hive workers.

As well as transforming her appearance, this nourishment is claimed to prolong the sovereign's life-span.

The face creams that contain appreciable quantities of royal jelly are claimed to work wonders by helping prevent and eliminate fine surface lines, by supplying skin-softening ingredients, and by clearing the complexion.

Human skin—a wonderful, complex

organ—needs refurbishing after the age of 40.

A child's skin is beautiful because it has moisture. But adult skin, generally speaking, is dry skin.

Cosmetic science has tried to replace some of this moisture through skin foods and nourishing creams. Other preparations remedy oil deficiencies and rebuild the skin cells, thus delaying wrinkles.

Opinions vary about the relative success of various preparations, but there is no doubt that the mature complexion needs some type of help.

THE PARIS CHOICE IN SPRING HATS

• Here are four hats chosen from the Paris spring collections. The hats show variety in shape and color—fantasy as well as elegance. Overleaf are first choices in autumn millinery.



• Jean Barthet designed the rose-printed sou'wester (left). Numbers of Paris hats are made in dress fabric matched to ensemble.



• Shallow-crowned basketwork hat (above) with a wide, slightly drooping brim is from the Yves Saint-Laurent collection at Maison Dior. The hat is in rouge Dior, a color famous in Paris. All shades of red will be color fashion for spring and summer.



• Helmet (left) of small white blossoms trimmed with a matching wide-mesh eye-veil is a Guy Laroche model. Note the hat is worn deep on the head and straight, reminiscent of the millinery of the '20's.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

• Paris milliner Bernard Dechaux designed the spiky-dotted tulle hat (above) for the Pierre Cardin spring collection. The hat is cut to resemble a large, fluffy, yellow chrysanthemum, and is for late-day and later.

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Goya

Gardenia

Delicate Gardenia — captured for you in its loveliest form. Captivating, full of warmth, yet delicate with its dew-fresh fragrance.



GARDENIA
TALCUM POWDER

Superfine Talcum Powder, fragrant with Goya Gardenia. Effective, modern deodorant for all-day freshness. 5/9.

GARDENIA PERFUME

Famous Goya Gardenia Perfume in handy handbag phial — fits easily into even the smallest purse — 5/9.



GARDENIA
SKIN PERFUME

Wonderful Skin Perfume in delicate Goya Gardenia. Gay, refreshing, completely feminine. 6/6.

GOYA
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NEW YORK

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MELBOURNE

Are you WORRYING your life away?

If you are always tense and anxious; if you're 'on edge' and lack confidence, your nerves need Sanatogen.

Constant worrying and tiredness, broken sleep, irritability are signs of nervous stress; signs that your body and nerve cells need extra nourishment.

Sanatogen provides essential nerve nourishment because Sanatogen is a PROTEIN nerve tonic. You'll find that a course of Sanatogen will help you to relax, to sleep soundly and feel unworried in daily life.

Sanatogen is not a drug or sedative. It is a nerve-nutrient of lasting value — a tonic recommended by doctors the world over and sold by all chemists.

Sanatogen THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

MILLINERY FOR AUTUMN:



BLACK TULLE,
lavishly shirred, and an opulent fake jewel ornamentation combine in the late-day hat above. Note the unusual peaked pinocchio-like proportions of crown.



EVENING FANTASY for the sophisticated woman, this airy charmer (above) is very cleverly made with two tailored satin bands, a small bow, and spotted veiling.



VELVET AND SATIN are intricately twisted and draped in the late-day turban above. The hat is worn to show a bold fringe brushed smoothly across the wearer's brow.

New-season successes

THIS autumn, as never before, every hat is designed to flatter the wearer and to please the onlooker.

Small hats that show the hair, designed to stay firmly on the head, are worn from 5 o'clock onwards. Turbans, confections in veiling, brimless hats with peaked pinocchio crowns are seen in velvet, tulle, and satin.

Black is the predominant color, and prettiness is at its zenith. An exotic fake jewel piece or a single flower returns as the popular autumn trim.



ON A DOUBLE CROWN of black velvet is perched a single white flower and its own green leaves. Veiling covers the wearer's face and adds late-day glamor. The flattering coiffure is short-cut and deeply waved back from the wearer's forehead.



A CAP of black velvet (right) trimmed with one frankly fake jewel piece. This striking jewel piece is matched to the earrings.

FOR THE YOUNG and debonair a velvet turban bow-tied in front. The wearer's hair is tucked under the turban at the back.

It's powerful - it's budget-priced

Sunbeam Electric BEATER-MIX

takes the hard
work out of every
food-mixing job!

Just reach
for it...



Electric Beater-Mix has power to spare for all food mixing—ends the drudgery of hand mixing or inefficient gadgets.

This genuine Sunbeam food mixer is budget-priced at only £12/7/6. Available in colours to match your kitchen.

What Made Steam Ironing Catch On So Quickly?

BECAUSE ironing is such an ever-present and arduous chore, housewives were naturally receptive to the new type steam irons when they were introduced some time ago. They felt that here was the promise of superior ironing finish with far less effort. Now, thousands of women are completely happy because steam ironing has more than lived up to their expectations. However, many thousands of housewives approximately two out of three, still have not tried steam ironing, and are still wondering: Let's tell you about it.

Why Steam Ironing is Better

This new method simplifies ironing tasks. By comparison, old-fashioned pressing with a damp cloth is a hit-or-miss process, because the cloth is usually either too wet or not damp enough. In a modern steam iron the flow of steam is perfectly controlled; it melts out the wrinkles, softens and refreshes the fabric, then easily puts in the wanted crease or pleat. The final finish is always of professional standard.

Wide Variety of Uses

Apart from the fact that the ironing of women's blouses, frocks, kiddies' clothing, and all underwear becomes so easy with steam, the most amazing results are obtained on nylon and other synthetic materials. They respond wonderfully! A Steam Iron also proves invaluable for all those odd jobs such as raising the pile on velvets, suedes, and felt hats, and all steam-iron owners comment freely that it cuts down on dry-cleaning bills. On most occasions school tunics, sports trousers, skirts, costumes, and men's suits can be simply and quickly restored to immaculate appearance by home pressing. A steam iron is always ready for use at a minute's notice.

Use as a Dry Iron, too!

Most steam irons on the market are also designed as super-efficient dry irons. They incorporate an instantaneous switch-over from steam to dry, and from dry to steam. Also, they have automatic heat control, giving a range of temperatures to suit any fabric. This wonderful feature, combined with the advantages of steam, means that one piece of equipment can well handle all ironing.

Steam Irons Are Safe

Water is safely preheated in a completely enclosed tank, and a special valve allows it to convert to steam drop by drop, only as required. If you don't want steam, you simply turn the switch to Dry.

The introduction of steam to household ironing problems has quite definitely and so simply, almost eliminated ironing rations!

Now, with all this information behind us and backed up by the enthusiastic reports of thousands of users we unhesitatingly recommend that all housewives should have a steam iron even though they might already possess an efficient dry iron. The fact is that a steam iron has become a "must", because only a steam iron can easily handle every ironing task that crops up in the average household.

Every flat...
every home...

needs a

Sunbeam Automatic Heat-Controlled ELECTRIC FRYPAN

Complete with Heat-resisting Pyrex Lid



**AUTOMATIC
HEAT CONTROL**
gives perfect results
—cuts power bills

Whether you cook for a big or small family or whether you're a business girl or a bachelor, Sunbeam Electric Frypan will make all foods easier to cook and more delicious than you ever thought possible. You'll use it every meal, every day, because any dish that fits in it cooks in it perfectly.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY THIS VERSATILE APPLIANCE BECAUSE SUNBEAM AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROL USES ELECTRIC POWER FOR ONLY APPROXIMATELY $\frac{1}{3}$ OF TOTAL COOKING TIME.



"Is she expecting you?"



"For a blind date you seem pretty sure of yourself."



"Watch your step. He knows the entire Rubaiyat by heart."

Young Love



"It's personal!"



"May I kiss you good night, Dorothy? Alice? Elizabeth?"



"I honestly don't believe I could stand another serious love affair this week."



"Guess it's real love this time—he's actually wearing the sweater she knitted for him!"

The excitement of lovely handknits begins with

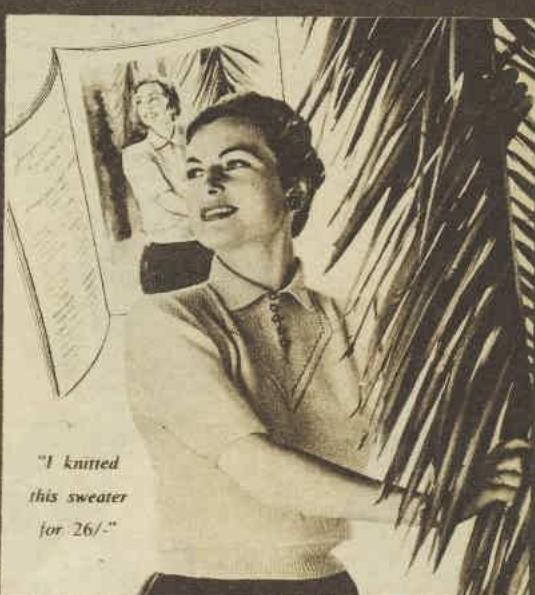
Lincoln KNITTING WOOLS



"I knitted this sweater for 54/-"



"I knitted this sweater for 35/-"



"I knitted this sweater for 26/-"

Book No. . . 754 Style No. . . L2104
LINCOLN 5 ply TRIPLE TWIST

There's casual elegance in those dolman sleeves—the flattering stand-up collar! Takes 19 ozs. of wool and costs approx. 54/- in Triple Twist; and approx. 52/- in Fast-Knit—a new wool.

Book No. . . 756 Style No. . . L2088
LINCOLN 4 ply CREPETTA

A winter-time classic with interesting cable stitch effect, this takes only 12 ozs. of Crepetta and costs only 35/- (approx.).

Book No. . . 753 Style No. . . L2099
LINCOLN 3 ply DAPHNE CROCHET

Very feminine—very demure—with a cute little Peter Pan Collar—this charming little number takes only 9 ozs. of Daphne Wool and costs just 26/- (approx.).

The quads are growing up



LINED UP at the shop in new school clothes are the Sara quads. From left are Alison, Judy, Phillip, and Mark. Behind them is Mr. J. Slade, who helped outfit the boys. All the children seemed eager to return to school. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

● The Sara quads, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., are now self-possessed schoolchildren; the Lucke quads, who live at North Gooburum, near Bundaberg, Queensland, are enterprising toddlers.

THE seven-year-old Sara quads returned to school recently to start off in second class.

Before school began they went shopping for new school outfits. They were taken by Miss R. Rowling, who looks after them in the afternoon and during school holidays while their mother, Mrs. Percy Sara, is at work.

The children adore Miss Rowling, who knows just how to manage them. Betty Sara calls her "the best thing that could have happened to them."

The children are talkative and entertained everyone with their antics in the shop.

Alison and Judy are generally quieter than their brothers. They settled down to the business of trying on tunics and blazers and finding a hat that would sit properly on Judy's blond plaits.

But not Mark. He insisted on trying on a coat "just like Dad's."

He took a look at himself, flopped his long sleeves, and said, "Heck, look, I've got broken hands."

"Heck," giggled Alison, Judy, and Phillip.

Shopping over, the children

—of course—wanted a ride on the "moving stairs."

On their way home the children asked to go down to the Harbor to have a look at the boats. They looked at the ships, looked at the water, and then Mark said to photographer Ron Berg, "Is it deep?"

"Yes," replied Ron.

"Is it very deep?" insisted Mark.

"Very deep."

"Is it over your head, Ron?"

"Way over."

"Is it over God's head?"

Ron gave up.

UP at North Gooburum, in Queensland, the Lucke quads are toddling everywhere, exploring the house whenever their mother, Mrs. Arthur Lucke, turns her back.

The foursome will be three years old in July.

Blond, curly-headed Eric is the heaviest, weighing 33lb., with Kevin coming next at 31lb., Jennifer is 27lb., and Veronica 26lb.

Jennifer is the most talkative; Veronica is the "little mother." When Agnes Lucke is not there and a quad falls over or cuts a finger, Veronica offers little words of sympathy.



THE BOYS were pleased with their new clothes. "How do I look? Good, huh?" says Phillip (left) to a critical Mark. After their outfits had been chosen, the boys tried on some ties, preferring vivid red and yellow. Mark is the tree-climbing expert—to the despair of his mother.

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IMPATIENTLY the boys fidgeted as their sisters tried on new uniforms. Here, Mark tries to hurry Alison in the choice of a straw hat. Phillip and Mark were anxious to get their clothes. The boys loved the escalator.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958



THE LUCKE QUADS love the telephone. "Hello, Aunt Fran!" says Jennifer, as she holds an animated conversation with her mother's sister, Miss Frances Wardrop. From left, Kevin, Eric, and Veronica impatiently cried: "Quick . . . quick!" as they wanted a turn.



SAUCEPANS make fine toys. Eric (left) tries on a frying-pan for size, while Kevin vigorously whips up an imaginary cake. All was well until Mummy—Mrs. Arthur Lucke—heard the noise, and put an end to their game. During the wet season they had to play indoors.



JUST LIKE MUMMY. Jennifer and Veronica love to get at their mother's dressing-table when her back is turned. Jennifer (left) purses her lips to apply lipstick, and Veronica dabs on powder. Pictures by Lionel Keen.

Leonore sometimes needed this contrast to get the feel of herself again . . . just as a person eats something sour to refresh a palate cloyed with too much sweetness.

The trip was silent. Leonore toyed with her handbag at first, then, correcting herself, twined her fingers tautly together to keep them still and poised. She stole a look at her husband. But she could not find him—that is, she could not find what she wanted—in his handsome, slightly lifted head as he scanned the road before it raced beneath their wheels. Her eyes caught at his hands moving sensitively on the wheel of the car, and for a moment the years dropped back—like the road. The hands were the same. In his hands was some memory that caught her throat.

She shifted her glance to the racing ribbon of the road and again her fingers pressed against her temple. Somewhere on the way—for all their advantages, for all they had—the had lost him. She had begun to despise him because he had stopped being bright and clever and become serious, calmly thoughtful.

The car moved with its smooth, softly springing speed over the long miles of highway to the outer-Sydney suburbs, where scraggy gums loomed up and fell behind, where flat, sparsely built land unrolled towards the misted humps of the Blue Mountains.

"Now, remember," Leonore said, twining round to address Belinda, "if I catch you fooling with that rabbit in front of everyone, making a fool of me . . ."

She didn't finish, for Ralph said sharply: "Leave the child alone for once, can't you? She is eight—not eighteen."

The car slowed and wound its way up a muddy drive towards

Continuing . . .

The Clever One

from page 19

a white weatherboard house with a sign swinging outside: "Veterinary Surgeon." Leonore began to feel luminous and immaculate. A lifting of her spirits told her that already the tonic was beginning to work. Against another background, one regained a sense of one's validity—or one's real worth. She wanted Ralph to see it. To notice again this outstanding quality she had.

Wendy was already on the front steps, then flying towards the car, as they got out. Behind her came Wynn, her husband, with his black, rumbling hair and mischievous grin. The four children raced ahead to crowd around Belinda. Already the rabbit had been pulled from her hands with a crow of delight by the youngest.

Leonore twitched at her daughter's stiff, frothy frock before pushing her forward. "Shake hands with your aunt and uncle."

Gravely Wendy and Wynn shook the child's shy, limp hand. Then Wendy kissed her and Wynn rumped her hair until it looked like his own.

It had been three years since the last visit and Leonore noticed that, as last time, the children were muddy, grubby, and half-dressed. The kennels stretched to the left and right of the house and a shrill and deep crescendo of barking heralded their arrival.

"How's vetting?" Ralph asked, fumbling for his pipe as he walked off with Wynn.

"Just a dog's life," Wynn answered enthusiastically and hurried his brother-in-law forward by the elbow. "I want you to see a beautiful dachshund a chap boarded with me the other day. A champ of champs. String of prizes that

would fill a house. Beautiful points—not a flaw."

Wendy laughed. "Would you like to look, too, Lee?"

Leonore shuddered. "You know I dislike dogs—animals."

"Then let's have some tea." The two sisters went into the house. Leonore wryly appraising Wendy's face, too sunburnt, already faintly lined, and the way her blue eyes were starting crescents of lapis-lazuli. They had always been crescents as long as she could remember—not only when she laughed but because she seemed always to be smiling. Leonore wondered why her face did not crack under the strain of that perpetual smile, as her own often did at a party.

Then, because she was clever, she realised that perhaps a person could be born that way—with their features all in a smile.

How could anyone but the insensitive and unaware find something to smile about night and day all their lives long as Wendy did?

If she, Leonore, were not so clever, so painfully aware of the wrongness of things, she too might be happier. Even as she administered the compliment to herself, a thought struck her. A doubt pricked her.

She looked at Wendy busy with the tea. She said, slightly faltering: "How can you be happy—all the time—the way things are?"

Wendy turned slowly and looked back at her. She saw her sister's eyes, not quite sure, a little wide. She changed her mind about a joking reply.

"The way things are?"

Wendy said, "but with me they are fine, Lee."

"You know what I mean." Looking for cigarettes, Leonore fumbled in her handbag, which she kept on her lap, because last time the children had found it and rejoiced in exploring its shining contents, emptying the powder from the compact, the cigarettes from the gold case. Wendy had not slapped them. Only said: "It will be a lot more peaceful when they don't want to do these things any more."

"You know what I mean." Leonore said, "you must surely keep in touch with the outside world—even in this little Eden of yours. You have wireless and newspapers—"

"But all those things aren't happening to me," Wendy said. "You take lemon, dear, don't you? Yes. Good."

"Then it's the selfish who really do prosper," Leonore cried with a strange relief and satisfaction. "That is why you can be happy. You are concerned only with your own life, your own doings. People who think about the state of mankind—they simply can't be as happy as you, Wendy."

She heard the shouts of the children, and suddenly a ringing, joyous laugh. Belinda.

She caught her breath. Everything had gone into reverse. She was not filling the old house with a glow and an aura of the perfect harmony of her life, as she had expected. She was sitting, feeling a little drab and ravaged inside herself, hunched in a chair, asking Wendy (she knew, asking Wendy, in however roundabout a way, for her recipe!) as people asked the oracle of old, "Why? Why? What has gone wrong with me? What is your secret?"

And Wendy answered, giving her not something to make her feel small when she might easily have done so but something to clutch at and feel better about. She was saying now: "Yes, from your point of view, Lee, perhaps I am selfish. Too absorbed in my own life and family."

Leonore knew that her own feeling of triumph at finding this common failing in her sister—placid and unquestioning Wendy, whom she had eclipsed all her life—was not really true. She was clever enough to know that Wendy never cared whether she came out on the right or wrong side of an argument.

There was the sound of the back door opening and swinging shut with a thud, then Ralph and Wynn came in, snuffing the air wolfishly.

"Tea-tea!" Wynn panted, dropping into a chair, "I'm parched."

Ralph stood a moment, thoughtful, before taking his pipe out of his mouth. "What about Belinda spending a month up here, Lee? The kids will do her good."

"I'll see," Leonore said evasively, but Wendy and Wynn broke in with such eager pleas, she said firmly: "There's her music and dancing lessons —"

"Mud and puppies would do her more good," Ralph insisted.

Leonore turned to signal him that she would discuss it in private.

Then something happened, if things can be said to happen in one moment. Ralph was looking at Wendy. A moment happened which stayed still and did not move on. He was looking, not at Wendy's little and happy body but at the face with its blue crescents in which laughter lived, the

slightly lined tanned skin and the mouth which had been touched sometime early in her life with the miracle of saying simple things that nourished people.

His heart was there, and as the moment held Wendy returned his look without any judgment or shock, without any coquetry at all—only an understanding smile that was like fingers on his lips—only cool and kind. His will returned to his eyes and the moment moved on. Then Leonore knew what made it possible for him to go on with her without unhappiness. Something that Wendy woke in him that was sweeter to him than possessing.

If she could have screamed at that moment, for the first time in her life, Leonore would have done so. But just then Belinda raced through the doorway, mud-besprayed, clutching to her chest a round, brown puppy—and smiling like Wendy.

There was lightning in Leonore's head as she tried to regain her balance, her old assurance. She filtered through her brilliant mind all that seemed to have only just happened—the knowledge that the love she had mislaid Ralph had left here in this cottage with Wendy—that her own cleverness had brought her disillusionment—that her child was like her sister and would grow slowly so that there would always be a little bit more of her each time one saw her.

Ralph had been able to see ahead to what Belinda would be, because it was already there in Wendy.

Then, because she was clever, Leonore knew that she was prepared to learn from someone who knew nothing. Nothing, that is, except the wisdom of the heart.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

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LOXENE

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**READ HOW RESEARCH
CHEMISTS, SETTING OUT
TO PRODUCE AN IMPROVED
SHAMPOO, HAVE MADE
DISCOVERIES WHICH
CHANGE THE WHOLE
APPROACH TO EVERYDAY
HAIR PROBLEMS**

Many Australians to-day are suffering from an unhealthy hair and scalp condition. Sometimes they don't even realise it. They think their hair is naturally dull, lifeless and difficult to manage! More often, though, they *do* realise that something is wrong (particularly when hair starts falling out or dandruff begins to appear on their comb and coat collar). But all too frequently they adopt the wrong kind of treatment—start applying lotions and dressings that merely mask the problem temporarily instead of tackling it at its root.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS ABOUT DULL HAIR AND DANDRUFF

For many years hair specialists have been investigating the cause of common hair troubles. They have concluded that very many of these troubles stem from one cause—the *incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp*. Dust, grime and dandruff, accumulating on the scalp form a deposit which tends to block the hair follicles. This can prevent the free flow of the natural oils in the scalp that give healthy hair its lovely natural gloss. In extreme cases the deposit is visible in the hair or as flakes on the coat collar and we then refer to it as "dandruff." However, it is often in the hair *without being seen at all*.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Once your hair is really clean, really healthy, all the other desirable things come naturally. It will be healthy, lustrous and easy to manage and set. Used regularly, Loxene will make your hair lovelier than you would have believed possible because it is the natural way to beautiful hair. Seeing is believing—get a bottle of Loxene to-day and learn the new, simple and economical way to hair health and beauty for all the family.

HOW LOXENE HELPS TO REMOVE THE CAUSE OF UNHEALTHY HAIR

The answer to all these troubles caused by unhealthy hair was finally found by formulating a scalp treatment as a *medicated shampoo*. This preparation, called Loxene, acts on the hair in two ways. Firstly, it makes hair and scalp really clean by removing all the grime and flaky deposits. Then, and only then, the natural oils of the scalp function normally. Secondly, with regular use Loxene removes and helps to overcome the development of dandruff.

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO AND SCALP TREATMENT



Canned Paul, who had gone to Paris six months ago to study art.

Up until six months ago the two had been meeting every day in a little place off Circular Quay, where they ate vegetarian salads and drank milk, and Paul, who was an artist in an advertising agency, had explained to Robbie how degrading it was that economic circumstances forced him to prostitute his art to the soulless and surfeited merchants of soap and cereals. If only he could finish his studies in Paris, he had told her, he could free himself from the dreadful bonds of bourgeois middle-class standards. There wasn't any real culture in Sydney, which had deplorably bourgeois, middle-class tastes and practically no soul.

Paul was apparently a ponderous young man, with opinions. So he had finally gone steaming off to Paris, where he found a room on the Left Bank and began expressing the creative urge within him.

Leaving this lovely, delectable creature safely parked under a palm tree while he searched for the soul of Paris.

"I—ah—I'm very interested in art, too," Chuck stated. Well, he was. He could think of a couple of good examples of it that had decorated his room in college. He pounded on this theme for several days, and it got him concise directions for finding the Art Gallery, and the loan of some books that Paul had recommended on neo-impressionistic interpretation.

Continuing . . .

"I bet Paul doesn't sit under an Eiffel Tower every noon hour reading your letters," he complained.

There must be some way to get her out from under, Chuck thought desperately. He began to grow very tired of Paul. In fact, he was so sick of Paul that he almost missed the bit about Euphemia. "I have been much impressed," Robbie read from Paul's latest letter, "with the work of a girl named Euphemia Golding. Euphemia has developed a challenging style through the textural media of nail-polish and cigar ash. I myself have begun experimenting with the effects of smoke and water stains. Euphemia and I . . ."

She chattered about this and that in a bright, platonic, be-

A Wolf He Was

from page 21

ing, waiting for her beside Circular Quay, where the little snub-nosed ferryboats plied in and out like water-beetles. It was only because the siege had been so long and he hadn't been interested in this kind of a girl before. He had wanted to take her dining and dancing, hoping to impress her, but she told him he mustn't waste his money. A nice harbor trip would be more fun, anyway. They stood up front on the top deck, and if Chuck was subdued, Robbie wasn't.

She chattered about this and that in a bright, platonic, be-

"There's a big old moon . . . let's get moonstruck. Let's ride the merry-go-round and the ferris wheel . . ."

He was moonstruck already. Long before the moon came up, when the wind blew her curls behind her ears on the ferry, he was wanting to kiss her. On the merry-go-round he ached with the absurd fancy of snatching her up before him on the saddle of his white horse and riding off into the night. On the ferris wheel right at the top, when it was swinging up slowly to load the cars below—he lost his head. She turned to say something, and Chuck groaned softly to himself and reached for her. He heard the quick breath, felt her grow still beside him, and then her lips were warm and sweet under his, and his fate was sealed.

She didn't say a word. The wheel dropped beneath them, and after that she kept a neat little distance between them, and a poker face, occasionally looking at him under thoughtful brows. When they said good-night and he asked about swimming tomorrow afternoon, she said: "No. Yes. Maybe—" and while every instinct urged him to take her in his arms again he simply didn't dare.

Next morning he cancelled the rest of his appointments and paced the floor until it was time to call for her. He was, definitely, scared to face her. What category did last night's kiss fall into? — a brotherly tribute from a friend tried and true? — or an encroachment on the preserves of the absent Paul?

It appeared that his fears were justified. She met him at the door like a small fury, waving a letter. From Paul, it seemed. Something had been missing lately in her letters—some of the spiritual oneness he had felt with her up until now . . . an overtone of . . . could he say flippancy? — in her attitude towards the things that mattered in life. Perhaps it would be better, etcetera etcetera . . .

"You made me think of trivial things! Ferris wheels! Hot dogs!" She put quotes round the words as if you should handle them with tongs. "It must have come through in my letters . . . when he most needed encouragement. I failed him . . ."

"Aw shucks, honey!" Chuck tried to comfort her. "You could never fail anyone. Anyone dumb enough to go off and leave you . . . Tell you what—let's go to Gundarundi now, and after a while it won't seem so . . ."

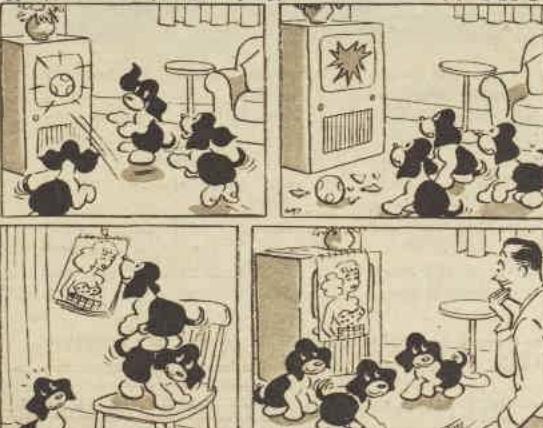
"You can go to Gundarundi alone," she flared. "You can go any place for all I care! I hope you meet up with a shark!"

"Let's go for another ferry ride tonight," he said wildly.

Well, that was that, Chuck thought, but definitely. He

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

and scowled at a group of palm trees in someone's garden. The primrose path of dalliance might have its drawbacks, but they didn't include losing your heart and not getting it back. He was through with girls who lived up in the stratosphere. Come to think of it, he was through with dames. What was that place in Southern Europe where no females were allowed, not even female sheep, or cows, or chickens? Those boys had something.

He had lunch at his hotel. The afternoon loomed, long and void. He went to a movie, but it was all about love, which he had renounced, so he didn't stay. Half-way back to the hotel he saw a topknot of gold curls bobbing down the sidewalk ahead, chased after it in a moment of wild hope, and received a frigid stare from a total stranger.

He got his car and headed out into the suburbs again, wondering how in heck a little innocent like Robbie could get so thoroughly tangled in the heartstrings of a guy who ought to know better.

He parked the car and went in through the garden gate. He was almost at the door when he received Robbie smack in his arms, on her way to somewhere in a hurry. He grabbed her to retain his balance and was nearly rocked off it again.

"I've got to catch the next train! Let me go!" She hammered blindly at his chest. "I've got to get to the beach! Let me . . . Then she saw who it was. "Chuck! How did you

She flung herself at him. They both went down in a heap on the lawn below.

Chuck, though bewildered, was content to stay where he was with his arms tight around her and her curls tickling his cheek. The radio had just announced, said Robbie in muffled tones, that an unidentified man had been attacked by a shark at Gundarundi—"six-foot-two, with dark, curly hair and wearing green swimtrunks . . ."

"No self-respecting shark—" Chuck began.

"—and I'd said I hoped a shark would—oh, Chuck! And so I had to rush off to Gundarundi to see if it was you and tell you——"

"—that you love only me?" Chuck suggested amiably to help her out. "That Paul was just an outlet for all your girlish dreams until the right guy happened along? That you were never really in love with him, but you kidded yourself into thinking——"

She tossed her head. "Oh, hush up!" Then she said suspiciously: "How do you know all that? Did you ever think you were in love with someone——"

"Who? — me? —?" Chuck began virtuously. She was looking down at him and he saw the traces of tears still on her cheeks. Tears that had been shed for him. He reached up a wondering finger and reverently touched a small smudge just below her eye.

"This time I know," he said.

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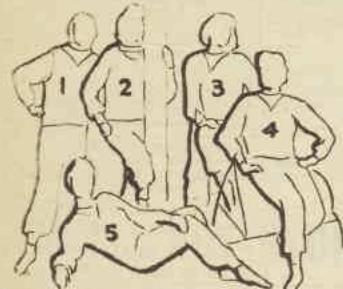
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

She's champion of housewives in the making

A 20-year-old Sydney girl, Nola van Gelder, who has been judged the most efficient junior housewife in Australia, says she is "not specially domesticated."

NOLA was N.S.W. finalist and then winner of the main prize of £300 in a nation-wide contest to find Australia's most competent housewife of the future.

In addition to her money prize, she received household equipment from the firm sponsoring the contest.

Bright-eyed, pretty Nola, who was nominated for the contest by the East Sydney Technical College, is already an authority on food, cooking, and modern home management—from planning the weekly budget to preparing the weekly wash.

Seventy-two leading schools teaching senior home science nominated their best pupils for the award.

Second prize of £75 went to the Victorian finalist, Leonie Ward (nominated by the Emily McPherson College), and third prize of £25 to South Australian finalist, Alexandra Hocking (School of Mines Home Science).

Other State finalists were: Western Australia, Helen Brearley (Perth Technical College); Queensland, Margaret Weeks (Brisbane Domestic Science High School); Tasmania, Gwenda Quilliam (Smithton High School).

The girls' final test for the award was a five-hour theoretical and practical exam which would alarm the most experienced housekeeper.

As a cookery test they had to prepare lunch for a surprise guest, given three hours' notice.

The girls, whose ages ranged from 16 to 20, were given a list of foods to choose from, and then had to rely on their own knowledge and initiative to prepare the meal.

Foods available were: two lamb chops, bacon, kidney, tinned tuna, tomato puree, tomato juice, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, eggs, cheese, pineapple, glace cherries, lemons, cream, and all the usual cooking essentials, such as milk, butter, flour.



NOLA VAN GELDER, of Peakhurst, Sydney, who won a £300 award as the most efficient junior housewife in Australia. Aged twenty, she is already an authority on food, cooking, modern home management, and budgeting.

The delicious lunch Nola served three hours later was:

Tomato juice cocktail
Pineapple, cherry and mint appetiser

Fish, rice and tomato savory

A separate salad with stuffed eggs

Lemon souffle with whipped cream

Black coffee.

Nola was busy with pathology tests in the laboratory where she works when the principal of the East Sydney Technical College Home Science Department, Miss Marjorie Rouse, rang to ask her if she would like to enter for the "Housewife of the Future" award.

"That was the afternoon before the State exam," Nola said. "I rushed home as soon as I finished work, got out my books, and studied until midnight."

Nola "brushed up" sufficiently well to win the State award from 24 of the top home science students in New South Wales.

Nola tries out her recipes on her family — Mr. and Mrs. Pieter van Gelder, of Peakhurst, Sydney, and her two sisters and four brothers.

Their main complaint is that they never know what they're getting," she said, "but they usually seem to enjoy it."

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Bring your family to the breakfast table with Kellogg's Corn Flakes — every morning. Enjoy them yourself, mother! — if anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's you. Remember, Kellogg's Corn Flakes take only seconds to serve.

FULL OF ENERGY
FROM THE SUN



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

• The problems of inter-racial marriage are many. To give such a marriage a chance of success these problems should be considered by the head, not by the heart. Deep emotional ties are often broken through factors that seem trivial at first.

HERE is a letter from Han Australian girl who is considering marrying a Malay.

"I am 18 and deeply in love with a 22-year-old Malayan medical student. I know it is true love as we have been going steady for nearly three years. We are secretly engaged, but my parents have already disapproved of my close relationship with him because he is colored. They know nothing of our engagement. We intended to elope to Malaya, but I hate to disappoint my parents. What should I do?"

J.E.P.A., S.A.

You must do exactly as your parents wish until you are 21.

It is hard to make a success of any marriage begun in the unhappy atmosphere of parental disapproval. It is doubly hard when one of the partners is white and the other colored. I think it is something you should give a great deal of thought to, especially as you plan to go to Malaya to live.

It is very much easier to make a success of anything in a country where the customs are those you are used to, but living conditions and family customs and manners are so different in Malaya that I think you should think seriously of this aspect alone before you take any such step.

It is sad, perhaps, but true, that such manners and customs are quite often the instruments that break inter-racial marriages, despite any depth of feeling.

Your parents are quite right in their attitude. I think I imagine your unofficial fiance is the only boy you've ever had, as the attachment began when you were only 15. Give your feelings a longer time.

RECENTLY I went out with a boy of 16. I am the same age and go round with a nice crowd of boys and girls of my own age. This boy who asked me out is one of the crowd. When he



A word from Debbie . . .

STREAMLINED thighs seem to be only a dream to many young girls. Make them a fact by doing these exercises:

- Lie on the floor, arms at sides, and alternately raise right and left legs, each leg four times. Raise the leg until it is at right-angles to your body, lower the leg till the heels rest on the floor.
- Next, lying in the same position, raise the legs together. Here's the trick, though. Only raise your legs a foot from the ground and don't bring your heels back to the floor, lower them gently to about two inches from the ground.
- Stand with your legs apart, hands on hips. Now bend your knees inward and bring your thighs together, straighten your legs out to the starting position.
- To slim your upper legs about four inches above the knee, stand with your right hand on the bathroom wall, the other arm at your side; bend each leg alternately eight times each at the knee. Make a smart, quick movement with the toe pointed.

brought me home we said goodnight at the front door and I thanked him for the lovely evening. I was wondering if I should have invited the boy in for a few minutes, and, if he did come in, should I offer him something to eat and drink? I do not want this boy to think I am being rude or inhospitable."

Etiquette, N.S.W.

I think it is always nice to invite your escort inside, provided, of course, some of your family are at home. Ask him whether he would care to come in for a cool drink and a biscuit or a cup of tea, or something like that.

It makes everything so much more sociable than that hasty front-door "goodnight."

When you do invite him, or anyone else, for that matter, I think you should give him an opportunity to refuse gracefully. Some people don't like to refuse invitations, although it may mean they miss their last tram, bus, or train.

You could say something like, "Thank you for a lovely evening. Have you time for a cool drink?"

DISC DIGEST

A NOVEL feature of Julie London's latest album, "Calendar Girl" (HAA 2038), is that there are no notes or list of contents on the reverse side of the cover. Instead, both sides are used for twelve color photographs of the alluring Julie in bikinis supposedly appropriate to the various months of the year.

Among the better-known numbers are "June in January," "I'll Remember April," "Sleigh Ride in July," and "September in the Rain." These were nearly all strangers to me. I expected them to be poor, perhaps hastily put together to suit the calendar theme, but they turned out to be winners in the offbeat style.

This captivating singer's first album, "Julie Is Her Name," was notable for its intimately recorded sound — she almost poured herself out of the loudspeaker — but wisely they haven't repeated the gimmick with this one.

Julie admits to having no real voice, but depends almost entirely on the microphone.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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Page 5

Continuing . . .

The Enchantress

from page 39

just outside Evensford. Wouldn't it be nice if you went down and looked at it and wrote a nostalgic piece about it? The revolution of war, the bomb that blew your childhood scene sky-high and that sort of thing? You get it? It would please the Americans."

I said I thought I got it and he turned with eagerness to a pile of papers. "A chap named Colonel Garth F. Parkington, it seems, is Station Commander," he said, "and H.Q. at Huntingdon say he's the nicest sort of bloke to deal with. Spend as long as you like up there. Absorb the atmosphere. I'll lay everything on."

When at length I finished with the last line I could remember,

"Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream,
let's act the rest." she laughed softly, throatily, and said:

"Did you write all that? It's lovely."

"No," I said and I told her who had written it. "Three hundred years ago."

"He was a man who knew all about things," she said. "Like you with your flowers."

We rode home, hours later, in a darkness no less sultry for the pink, breaking light in the east, in paling stars and a thin rising dew. Towards the end of the journey a few birds had already begun a light July chorus and once a levet skinned across in front of the bicycle, almost throwing us, so that I clutched harder, half in self-preservation, at her body. She was even then so acquiescent, friendly, and full of her own apparent excess of joy that she actually half-turned her head a few moments later and kissed me as we rode.

Presently I took her as far as The Pit in order to say, in the rapidly rising dawn, the tenderest of goodbyes.

"Tomorrow night?" I said.

"I'm awfully sorry. I can't tomorrow," she said. "I'm going out with George Freeman."

I felt as if I had been hit rudely and ferociously with the bicycle. "But Bertha—"

"I'm going out with George three nights a week," she said, "but I'd love to come with you on the others. I would—I love the way you talk. I loved that poetry. I want to hear all about you and your writing."

It was hard to believe she was still in her early twenties. It was harder still to believe that she could forsake my own particular excess of joy, the verse, the summer woods, and the green-ghost orchids for George Freeman, a muscular skittles player who drove a brewers' dray.

A few days later my father began to admonish me. "I hear you've been seen with that Bertha Hickson girl."

I started to protest.

"Oh, yes, I know," he said. "I daresay she is all right. She may be. But that sort of girl can easily trap you. You understand?"

There was really not much need to understand.

"Probably a good thing," my father said, "that you're going to live in London soon."

A few weeks afterwards, bearing a sheaf of torn, tender memories that already seemed as delicate and hauntingly insubstantial as the milk-green orchids, the ghostliest of flowers. I went to live away from home.

Seventeen years later I stood before the desk of my commanding officer, who had sent for me with some urgency and now said: "Didn't you tell me once, old boy, that you came from the Nene valley? Isn't that your native country? Evensford?"

When I said that it was he went on: "Good show. I think I've got a bright idea for a powerful piece for you. The Yanks have carved out a confounded great bomber airfield

In brilliant sunshine a perimeter track curled across bare grass like a quivering, bruising strip of steel. Like black, square-faced owls, Flying Fortresses everywhere rested on land where as a boy I had searched for skylarks' eggs, walked in tranquillity on summer Sunday evenings with my family, and gathered cowslips in exalted springtimes.

Over everything swept the unceasing thundering roar of engines warming up, and dead in the heart of it a

To page 60

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 26, 1958

HERE'S WHY! STOPS CHAFING, SOOTHES SENSITIVE SKIN AND RESISTS MOISTURE

These are good reasons why NYAL Baby Powder brings so much comfort and contentment to your baby. It actually "moisture-proofs" the skin and thus protects against chafing. The moisture-resistant powder creates a barrier between wet nappies and baby's skin. NYAL Baby Powder forms a silky-smooth film of protection which clings longer . . . helps keep baby cool and comfortable even through long night hours.

NYAL Baby Powder is the softest, smoothest powder you could ever use. Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and

sifted through silk), it is so beautifully fine it brings soothing comfort to sensitive skin.

NYAL Baby Powder contains two gentle anti-septics (Boric acid and Alphozone) carefully blended to give you a powder of unsurpassed quality. Thus NYAL Baby Powder not only relieves skin irritations, but acts as a mild deodorant, too.

And, moreover, the delicate, refreshing perfume of NYAL Baby Powder will help keep baby fresh and sweet. So next time you "change" baby . . . change to NYAL Baby Powder. Two sizes—REGULAR 2½, and GIANT ECONOMY SIZE 4½—three times the quantity for only twice the price.

ACTUALLY REPELS MOISTURE

This close-up photograph shows how water "rolls" off when Nyal Baby Powder is smoothed gently over the skin. Unlike ordinary baby powders which absorb moisture, Nyal Baby Powder actually repels it. This moisture-resistant quality lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin.

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

BABY POWDER

Soothes Baby's Tummy!

Just one teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after feeding is the quickest way to soothe baby's upset tummy—to prevent "wind" pains and acidity. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take, being specially sweetened to please baby's taste. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. Rigid laboratory tests ensure that it is thoroughly dependable—pure and safe for the youngest baby. Sweetened or Regular—two sizes, 3½, 5½.

Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA



Soothing Relief From Skin Irritations

When baby "complains" because of Diaper Rash, Cradle Cap or Chafing, provide relief instantly by using cooling, soothing, protective NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream. The modern formula of NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream was compounded especially to ease these painful conditions. As the name implies, NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream contains Calamine, which soothes pain and discomfort, promotes healing; Lanolin to make baby's skin soft, supple again; PLUS a special pain-relieving ingredient which stops the irritation and itching, FAST. Large Tube, 2½.

Nyal CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM

N.41.144WW

It's like walking on a rubberised cloud
because the soles are foam rubber

INTRODUCING A
COMPLETELY NEW
DECORATIVE TREATMENT

Velvet with new exclusive
"Beadee" trim, which has the
appearance of individual beads.
Black, red, royal.

Softees

Australia's Cheapest Vulcanised Footwear—

for indoors and out!

"Softees" soles are strong because where the soles and uppers meet they're vulcanised. Uppers and soles belong to each other. They'll never part!

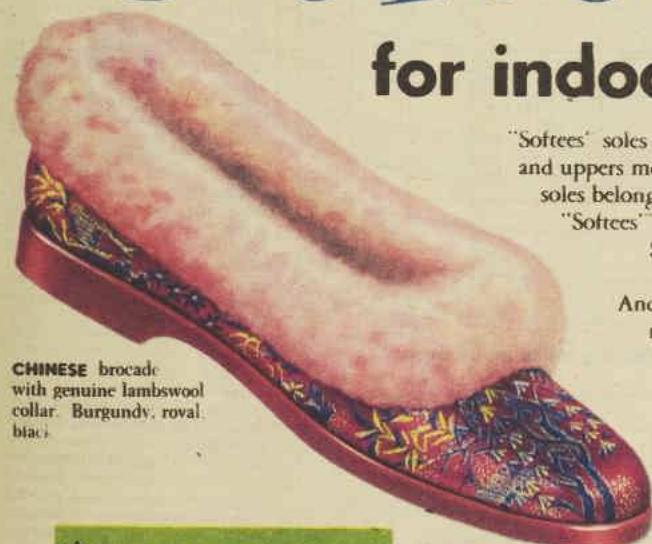
"Softees" are soft to laze around in indoors.

Strong to walk about in outdoors.

(Wonderful for Easter holidays.)

And this is important — "Softees" are made by the pioneers of vulcanised footwear in Australia. You won't find any other indoor-outdoor shoes as pretty and long-wearing as "Softees".

And at such low, low prices!



CHINESE brocade
with genuine lambswool
collar. Burgundy, royal,
black.

* SIX MILLION PAIRS
SOLD OVER THE PAST
THREE YEARS PROVE
"SOFTees" AUSTRALIA'S
GREATEST FOOTWEAR
VALUE



"SOFTees" ARE
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100% WOOL CAMELHAIR
with lambswool collar. One
of pretty checks.



MAN'S BOOT
in "Suedene" and warm
wool-lined. Tan, black.



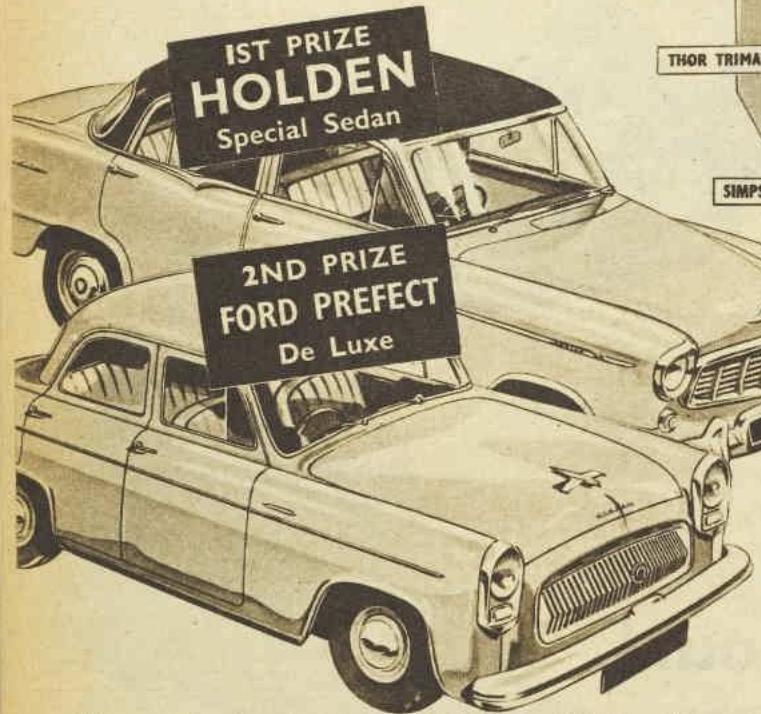
MAN'S ALBERT SLIPPER
in new brown "tweed" that
looks terrific, wears wonderfully.



ALBERT SLIPPER
in 100% wool camelhaire.
Various checks.

FELT & TEXTILES TV FEATURES — "Professor Browne's Study", GTV Channel 9, Tuesday,
Thursday, 6.52 p.m.; Sunday, 6.55 p.m. ATN Channel 7, Tuesday, Thursday, 11 p.m.; Sunday, 6.15 p.m.
"Felt & Textiles Home Decorator", HSV Channel 7, Wednesday, 3 p.m.

Here's Surf's Big EASY CROSSWORD CONTEST!



There are two brand-new cars and five magnificent washing machines to be won. A packet of Surf will help contestants because many of the answers are right there on the packet. Surf is fast becoming a top favourite in Australian kitchens and laundries. Remember that there's nothing to touch Surf for getting clothes really clean. In fact you haven't washed your cleanest wash until you've washed with Surf, the modern powder detergent. Surf washes glassware and dishes gleaming bright, too!

SIMPLE RULES OF THE SURF CROSSWORD CONTEST

- Contestants should solve the crossword and complete this sentence: "Surf gets clothes"
- Entries must be received not later than 30th April, 1958.
- All prizewinners will be notified by mail and lists will be published in leading morning metropolitan papers on 21st May, 1958.
- Each entry must be accompanied by Surf Packet top.
- Packet tops are not required from contestants in any State where their inclusion would contravene the law of that State.

CLUES * Solution for these clues to be found on the Surf packet.

DOWN

- 1. Surf gets clothes
- 2. No smears, no ring around the
- 3. Conceit. Exclamation.
- 4. The new detergent!
- 5. Surf for results.
- 6. Boot. Dirt.
- 7. Surf is safe for fine fabrics.
- 8. After One.
- 9. Man's name, abbreviated. Seaman.
- 10. Old.
- 11. Short letter.
- 12. Tall, tallest!
- 13. whites to boil.
- 14. Best in Copper or Washing Machine.

SELECTION OF WINNING ENTRIES: Judges' will select entries that have the correct or the most nearly correct solution to the crossword and which show the most sincerity and aptness of thought in completing the sentence. Neatness will also be taken into consideration. Judges decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

Surf

GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

Continuing . . .

The Enchantress

from page 58

giant water tank like a Martian ghoul on stilts strode colossus-wise across the sky. This was the country through which, on a July night, I had bicycled with Bertha and talked to her of dreams and joy's excesses in terms of ghost-green orchid flowers.

A few minutes later I was with Colonel Parkington, a likeable Nordic giant with many ribbons, an immaculate tunic, and trousers of expensive light pink whipcord, who felt it imperative every few moments to call me old boy.

"Sit down, old boy." A telephone rang on his desk. He picked it up. "Be right with you, old boy." A voice began crackling in the telephone. "What? No. Heavens, no." A second telephone rang. The Colonel did not pick it up. "But what the devil? What does Washington know? Through channels, for heaven's sake? It takes a century."

The second telephone kept ringing and Colonel Parkington, not picking it up, went on shouting into the first. "Always channels. Always channels. They think of nothing but channels. This was an operational station. No, no, I can't wait. Where do you think this war is being fought? In Albuquerque or where?"

HE slammed down the telephone. The second telephone stopped ringing for ten seconds and then, as if taking breath, started again. Colonel Parkington picked it up, put his hand over the mouthpiece and said to me with polite genuine sorrow: "Look, old boy. This goes on all day. Every day. It's shocking. I tell you what. Go get yourself fixed up with a room. The lieutenant out there will fix you up. Then show up at six o'clock at my house down the road. We're having a little party—about fifty folks, cocktails. I want you to meet my wife. She's English, too. O.K.? See you then, old boy."

Thunder was muttering ominously along the eastern skyline as I walked down the road soon after six o'clock, but its gathering rages were like the squeakings of sick mice compared with the already raucous bawlings coming out of the big Victorian red-brick house that the colonel had taken.

Inside, in the big, lofty Victorian rooms, it seemed that an army of giant locusts had settled. The species was mainly a laughing one. Between its laughter it sucked at glasses, ate ice-cream, blew smoke, gnawed at sausages and yelled.

In this maelstrom I sought refuge behind an ancient hat-rack, where a young lieutenant with many ribbons, pale flight-weary eyes, and a glass beer mug in his hand, had already forestalled me. The beer mug was filled with what seemed to be port wine, and the lieutenant, staring up from it, started calling me Bud. "Hello, Bud, what's the uniform?" "Royal Air Force."

Drinking deeply at the port, he wiped his mouth across the back of his hand, staring the uniform up and down.

"Forgot to put your ribbons on, Bud."

I explained that not only had I no ribbons to put on but that so far I had done nothing whatever to deserve any ribbons.

"That's terrible," he said.

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Continuing . . .

The Enchantress

from page 60

"Don't look right without ribbons."

He drank again. I surveyed the smoky locust scene, looking for Colonel Parkington. As I searched unsuccessfully through the crowded gnawing faces, the young lieutenant, mouth wet with port, spoke with terse, unsober bitterness of the day's events above Stein. "Rotten dirty trip," he kept saying. "A stinking dirty trip."

"Do you know if Colonel Parkington is here?" I said.

"Sure. Don't see him, though."

"Which is Mrs. Parkington?"

Before he could answer a girl came up. She had the fair small-featured elegance that is so common to girls in that part of England, and she heard my question.

"That's her," she said. "Over at the top end of the room. In the black-and-silver dress. By the fireplace."

"Probably the colonel's there, too," the lieutenant said. "How's things? How's the shape?" he said to the girl, catching her by the shoulder, and I moved away.

HALF-WAY across the room I stopped. The colonel's personal lieutenant, the one who had arranged my room, stupefied by the sight of a guest without a drink in his hand and thinking perhaps that I had halted in stupefaction, too, as, in fact, I had, dragged me solitarily aside to a long table where mess orderlies were serving drinks from a barcade of ice-buckets.

"Please have what you like, sir," he said. "I'm sorry. I didn't see you come in. The colonel's not here yet. He had a rush call to H.Q. at five."

An orderly poured me a drink. I bore it away through the crowd of faces and stood by a wall. I stood there a long time, alone, sipping the drink, watching Mrs. Parkington.

There was no mistaking that fine yellow hair. Bertha was wearing it rather long now, almost down to her shoulders, in the wartime fashion, and it matched with its curled, brushed smoothness the long, close line of the black-and-silver dress that made her appear even taller than she was.

The dress, as always, was low-cut, showing the strong, smooth bosom, and she was wearing rather large pear-shaped earrings, black, probably of jet, that quivered every now and then like shining berries as she tossed back her head laughing.

She was surrounded by a crowd of young officers in uniform. There were, I noticed, no other women near. With native good sense they had clearly retreated, fearful of being overshadowed by a sumptuous, glittering, popular matron.

At intervals her laugh rang out clear, merry, and golden. I hesitated for a long time about moving over towards her, but at last I started, setting down my empty glass on a window-sill outside which I could see the far blue violence of summer lightning striking the sky above the black hangars on the hill. I did not get very far. For a second time the horrified lieutenant, alarmed by the sight of a single drinkless guest, stopped me and begged: "Let me get you something, sir. They're not looking after you. The colonel said to be sure to look after you. We don't get so many visits from you boys."

He disappeared and I stood for three or four minutes longer within hearing distance of Bertha, waiting for the drink. She spoke, I now discovered, with a slight American accent.

"There. That's it. You can mention my name if you like—but the great thing is to get hold of this woman. The hostess there."

I am, I confess, afraid of hotels with hostesses.

"I'd better write her name down, too," he said. "Because she's the one. She'll do anything for you. You mustn't forget her. Mrs. Hickson Parkington."

The young officers about her laughed with that particular brittle brand of laughter that young officers reserve for occasions when brass-hats, governments, or cabinet officials are mentioned, and one, younger, more good-looking and more tipsy than the rest, gazed with fondness at her, as if almost ready to kiss her, and said: "Good for Bertha. We should send Bertha back home as special envoy. She'd knock em dead."

A moment later my drink arrived. I listened to her laughing and talking for a few moments longer, watching the earrings quiver like black berries against the long yellow hair and then at last, feeling unarmed for the encounter, I moved away.

As I walked back up the road, lightning struck with explosive blue tributaries, fierce and jagged, all about the woodless skyline. I walked slowly in the hot air, carrying my cap, and if I was sad it was not so

"English?"

"Sort of," he said. "Well,

actually yes, I suppose. She

was married to an American

Air Force colonel, they say,

but it's all over now. Usual

story. Divorced. Came out of

it pretty comfortably. I un-

derstand. Just does the hostess

thing for fun."

I tried to think of one or two more questions I might possibly ask about Bertha, but my friend swept me away on waves of greater eagerness, saying: "You go there. You'll never



"Yes, I notice something different . . . you've gone off your rocker."

much because of Bertha, gay and sumptuous as ever, but because, remembering William James Sherwood and Tom Pemberwell, I feared that the night's ominous storminess might contain in it the fires of other premonitions.

I need not, as it happened, have worried at all.

The war was hardly over before I was filled with unbearable longings to travel again, to feel what France smelled like, and to see flowers blooming about the classical stones of Italy, in fierce sunlight, about the vineyards, high above the lakesides.

These things were still not easy and it was already a year later when I met a man who promptly scorned them, told me of experiences that had given him equal, easier pleasures, and said: "France? Why bother with France? You've got it all in Jersey. No currency nonsense. Everybody speaks English. Pretty good food. And this hotel—I'll write the name of this hotel down for you."

Jersey is not France; nor are the Channel Islands the hills of Tuscany. I listened with unenraptured patience and with that glassiness of eye that, my friends tell me, draws down over my pupils whenever I grow dreamy or bored.

To page 63

**Now! The only perm
you dare wash
at once!**

Leaves your hair
soft, sweet
and instantly
shampoo-fresh!

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**NEW Quick
HOME PERMANENT**

**GIVES YOU THE LOVELIEST,
MOST NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS OF ALL!**



Only Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Perm has Crystal-Pure Lanolized Wave Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odour. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to last with exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion!

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FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in normal hair. RED BOX.
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For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

AT CHEMISTS
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**A more natural-looking, stronger,
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NOW! with special cowboy belt!

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BRAND-EM BELT — COWBOY STYLE



Top off his jeans with this star and steer embossed belt. Watch his eyes gleam as he fastens that big gold buckle. Yakka Brand-em jeans are available with or without the belt.

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Only YAKKA Brand-em jeans have the special leather name patch. Real fun for backyard broncobusters. He can brand on his name, his special design or name of his favourite footballer, with YAKKA's Free branding iron.

YAKKA Brand-em jeans — terrific for rough 'n' rugged wear . . . the best rigout for husky youngsters.

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YAKKA Brand-em jeans — have big cuff turnings, rustproof rivets and a new, stronger 'Lightning' Zipper . . . are stoutly reinforced at strain points for months more wear.

YAKKA Brand-em jeans — even after the rough and tumble, wash evenly and dry quickly . . . thanks to YAKKA denim.

YAKKA Brand-em jeans — they're tough when play gets rough . . . available in blue or black with silver ball and chain zip fasteners.

wash so easily
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'LIGHTNING'

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Care to be a
champagne
blonde?

SHAMPOO
GLORIOUS
NEW COLOUR
INTO YOUR
HAIR IN A
MAGICAL
5
MINUTES



**hair
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the new semi-permanent
colour rinse you use as
a second shampoo . . . 6/11

Thanks to HAIR MAGIC, you'll be the toast of the town as a champagne blonde. Not a dye, HAIR MAGIC is the amazing new rinse you use as a second shampoo. In just five minutes your hair takes on a glorious new colour . . . new softness . . . new lustre. Choose "champagne" now, but remember that there are 13 exciting HAIR MAGIC shades—all semi-permanent! 6/11 at salons, chemists and stores.

Continuing . . .

The Enchantress

from page 61

hot, mosquito nights of the lake-side, and presently I moved to a village up a valley, half-way to the mountains.

In cooler exquisite mornings I walked about the rocks, stopped at little inns to rest and drink, and looked at the mountain flowers. In August there were not many flowers, but sometimes on the paths, on the roads, and outside the inns little girls would be selling bunches of pink wild cyclamen, like small rosy butterflies, full of fragile loveliness before they drooped in the heat of noon.

"But what flowers are they? Could you tell me what flowers they are?"

At the corner of a mountain road, I came, one morning, on a man and a woman buying bunches of the small pink cyclamen from a mute Italian child.

"But don't you know what flowers they are?" The man spoke in Italian, the woman in English. As I passed them the man gave the child a hundred lire note, but she stepped back, still mute, black eyes wide, like a dog frightened. "Are they violets?" the woman said. "Don't you know?"

In the white dust of the road the child started shuffling her bare feet. The woman opened her handbag, felt in it, and started to offer the child another hundred lire note, but suddenly the child was away down the dust of the hillside.

"Sweet," the woman said. "What a pity."

She closed her handbag. It was white, shaped like a little elegant drum. Her costume of thinnest silk was white, too. Her shoes, earrings, and necklace were also white, and she was carrying white gloves in her hand.

I turned from some four yards up the hillside. "The flowers are wild cyclamen," I said.

"Oh, really?" she said. "Thank you. How clever of you to know."

The man, who was dressed in a thin Italian suit of lavender with darker stripings, raised a white hat in my direction. Underneath it his head was handsome and nuttily bald.

"Cyclamen," she said to him. "Wild cyclamen."

"Ah, yes," he said. "Ah, yes. That is so. That is the

word I was trying to think of." He spoke now in English.

"Thank you, sir."

In a suspense I found I could not break with words. I stood trying to take in the immaculate picture, all white and gold, the legs perfectly exquisite, the bosom firm and uplifted, the eyes of intensely clear, hyacinth brightness, of Bertha framed at the age of fifty against the mountainside. If from that distance she gave me any sign of recognition I did not detect it and with a wave of the hand I turned and walked up the road.

Ten seconds later a figure came panting up behind me.

"Sir. Signor. It was most very kind of you to say the name of the flower. My wife is delighted. She thanks you very much." He took off his hat again, revealing the sunbrowned head, smiled in a distinguished way and shook hands. "We are in the Hotel Savoia. By the bridge. If you have time will you take an aperitif with us, perhaps, this night?"

"It's very kind of you," I said, "but I'm leaving this afternoon."

"Ah! too bad," he said. "Too bad. Too much pity. If you should change your mind my name is Count Umberto Pinelli. Please ask for me."

He turned, lifted his hand and in a few seconds had joined her down the hillside. There, for a moment, she, too, lifted her hand. "Thank you so much!" she called. "Very, very kind of you. I do appreciate it. I never knew about flowers."

She smiled. Her hair shone with brilliance, with no trace of grey, against the fierce Italian sky. Her shoulders were as firm, sloping and impressive as the mountains. The cyclamen were pink and delicate in her hands.

And since I was in Italy and since I could think, as I stood there remembering a gaunt, yellow-eyed, prematurely ageing woman feverishly treadling at a sewing machine, of no reason to do otherwise, I smiled back to her and bowed in answer.

"Not at all," I said. "Enchanted."

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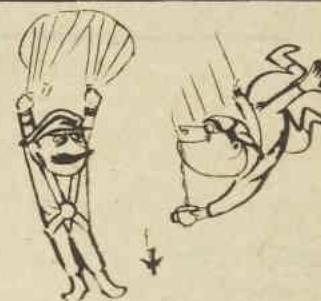
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Oh you darling
the OATS are delightful.

Oats

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- and build-up for winter!

There's nothing like a brisk breakfast of Uncle Toby's to build up the family for winter. Uncle Toby's Oats is jam-packed with nourishment. It's the one breakfast that really tastes good, really is good—and now is the time to dish it out! Don't wait for winter's ills and chills to get the family down—begin a build-up to-day—the Uncle Toby's way!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958



TREATS FOR THE YOUNG FRY

● When children between the ages of 8 and 10 show a preference for certain foodstuffs, the wise mother should grasp at the chance to begin serving request meals for her young family.

THIS pleasant arrangement permits each child to take a turn in choosing a favorite dish for luncheon or dinner.

Eating a meal that is a personal request is, of course, a big thrill and appeals to the imagination of most youngsters. It also simplifies for the housewife the task of coping with fussy appetites.

Simple and tasty savory dishes that are not too spicy, and sweets that contain plenty of sugar are sure to be tops in popularity on these occasions.

On this page are a number of recipes that cannot fail to make a hit with the young fry. All spoon measurements are level.

JIFFY TOMATO SOUP

One tin tomato soup, milk or water, 1 cup cooked noodles, 1½ cups diced mixed cooked vegetables (onion, carrot, celery).

Prepare tomato soup with milk or water, according to directions on tin. Add noodles and vegetables, stir without boiling until thoroughly mixed and piping hot. Serve in individual bowls.

HOT CORNSTICKS

Two cups corn meal, or wheatmeal flour, 2 cups flour, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 dessertspoons baking powder, 2 eggs, 2 cups milk, 4oz softened shortening.

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add eggs, milk, and shortening, beat with a rotary beater until mixture is smooth (approximately 1 min.). Do not over-beat. Fill mixture into greased cornstick pans or deep muffin tins. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Split and spread with butter.

CHEESE-TOPPED BURGERS

Sliced bread, 2lb. finely minced steak, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, fat for frying, cheese spread, tomato wedges and parsley to garnish.

Combine steak, onion, breadcrumbs, and parsley together in basin. Add beaten eggs, season with salt and pepper; mix thoroughly. Divide mixture into 9 portions, shape each into a round patty, using lightly floured

hands. Heat a small quantity of fat in frying-pan, add meat patties and brown on both sides. Reduce heat and continue cooking until meat is cooked. Remove from pan; keep hot. Meanwhile cut bread slices into rounds with a large pastry-cutter, fry in hot oil (or cook in toaster) until golden brown; drain on kitchen paper. Place a meat patty on each piece of bread, and top with a spoonful of cheese spread. Arrange on a large platter, garnish with tomato and parsley.

GLAZED FRUIT TART

Pastry-case: Three ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. plain flour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: Four cooking apples, 1-3rd cup water, ½ cup sugar, ½ lb. dried apricots, extra 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon arrowroot.

Wash apricots thoroughly, cover well with water; soak overnight. Prepare pastry-case. Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening; add sugar. Mix to a dry dough with beater

GAY CHECK CLOTH and colorful tableware form an attractive background for children's favorite meals. Illustrated in the picture above are tomato soup, hamburgers, vegetable medley, apple and apricot tart, and hot cornsticks.

egg-yolk and milk. Roll out on lightly floured board to ¼in. thickness. Line a 9in. tart-case, trim edges and pinch a frill. Prick sides and base with a fork, glaze edge with reserved egg-white. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove, allow to cool. Meanwhile peel and cut apples into slices, place in saucepan with 1-3rd cup water and the ½ cup sugar. Cook gently 5 to 6 minutes. Place soaked apricots and liquid in saucepan with the extra sugar, cook until apricots are tender. Keep 7 apricot halves for top and 1 cup of the liquid for glaze. Place a layer of apricots in bottom of pastry-case, cover with apples. Arrange apricot halves on top. Blend arrowroot with reserved liquid, stir over low heat until thickened. Pour over fruit. Serve hot or cold.

VEGETABLE MEDLEY

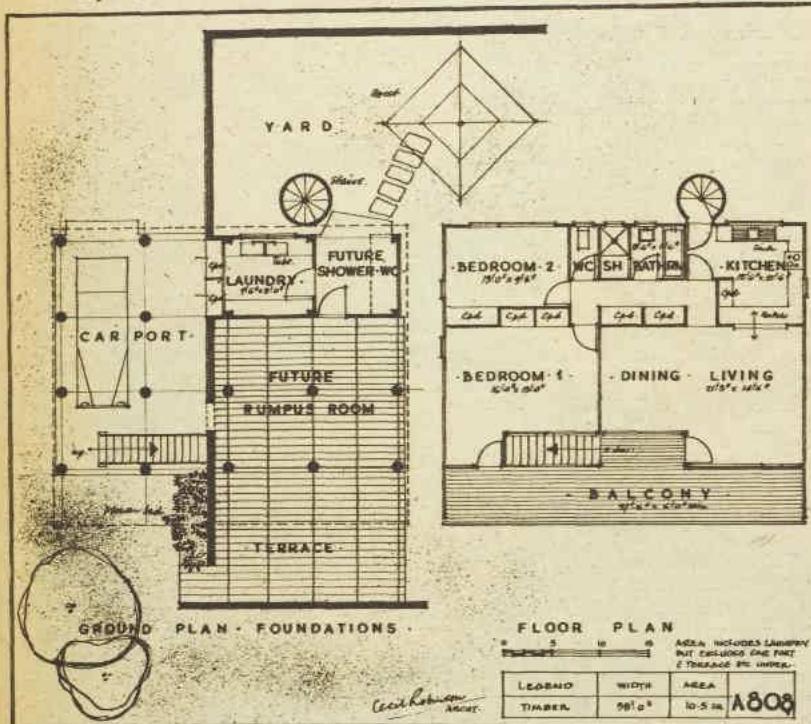
One pound green peas, 3 or 4 carrots, 2 rashers bacon (diced and cooked), 1lb. potatoes, 1 egg, butter, milk, salt and pepper.

Shell peas, cook in the usual way. Scrape carrots, slice, and cook in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Fill peas, bacon, carrots into ovenware dish; dot with butter. Boil potatoes; drain, mash with egg, a little milk, and butter; beat until fluffy and creamy. Season with salt and pepper. Place spoonfuls over vegetables, bake in moderate oven until potato puffs are lightly browned; serve hot.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert



OUR HOME PLAN No. A808. built in timber, is sketched in perspective above. The timber frame is suspended on timber or concrete posts, giving a large area underneath for laundry, extra shower, rumpus-room, and terrace. The upper balcony has sufficient depth to eliminate sun in summer but admit it in winter to the main rooms.



Modern design with bold, clear lines

• This week's signature plan by Queensland architect Cecil Robinson is designed with bold, clear lines in the modern manner. There is plenty of space underneath the house for a rumpus-room, extra shower, and terrace, which all can be added later.

READERS can buy the plan at our Home Planning Centres in Canberra, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide. Addresses of the Centres are given below.

This week's home plan is extremely simple and is designed for a level or slightly sloping site with a 50ft. frontage. It is also designed to take advantage of a sea or mountain view.

It is built with a timber frame suspended on concrete or timber posts with provision underneath for a carport, rumpus-room, laundry, shower, and an open terrace.

A large storage wall divides the two bedrooms; the bathroom, shower recess, and toilet are adjacent to the bedrooms and to the living area, and there is a servery to the dining-living area from the kitchen.

Service facilities are neatly linked, so plumbing costs are kept as low as possible.

From the kitchen, spiral stairs lead down to the laundry and drying yard.

LEFT: Layouts of the upper and lower sections of the house show its simple but comfortable design.

which is sheltered from public view by a brick wall.

Underneath is the rumpus-room — a project that can be left to the future — and a front terrace that would be a cool, pleasant spot for outdoor living.

A rumpus-room is ideal for informal entertaining, for children's games and play in wet weather, and other family activities.

An easy-to-keep, hard-wearing floor surface in this room would minimise work and allow the family to enjoy full leisure.

The house has a protected front entry — another big advantage — because the entrance steps lead up from the garage to the front balcony.

Approximate cost of building this home in timber would be:

In Canberra, £475.
In New South Wales, £4375.

In Victoria, £3900.
In Queensland, £3900.

In South Australia, £3745.

Our Home Planning Centres, where this plan can be bought, have been established in conjunction with leading stores and offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

• All standard plans pub-

lished in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

• Hundreds of other plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- per full set, complete with specifications.

• Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans also can be ordered by mail from the Centres, enclosing fee. Addresses are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

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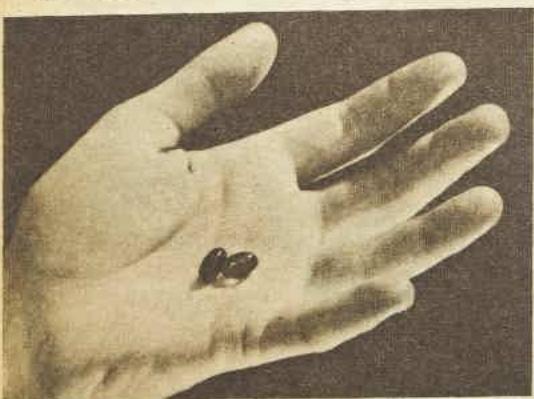
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Easy-to-make toy camel

The cute toy camel shown on this page is a splendid toy for a small child and will delight any young animal-lover. It is easy to make at home and requires only a minimum of materials.

HERE are the directions for making.

Materials: One piece of dark felt, 9in. by 18in.; 1 piece of light felt, 7in. by 16in.; stuffing; millinery wire; stranded cotton to match light felt; 1 reel silk sewing thread.

Make patterns from diagram. X marks position of front of head gusset.

To Cut: A (body): Cut two in dark felt; B (head gusset): Cut one in dark felt; C (fringe): Cut two in light felt. Make half-inch slits on outer curved edge as marked in diagram; D (ear): Cut four (two in dark felt, two in light felt); E (footpad): Cut four in dark felt; Underbody: Cut two from shaded part of pattern A in light felt; Tail: Cut a strip 1in. by 4in. in dark felt; Tail fringe: Cut a strip 1in. by 3in. in light felt and make 1in. slits along long edge; Eye: Cut one in light felt, as shown in picture; Pupil: Cut 2 small circles in dark felt to fit eyes.

To Sew: Place one light and one dark ear section together, edges even. Oversew outside curved edges and sew in position to one body section as in picture. Repeat with remaining ear sections on opposite side of other body section.

Stitch the pupil and eye sections on each body piece.

Work one small daisy stitch at each side of face for nostril, using two strands of the stranded cotton.

Place the two underbody sections together, edges even. Oversew the upper curved edges together. Catchstitch millinery wire to underbody, up one front leg, across underbody, and down the other front leg. Repeat with back legs.

Place body and underbody pieces together, edges even, and with wire of underbody to inside. Oversew the underbody in position, leaving leg ends and curved chest edges open.

With body and underbody pieces still together, edges even, insert and stabstitch fringes in position from top of forelegs to top of neck.

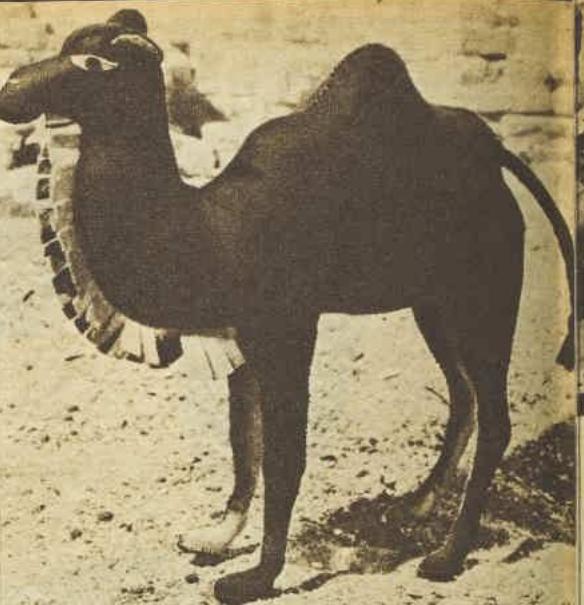
Continue oversewing the body pieces together to the point X. Insert head gusset, matching Xs. Oversew in position.

Fold the tail strip in half lengthwise and oversew the long edges together. Wind the tail fringe section round one end of tail as shown and slipstitch securely in position.

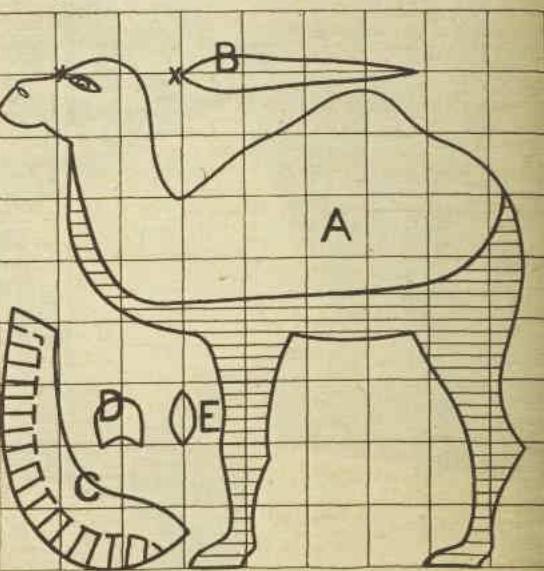
Stuff the body section firmly and sew up remainder of back, inserting and slipstitching tail in position.

Stuff the legs firmly and oversew footpads in position.

GRAPH at right shows how to draw the pattern for the camel. All you need is a sheet of paper 9 inches square. Mark it into one-inch squares and re-draw this diagram on it.



THIS IS how the toy felt camel should look when finished. Simple directions for making are given on this page.



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SLIPPERY SILKS

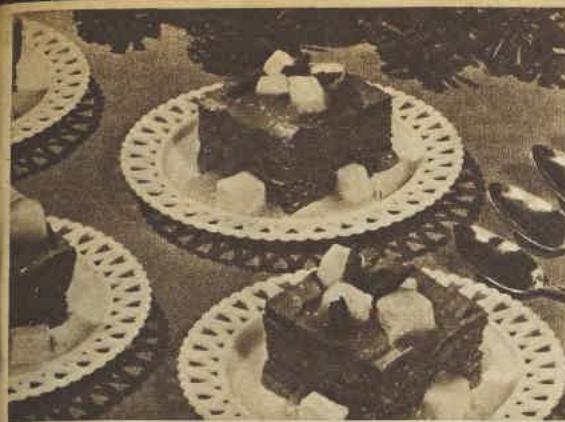
Sewing silk material needn't be nerve wracking — just place Kleenex tissues between the material when seaming, and then tear tissues away.



TOURING WITH TODDLER?

When going on a trip with youngsters be sure you take a box of Kleenex. Tuck a soft disposable Kleenex tissue under junior's chin — saves carrying soiled bibs.





FOR A DECORATIVE EFFECT arrange curled chocolate shavings (peeled from a bar of chocolate with a vegetable scraper) on top of ice-cream squares just before serving. See recipe below.

Ice-cream dish wins prize

• Rich, creamy chocolate ice-cream, served with peppermint-flavored marshmallow sauce, wins the £5 prize in this week's recipe contest.

THIS is a versatile sweet. The flavor in this prizewinning recipe can be varied by substituting grated orange and lemon rind, or crushed strawberries, or finely chopped fruit salad for the blended cocoa.

A recipe for grilled fillets of fish with an interesting seafood sauce wins a consolation prize of £1.

Spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM

Ice-cream: One pint milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 junket tablet, 3 dessertspoons cold water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup cream or unsweetened evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa blended with a little water, juice of ½ lemon.

Heat milk to lukewarm, add junket tablet (crushed and dissolved in 1 dessertspoon of the cold water) and sugar; stir well and allow to set. Dissolve gelatine in remaining water over boiling water. Place junket into basin, add dissolved gelatine and evaporated milk, beat well. Pour mixture into freezing trays and when mushy return to basin. Add blended cocoa and lemon juice, beat again until mixture is thick, smooth, and creamy. Fill back into trays; freeze until set. Serve cut into squares and topped with the following sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Griffin, 23 Albert St., Niddrie, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

VEAL-AND-HAM PIE is this week's family dish. It costs approximately 9/-, serves five people, and is delicious eaten either as a hot or cold dish.

VEAL-AND-HAM PIE

Two cups minced cooked veal, ½ lb. minced ham, ½ pint thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon scraped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, squeeze lemon juice, salt, pepper, ½ lb. shortcrust or quick puff pastry.

Add veal, ham, onion, parsley, and lemon juice to white sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Line 8 or 9 inch tart-plate with thinly rolled pastry, fill with veal-and-ham mixture. Pinch frill around edge, cut balance of pastry into leaf shapes, and arrange on top. Glaze, then bake in hot oven 25 minutes, reducing heat gradually. Serve hot or cold.

RECIPES FOR YOUR FILE

• Below and overleaf is a selection of kitchen-tested recipes to add to your index file. All these dishes are suitable for Lenten menus as well as everyday meals. The recipes are arranged so that when you cut along the dotted lines each one is complete, with the illustration on one side and the recipe on the other.

CAULIFLOWER CHEESE FLAN



VIKING SPREAD

• Four ounces cream cheese, 4 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), ½ cup chopped red or green onions, salt and pepper, ¼ cup green or black olives (cut in pieces), ¼ cup mashed sardines, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Beat cream cheese with a wooden spoon until smooth. Add chopped, hard-boiled eggs, red or green onions, olives, sardines, and lemon juice. Season with salt and pepper; mix well. Place in small bowl, garnish with pieces of red onion. Serve with a variety of small savory biscuits, potato crisps, canapes, and pretzels for guests to help themselves.

This mixture also could be served spread on small cheese biscuits, fresh bread and butter, small fancy-canapes, and rounds of rye bread. Place on a large wooden platter or plate garnished with olives or onion-pieces and parsley.

SEAFOOD CASSEROLE



MINCED FISH SOUP

• One and a half pounds smoked haddock or cod, 4½ cups water, 1 stalk celery, 2 small onions, 2 small carrots, parsley, bay leaf, pinch marjoram, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons olive oil, ½ cup tomato pulp, 3 tablespoons rice.

Prepare vegetables: Chop 1 onion, 1 carrot, and celery. Place fish in large saucepan. Add 4 cups water, celery, onion, carrot, sprig of parsley, bay leaf, marjoram, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Drain, reserve liquid. Flake fish, add to the liquid, and set aside. Chop remaining onion and carrot. Melt oil in pan, add vegetables and a little chopped parsley; sauté few minutes. Add tomato pulp, rice, and remaining ½ cup water; cook, stirring occasionally, until rice is tender. Add to fish, bring to boiling point, and serve with French bread. Serves 5 to 6 persons.



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MORE DISHES FOR FILING

Here are two more tested recipes to add to your kitchen index file. Although these dishes have been specially selected for Lenten meals, they also will provide a delicious fillip for the family menu at any time of the year. Our spoon measurements are level and cup measures are based on the standard glass measuring cup.

CAULIFLOWER CHEESE FLAN

Six ounces cheese-flavored shortcrust pastry, 1 cauliflower, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 oz. grated cheese, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, melted butter, red pepper, parsley.

Carefully line an 8in. flan-ring or pie-plate with cheese pastry, pinch frill around edge, and glaze with a little milk. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Break cauliflower in small pieces, cook in usual way; drain. Arrange in cooled pastry-case. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, salt and pepper, cook 3 minutes without browning. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Simmer 3 minutes. Pour over cauliflower; sprinkle with grated cheese, breadcrumbs, and melted butter. Brown under griller or in a moderate oven 5 to 10 minutes. Decorate with red-pepper strips, sprigs of parsley. Serves 5 or 6.

VIKING SPREAD



SEAFOOD CASSEROLE

One cup soft white breadcrumbs, 3oz. good shortening (melted), 1lb. fish fillets, $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1 cup freshly cooked mashed potato, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 2 scant tablespoons peanut butter.

Mix breadcrumbs with melted shortening, spread over base of thickly greased ovenproof dish. Wash and dry fish fillets, rub both sides with lemon, season lightly with salt and pepper, and arrange on top of breadcrumbs. Combine potato, parsley, tomatoes, brown sugar, and peanut butter, mix well, season with salt and pepper, spread over fish. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot garnished with tomato slices, lemon wedges, and parsley. Serves 4.

For variation any type of smoked fish (parboiled) could be used.

MINCED FISH SOUP



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POCKET-SIZE HOME FOR £531

From HAROLD DVORETSKY, in London

- A little ready-made circular house that is probably the most comfortable, easy-to-move residence of its size ever designed is on the market overseas for £425 sterling (£A531/5/-).



BED-SITTING-ROOM of the tiny house. It is being shown this month at London's Ideal Homes Exhibition.

THE purchase price of the pocket-sized house does not include its furnishings, but it will be delivered to the purchaser anywhere in Europe—by helicopter if necessary if the site is inaccessible to normal transport.

It has been creating great interest while on display at the "Daily Mail" Ideal Homes Exhibition in London this month.

This unusual house is the brain-child of an enterprising architect, Dr. Johann Ludovic, who has his factory in a village in the lovely wine-country near Karlsruhe, Southern Germany.

Its creation was inspired by a request from the Belgian Government, which said: "We want a house suitable for workers in remote regions of the Belgian Congo."

"It must be small, but must provide the essential comforts of a home."

The house is made in the

form of a sphere, and it is so light (it can be made of aluminium) that if a helicopter isn't available to move it and there's a waterway it can be towed up a river on a raft.

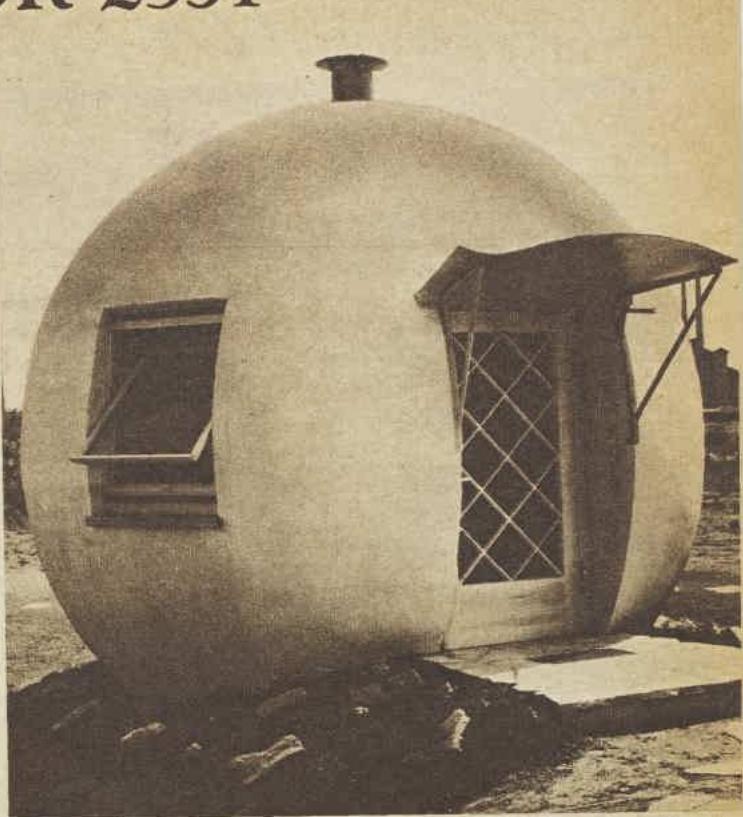
The kitchen in this house has every convenience found in a town flat (and I've lived in some flats in Australia and London that couldn't hold a candle to it).

The walls of the kitchen are covered with well-planned storage cupboards and there's a stainless-steel sink.

The refrigerator can be run on kerosene and the cooker operates on portable gas tanks. The bed-sitting-room is a triumph of organisation over lack of space. It contains two curved seats set against the wall, and during the day a table can be lowered across them for meals or writing.

The tiny bathroom has a bath, shower, washbasin, and other essentials.

The round house is 15 feet in diameter at floor level.



ONLY 15 FEET IN DIAMETER, this compact little home is complete in every detail, and contains a miniature but fully equipped bathroom and kitchen. It was designed by a German architect, Dr. Johann Ludovic.

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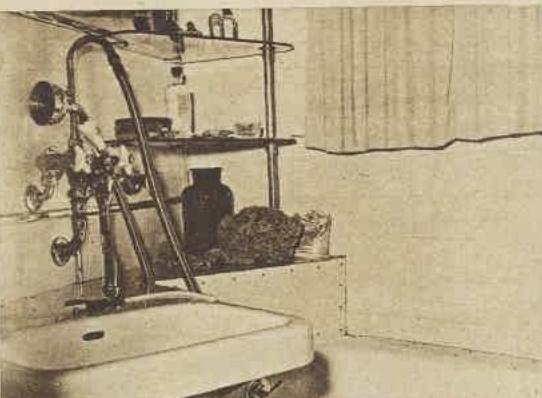
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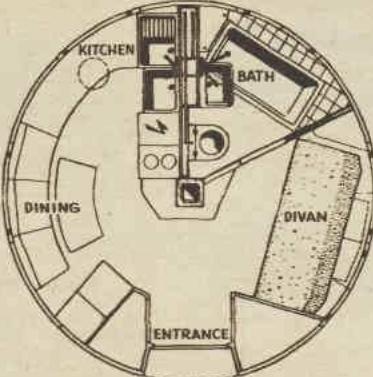
* ORIGINAL OF TESTIMONIAL ON OUR FILES

110.C.82

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958



COMPACT bathroom has all the necessary facilities for comfort and hygiene in the oppressive heat of the Belgian Congo, for which it was planned.



A B O V E:
There's not an inch of space to spare in this kitchen, but it contains storage cupboards, a stainless-steel sink, tiled walls.

LEFT:
The attractive little house shows how it has been cleverly designed so no space is wasted.

Just released!

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AT ALL LEADING JEWELLERS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Page 71



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

HILLSIDE'S NEW LOOK



Pictures and story by
ROSALINE REDWOOD

A RUGGED hill, once covered with tussocks, rocky outcrops, innumerable rabbit burrows, has been transformed into a beautiful garden that is now one of the showplaces at Christchurch, New Zealand.

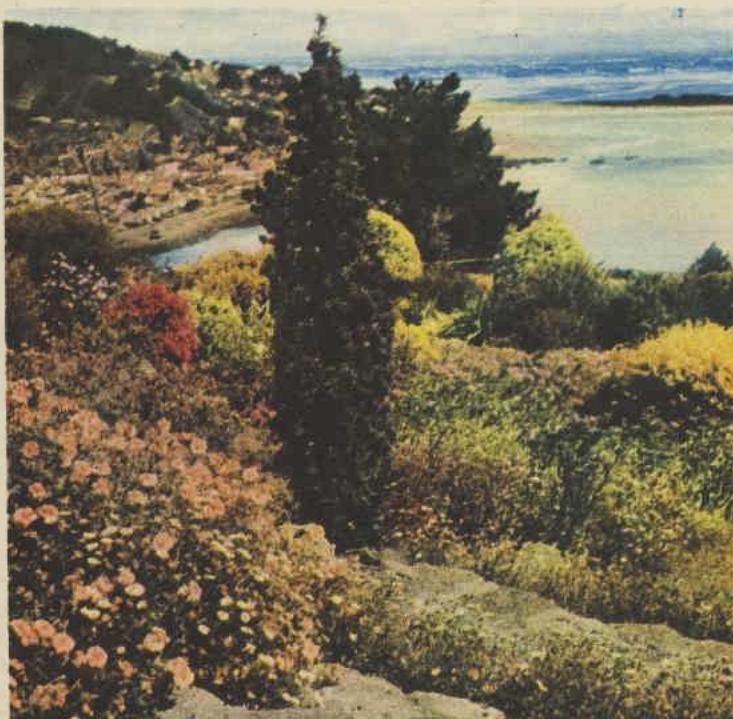
When the owners first built a small house as a holiday home on the site, they realised its possibilities, although it was then an ugly, boulder-ridden paddock, but with a wonderful view.

They also realised that years of hard work were ahead of them.

Now passers-by on the public road at the foot of the hill pause to admire the masses of flowers that grow down the hillside and right on to the road in a wonderful display of color.

When the owners were making this beautifully landscaped garden they un-

BEAUTIFUL HILLSIDE GARDEN at Christchurch, New Zealand, is one of the showplaces of the district. It was made by the owners from a rough, tussock-covered, rocky site after years of hard work. Compare this picture with that at the bottom of the page, showing the house and grounds in 1941.



MAGNIFICENT SEA VIEW is one of the attractions of the garden. Plants growing there include mesembryanthemums, gazanias, arctotis, echiums (Pride of Madeira), agatheas, yuccas, and aloes. These could all be grown successfully in the warm coastal areas of Australia, where frosts are very light.



BEFORE: The house and its boulder-ridden site (right) as they were in 1941. The house was built originally as a week-end and a seaside holiday home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

MORLEY — makers
of the famous *Velnit* fabric
now introduce

Velniks^(REG.)

... the *Velnit* Cotton Briefs
with the perfect fit



M 81

- ★ Dura S-T-R-E-T-C-H Waist, guaranteed to last the life of the garment.
- ★ Soft, soothing, absorbent "Velnit".
- ★ Boils and needs no ironing.
- ★ Smooth fit and won't ride up.
- ★ Specially cut seat and gusset.

Always look for the name

MORLEY

Now — so easy to be a blonde again!

Actually simpler than setting your hair!

If your hair was born to be blonde — and isn't — or if you're a brownette with blonde ambitions, Light and Bright by Richard Hudnut is for you. It's a home hair-lightener designed to bring out all the hidden gold in your hair . . . make you as blonde as you were born to be.

Light and Bright is so simple and easy to use, simpler, in fact, than setting your hair. No messy mixing. No complicated testing.

No worrisome timing. And Light and Bright gives you genuine "colour control!"

Light and Bright works so gently, so gradually you don't have to worry about getting too blonde too fast.

Each time you use Light and Bright your hair gets a little lighter and a little brighter. When you reach just the colour that's right, you stop.



Light and Bright

L821.62

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little Martha mightn't have done with a basin of soapy water.

After this preliminary fumble, however, Miss Diver managed very well. She realized at once that if the child was unacceptable as a fixture, she would be even less acceptable—how to put it?—dodging about. From dodging about, therefore, Martha was above all things discouraged; but the situation wasn't dodged, either. Whenever Mr. Gibson arrived, Miss Diver summoned her to say how do you do and shake hands; thus not only avoiding any tedious pretence that she wasn't there, but also giving the signal for her to lie low.

Martha soon learnt. She didn't mind. Solitude suited her temperament. If it was fine enough, she lay low in the garden. It wasn't at all pretty garden, the tiny lawn was rank and all the flowers nasturtiums; but Martha discovered landscapes in the wild grass, also after rain, or even heavy dew, one could collect from the round nasturtium-leaves, employing a teaspoon, whole egg-cupsfuls of liquid quite possibly medicinal.

If it was necessary to stay indoors, an attic bedroom afforded delights of its own: a fresco of rabbits (legacy of Miss Diver's first enthusiasm), a window overlooking the road, a whole year's back numbers of the "Tatler". For the epicurean enjoyment of these last Martha often put herself to bed, especially in winter, immediately after giving herself tea; a supper of milk and doughnuts to hand on the historic three-legged stool.

In Brixton she'd slept on a box-ottoman at the foot of the landlady's bed. Ma Battlexe (Martha at least knew no other name for her) was a noisy sleeper. Snores half-articulate and vaguely threatening equally disgusted and alarmed as did the set of false teeth in the beer-mug on the night-table. Any bedroom of her own would have made Martha happy, even without the "Tatters."

Solitude suited her. She had no other children to play with,

Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 25

and didn't want any. She didn't go to school. The point occasionally worried Dolores, but it didn't worry Martha. No education officer spied her, and Dolores kept putting the matter off—reluctant to ask Mr. Gibson for fees, reluctant also to encounter local officialdom.

Martha slipped through the net of education as an undersized salmon slips through the seine. She learnt to read and write—Dolores could manage that much; otherwise her mind was beautifully unburdened, and she had plenty of time to look at things.

FOR three years, in fact, the child Martha was perfectly happy. Whatever her temperament portended, it was being given full play. She had no regrets for the past. She couldn't remember her mother, and her father had never attached her. Dolores didn't interfere. Mr. Gibson, as a sort of deity to be placated, fitted neatly into a child's pantheon:

that one could placate him so easily, by one's mere absence, was a stroke of pure luck. Martha was lucky all round. Not a half of her solitary pleasures has as yet been described; seeing a tiger turn into a cat was a mere trifle.

She dusted herself down the front and stumped towards the house.

"How do you do, Mr. Gibson?" asked Martha politely.

She couldn't shake hands because Mr. Gibson, who was helping himself to a whisky-and-soda, had his back to her; he replied merely by a chuck of the head. Martha looked inquiringly towards Miss Diver.

The latter was obviously feeling specially Spanish, specially Dolores; there was a high tortoiseshell comb in her hair, a shawl embroidered with peonies about her shoulders; that she reclined upon a settee covered in leatherette didn't, at least to Martha, spoil the effect at all.

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The settee was a good solid brown, against which the brilliant colors of the shawl glowed like the best sort of Christmas-cracker; the obtuse shape of the cushions threw into relief the attenuated shapes of Miss Diver's neck and forearms. It wasn't like the picture the thin grass made, but it was equally satisfying . . .

Miss Diver moved. Martha, once more alert to the moment's social necessities, refocused an eye of inquiry. She was more than ready to return to the garden. But Dolores' nod wasn't, as usual, dismissive; it enjoined remaining. And Mr. Gibson, though he had by now proportioned whisky and soda to some ideal of his own, didn't say what he always said.

("Hey, Martha! Where's Mary?"

"In the Bible," Martha always said.

"Best place for her," Mr. Gibson always said back.)

But he didn't say it now. Something was different and therefore wrong.

Instinctively Martha glanced about the room for reassurance. It was mostly Art Nouveau, except for the settee and big armchairs. These were there because Mr. Gibson needed to be comfortable after working so hard all day in the fur trade, but Miss Diver had done her best to sophisticate them with black cushions, so that even they were fairly Nouveau.

Martha admired the cushions extremely—as she also admired the splendid stained-glass galleon sailing across the upper panes of the bay window, and the bowl of glass fruit that lit up from inside. Indeed, the whole room was a perfect treasure house of beauties. Within a black-and-gold cabinet, for instance, frisked a family of stuffed ermine.

The little table where Dolores kept cigarettes was inlaid with mother-o'-pearl. Upon it knelt

a porcelain pierrot, holding the ashtray, flanked by his companion-pierrette, with the matches. Could the eye be offered more? It could. Best of all was the lady in bronze armor, a figure some eighteen inches high, her face and arms ivory, the bronze here and there gilded, a very ikon of luxury and refinement, from the Burlington Arcade.

She was still there. Everything was there just as usual. But Mr. Gibson hadn't said, "Where's Mary?" Martha looked back at Miss Diver in search of the reassurance the room hadn't given her.

"Mr. Gibson has come to say goodbye to us," said Miss Diver in a low voice.

Martha's first thought was that now if ever was a time to shake hands. She admitted it freely: Dolores was right not to let her go before the ceremony had been performed. What annoyed her was Mr. Gibson's unco-operativeness. He still stood with his back to her, swallowing noisily—and if he

A list of characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

was still swallowing whisky and soda he was deliberately, in Martha's opinion, making it last.

"Goodbye," said Martha pointedly.

Mr. Gibson started, and at last turned. (The glass in his hand, as Martha had suspected, was empty.) He always affected a certain bluff jocularity with her, and it was now more marked than ever—even lamentably so, in the circumstances, and in a man of fifty, large and going slightly bald.

"Fiddle - oo, parley - vous, good-bye," declaimed Mr. Gibson.

"Harry!" cried Miss Diver. "As we used to say in the Great War," added Mr. Gibson uncontrollably. "Goodbye, old thing, cheerio, chin-chin—"

"Harry!"

He managed to stop himself. It was like seeing an old car, or an old steam-engine, at last respond to the brakes. He shoved a hand out towards Martha—or he might merely have been gesticulating. In any case, Martha got hold of it.

"Aren't you going to say you're sorry?" prompted Miss Diver reproachfully.

Actually, Martha did feel quite sorry. Nor was it from any apprehension as to the future, though this would have been justified. She felt sorry, saying goodbye to Mr. Gibson, simply because she was used to him. But what she chiefly felt was embarrassment. For the first time she sensed, between these two elders, an emotion as strong as her own for the bronze lady (or for the ermine or the pierrot). Dolores' head drooped against the leatherette upholstery like a nasturtium with its neck snapped. The ponderous frame of Mr. Gibson was held erect only as a tomato plant tied to a stick is held erect.

They had met for the first time at a Chelsea Arts Ball—Dolores dressed as a Spanish dancer, Mr. Gibson as a brown-paper parcel. He could thus hardly, even if he'd thought of it, have matched her gesture, but he appreciated it nonetheless.

"Of course I remember," whispered Dolores.

"Remember those young devils who started to unwrap me?"

"It didn't matter. You'd pyjamas underneath . . ."

"I shall never forget how wonderful you looked, pulling me out of the cardboard . . ."

"I couldn't bear to see you laughed at," murmured Dolores.

"You were too big . . ."

They had revived the moment many times before, but never so tenderly.

"Then we danced together all the rest of the evening."

"Of the night," corrected Dolores.

"And then I lost you."

"I got held up in the Cloaks."

"And then I found you again. What a chance that was! Just popping in to buy a tie and there you were!"

"I'm sorry, Harry, but I can't bear it," said Dolores.

She huddled closer against his solid chest. It was his solidness she'd always loved, as he her exotic fragility. For ten years they'd given each other what each most wanted from life: romance. Now both were middle-aged, and if they looked and sounded ridiculous it was the fault less of themselves than of time.

To be fair to Time, each had been pretty ridiculous even at the Chelsea Ball. Miss Diver, in her second or third year as a Spanish dancer, was already known to aficionados as Old Madrid. Mr. Gibson, who had never attended before, found the advertised bohemianism more bohemian than he'd bargained for. To the young devils from the Slade unwrapping him, his humiliated cries promised bare buff rather than pyjamas. Naked, indeed, he might have made headlines by

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If it's hard to "make ends meet..."



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Lenten Casserole Supreme

—mellow Kraft Cheddar Cheese gets together with Red Feather Fish Supreme and macaroni to give you appetising main meal nourishment.

Now you can sit your family down to a delicious Lenten casserole more nourishing than any meat casserole you've ever served. Kraft Cheddar gives this hearty dish its special goodness — because it takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. The creamy goodness of milk in Kraft Cheddar provides body-building protein — plus vitamins, milk minerals and calcium and phosphorous.

Here's your recipe for nourishing Lenten Casserole Supreme. Clip it out now and make it your next main course meatless meal.

Ingredients: Two 8-oz. cans of Red Feather Fish Supreme (or 2 cups drained and flaked canned salmon); 2 cups milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raw macaroni; 4-oz. ($\frac{1}{2}$ packet) shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper (optional); $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped celery; 2 tablespoons butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; pinch pepper.

Method: Cook macaroni in fast-boiling salted water. Drain and rinse. Place in casserole and spoon Red Feather Fish Supreme on to macaroni. Toss together lightly. Melt butter and fry celery and green pepper until lightly browned. Add the flour and cook for a few minutes.

Slowly stir in the milk and bring to the boil. Add the salt, pepper, lemon juice and half the cheese. Stir until cheese has melted and sauce is smooth.

Pour over the macaroni and Red Feather Fish Supreme and sprinkle the remaining cheese around the edge of the casserole. Cook in a moderate oven (350° F. gas, 375° F. electricity) for 20 minutes or until heated through. 5-6 servings.

Reach for a packet of Kraft Cheddar often, because it adds nourishment and flavour to all cooked dishes, snacks . . . salads and sandwiches.

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AUSTRALIAN PROCESSED CHEESE
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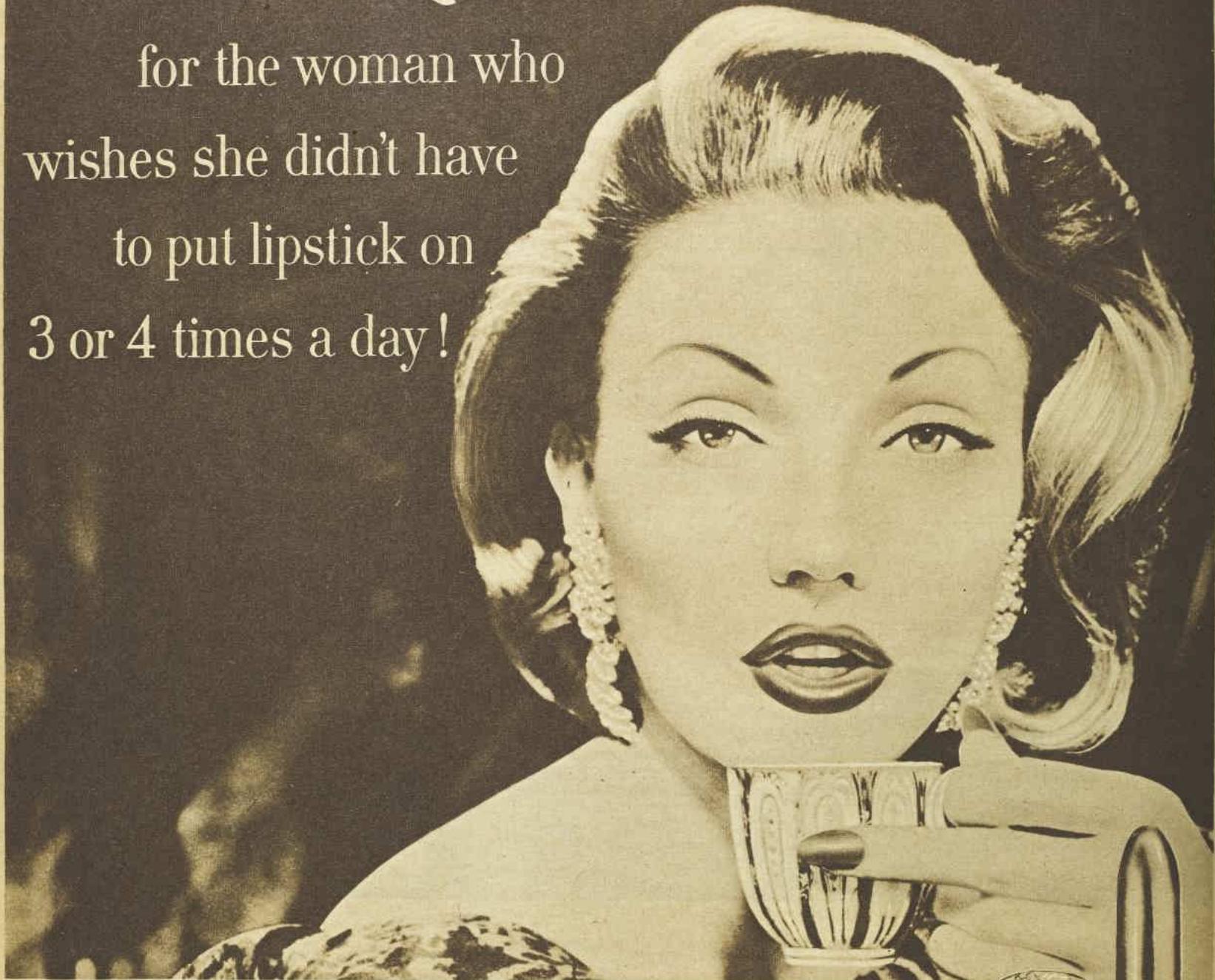
Kraft Cheddar is available in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Economical Red Feather Fish Supreme made by Kraft, is available in convenient 8-oz. cans.



NEW *Revlon* DISCOVERY

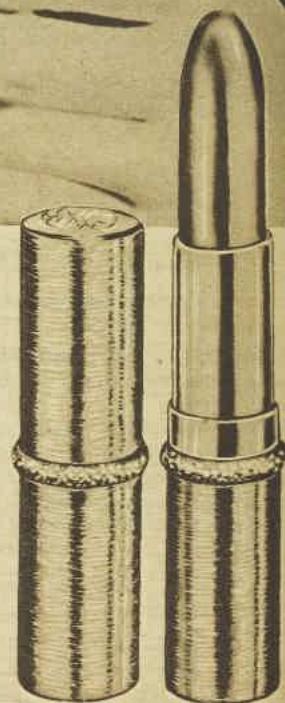
for the woman who
wishes she didn't have
to put lipstick on
3 or 4 times a day!



Today...you can put radiant color on to stay...
all through the day—without drying your lips!

Now you don't have to put lipstick on... and on... and on... all through the day, with Revlon's new-formula Lanolite Lipstick. It's the wonderfully new and different non-smear type lipstick — longer lasting and creamy, too. It puts luscious color on to stay — *without drying your lips*. It's

the *only* non-smear type lipstick enriched with *Lanolite*, Revlon's exclusive moisture-protecting ingredient. Lanolite Lipstick gives your lips the fresh, moist look and feeling you must have for beauty. Choose from 16 fabulous Revlon colors today.



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being arrested; in neat flannelette he was merely absurd.

Dolores, Old Madrid, not only pitied his condition but also lacked a partner. She'd have been glad to dance with anyone all the rest of the night. But though rooted in such unlikely soil their love had proved a true plant of Eden, flourishing and flowering, and shading from the heat of the day—not Old Madrid and Harry Gibson, but King Hal and his Spanish rose.

So they had rapidly identified each other—he so big and bluff, she so dark and fragile: as King Hal and his Spanish rose. Of all the couples who danced that night in the Albert Hall they were probably the happiest.

"I can't help it," sobbed Dolores. "I mean remembering now."

"Poor old girl," said Mr. Gibson.

He didn't even eye the whisky. It was an effort, but he didn't. Instead he arranged Miss Diver more comfortably against his shoulder and got out his handkerchief. He could have used it himself but for the strong-man role it was necessary for him to play.

Dolores didn't use the handkerchief, either. She used, to Mr. Gibson most touchingly, the fringe of her Spanish shawl.

"Harry . . ."

"Yes, old girl?"

"I do understand, truly I do. I'm not going to make a fuss. But just because you're marrying to save the business—"

"To amalgamate it," corrected Mr. Gibson.

"To amalgamate it, then—need we, must we—?"

He pressed her closer, but she knew what the answer was. Indeed, she almost at once felt ashamed of her question. Mr. Gibson's principles, or some of them, were high: certain of them rose like peaks from a low range—or rather like the mesas of a Mexican desert that astonish travellers by their abruptness.

He had never, for example, invited Dolores to assume his name, or even the married title, because he had such a respect for legal matrimony. "We'll keep everything above board," said Mr. Gibson. This did not prevent his concealing Miss Diver's existence from, for example again, his mother, under whose roof he continued to sleep five nights out of seven. Dolores was the romance in his life, its wonder and beauty for which he never ceased to be grateful, but the domestic gods still governed half his soul.

"I'm sorry," apologised Dolores. "I shouldn't have said that. I'm upset."

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"I'm not exactly a boy myself."

"You are to me," said Dolores. "Will she make you happy?"

Again Mr. Gibson hesitated. "My mother says she will. Actually the mater is a cousin by marriage of her aunt."

"So she must know all about her," agreed Dolores, in a shaking voice. "Or at least that she's cultured . . . Oh, Harry!"

It was no use, it was too soon to talk rationally, they had to break off and comfort each other.

"Dolores!" cried Mr. Gibson—his voice shaking, too.

"My Big Harry! My King Hall!" cried Miss Diver.

"My Spanish rose!" cried Mr. Gibson.

They clung in genuine and ridiculous grief, collapsed together on the settee.

MARTHA was meanwhile out enjoying life.

She had been accorded periods of liberty before, but never so absolutely. She was used to getting her own supper, but always before seven. Now she simply made a mental note of cold sausages in the larder. (Martha never neglected her stomach. Though no longer fat, she was no more, at nine, the conventional skinny orphan. She was consolidating fat into muscle.)

The cold sausages as it were an iron ration at base, Martha gently closed first the front door, then the front gate, on all adult embarrassment.

She was wearing a navy-blue serge kilt, a navy-blue jersey, a brown straw hat, and nappy gloves. These last two items, picked up en passant in the hall, made her look very respectable. The time was about five o'clock.

Here was the real thing.

Reluctantly, Martha admitted it. Try as she would, she had never fixed, even among the unlimited possibilities offered by nine square feet of lawn, so satisfactory a balance between height, lesser height, and flat. (She didn't even know that this was what she attempted; she just wanted to get things right.) The bamboo brushed in ink swayed more lightly than the growing bents. The red of the painted azalea was more vivid than the red of the pimpernel—as the tiger on the next scroll was more lifelike than the living cat . . .

"Tell me what they say to you," prompted the kind, interested librarian.

Martha didn't bother to reply. Having seen what she'd come to see, she turned and stumped out again without wasting energy. It was quite a long walk to Mr. Punshon's.

Mr. Punshon, who mended her own stout shoes and occasionally Dolores' pumps, was like all cobblers, a politician: the walls of his narrow establishment were lined with cartoons from Rowlandson to Spy. Martha walked in and had a good look.

"No trade tonight?" inquired her friend humorously.

Martha stood politely on one leg to display a solid heel.

"Good leather," said Mr. Punshon, in self-approval. "Want a dekko at my album?"

Martha hesitated. Mr. Punshon's album, into which he pasted all the cartoons he hadn't room for on his walls, was very tempting. (It was bodily an old Burke's Peerage: Mr. Punshon greatly enjoyed grangerising it with rude cartoons about the House of Lords.) But though Martha was tempted her instinct told her she'd already looked enough; even the contemplation of Mr. Punshon's wall display, after the Chinese paint-

ings, had put a slight overload on eye and memory . . .

"Thank you very much," she said, "but I'd rather come back."

"Any time you like," said Mr. Punshon.

"Good-night," said Martha.

On the pavement outside she paused to consider her next move. What she now needed was relaxation, which to Martha meant using her ears instead of her eyes. Even looking in shop windows wouldn't have relaxed her. Most fortunately the little chapel neighboring her friend's shop advertised a service of Help and Repentance for Hardened Sinners. Martha stumped in and got a very good place up front.

Beyond the letter-box beckoned a gate with a brass plate, carelessly cleaned. The smears of metal-polish all round dried white on the green paint in a different pattern each morning. Today's was rather simple, just a flight of gulls, but Martha hadn't seen it. (As a rule she nipped across as soon as the cursive maid went in.)

Three houses from Miss Taylor, chiropodist, if the front door happened to open, one could glimpse within a really remarkable umbrella—stand shaped like an enormous frog; worth hanging about quite a while for.

Martha's time of twenty minutes to the corner was in fact very good going, she could quite easily make Alcock Road last a whole afternoon. Now she was in a hurry.

Her first object was the Public Library, to which she had no official right of entry. (Children under twelve admitted only in company of an adult.) But her mild and serious contemplation of certain Chinese paintings, bequest of a nineteenth-century missionary, had so endeared her to the librarian that he never found heart to apply the rules. Martha stumped in with justified confidence and had a good look.

"It can be sub-let."

"Six months would give you time to look about."

"No," said Dolores. It was now she who took the high-minded lead, and though too delicate to put the argument into words she had also no need to—so used they were to reading each other's thoughts. Mr. Gibson at once knew what she was reminding him of: any money he could lay hands on, for the coming year at least, would be Joyce money: in fact, a dowry.

"If we say tootie-oo, I think it makes a difference," pleaded Mr. Gibson. "I believe anyone would think so."

"No," repeated Dolores.

"I always knew I wasn't worthy of you," groaned Mr. Gibson.

"But if my King Hal doesn't want me to go into a shop again I promise him I won't."

"You should have been a Queen," groaned Mr. Gibson. "I wouldn't mind a Ladies' Department so much."

"Just trust me, Harry, that's all I ask."

"Or a Children's Wear. At least you'll have Martha to be a comfort to you," cried Mr. Gibson.

This was the first time, in some three hours, that either he or Miss Diver had remembered the child Martha; and as though there was now no comfort to be found anywhere, no sooner were the words out of Mr. Gibson's mouth than he regretted them.

Companionship as she might be in Dolores' sorrow, the child Martha would need to be fed and clothed, and Mr. Gibson knew his beloved's resources almost to a shilling.

She had a hundred pounds in the post office (chiefly because a horse called April the Fifth had won the Derby), ten one-pound notes he'd just put under the pierrot, and in her purse probably some loose change. He'd never been able to give her jewels—only a garnet brooch shaped like a heart, and it was a stroke of luck that garnets were her birthstone.

Together, recklessly, in the first days of their romance they'd bought the bronze lady as the most beautiful object they'd

YOUR CAR COLUMN



This week's guest writer is Miss P. Boss, cosmetics consultant of East St. Kilda.

In the glove-box of my car, I carry . . .



The book that's sold 2,000,000 copies in 12 years

It is only 40 pages long. There are no handsome heroes in it. Yet each year, more and more people (especially women!) "buy" copies than ever before.

This remarkable "best seller" can't be bought in the book shops. It is available only from Volkswagen agents. You get a copy free when you buy a new Volkswagen—that's when I got my copy. Its title? "The Volkswagen Service Booklet".

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The VW Service Booklet is just the thing I'd always wanted—but could never get with other cars. Now at last I can be sure that my car is regularly and systematically serviced for a reasonable price. All I do is drive my VW to a VW Service Station (and there's always one near-by) and leave it entirely in the hands of the experts. I don't have to haggle about prices, and I'm always sure that everything's been attended to.

My VW Service Booklet contains vouchers (rather like blank cheques) which set out the parts to be checked at regular intervals. And the cost is printed on the front. The VW people go over everything thoroughly. By the time my VW has done 30,000 miles, even the door screws will have been checked six times.

The bigger items, such as brakes and electrical equipment will, by that time, have been checked twelve times! I've worked it out that at a typical maintenance service (done every 3,000 miles) the VW men check no less than twenty-two different component parts.

I've never had that kind of service with any other car! My VW gives me something very important to pleasant motoring: peace of mind.

Best re-seller, too

Another good thing about the VW Service Booklet: it will help me to get a higher price for my VW on the second-hand market when I decide to buy a new VW. It stands to reason that buyers will pay more for a car when they have proof that it has been properly serviced, and that the mileage on the speedo is genuine.

If there weren't a thousand other good reasons for owning a Volkswagen, the VW's Service Booklet would be good enough reason for me!

For your free colour booklet which tells you everything you want to know about Volkswagen write today to Volkswagen Distributors Pty. Ltd., 67 Queens Rd., Melbourne, S.C.2. Read about all the features that make Volkswagen Australia's best car value.

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SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

ONE morning I forgot to put my husband's lunch into his attache case, as I had done for years. Knowing that his work place was well away from all shops I worried about him all day, and as soon as he arrived home I rushed to apologise.

"That's all right, dear," he said. "We have an unwritten law that when such a thing happens we all throw in. I should apologise to you. It took 20 years and nine sandwiches to make me realise what a treasure I'd married. Not one of their sandwiches would come up to yours."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. A. Simpson, 29 Sterne St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

MY two sons were watching me apply powder and lipstick when the elder inquired:

"Why do you put that on your face?"
I told him it was to make me look pretty.

"It doesn't make you look pretty, it makes you look worse," was his comment.

Younger, ever faithful, sprang quickly to my defence with an indignant: "Mummy couldn't look worse!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. A. Gaul, Clarence St., Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

Send your entries to The Nicest Compliment or The Best Backhander, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

either of them ever seen; but even at the time Mr. Gibson knew it wasn't a good investment. Now his one consolation was that he'd paid the gas bill. He had the receipt in his breast pocket.

As usual following his thought—

"Don't worry, Big Harry," whispered Dolores. "We'll manage."

"I'm leaving you too much for any little woman to shoulder."

"Just don't worry, my darling."

"How can I help worrying?" cried Mr. Gibson uncontrollably.

"How can I help worrying about you?" cried Miss Diver.

The settee creaked again under their embrace, Martha was forgotten, everything was forgotten, except love and despair.

All children enjoy charades. Martha, in the little chapel beside the cobbler's, naturally presented herself as a Hardened Sinner. The penitents' bench in any case needed patronage; after a really moving address only Mr. Johnson, besides herself, advanced to be saved. Martha happened to know Mr. Johnson quite well; he sold matches on the kerb in Queen's Road, and when Martha could spare a penny she often patronised him as a tribute to his extraordinary profile. (No gargoyle was uglier: he had a broken nose that under apish brows twisted east-west-east, and practically no chin. What broke Mr. Johnson's nose was a blow with a knuckle-duster in his palmy days as boozie's tout, but on the tray of matches it said "Old Contemptible, Wounded At Mons.") Martha, unlike most people, enjoyed looking at him, and Mr. Johnson appreciated it; kneeling side by side in their prominent positions they exchanged friendly glances.

"Wotcher think you're doing 'ere?" muttered Mr. Johnson out of the side of his mouth.

"Repenting," said Martha rather loudly.

"That's no tone o' voice to repent in," said Mr. Johnson merrily. "Pipe down a bit."

Hours passed, evening passed to night, and Miss Diver and Mr. Gibson still hadn't stirred: as though to move at all was to initiate the act of parting. Mostly they were silent; only now and again some specially poignant memory was too precious not to voice.

"Do you remember the first time you gave me oysters, Harry?"

"You looked like a little girl taking medicine."

"You said, 'Now I know why they call the world an oyster. At last I've found my pearl!'"

"You made a poet of me," said Mr. Gibson.

Fortunately it was quite a warm night. They weren't unbearably cold.

"Remember the first time we went to the Derby?" breathed Mr. Gibson. "When you wouldn't take the gipsy's warning?"

"Against a tall handsome stranger? When there you were? What I'd have lost if I had!" breathed back Dolores. "My Big Harry, my King Hal!"

It wasn't too uncomfortable, on the settee. Presently indeed, shortly after midnight, Miss Diver fell asleep; and then at last Mr. Gibson gently extricated himself, and took her in his arms, and carried her upstairs, and laid her on the big double couch that had witnessed first their inexpert embraces, and latterly (what in fact suited both much better) their calm convivial repose.

It wasn't difficult, physically, for Mr. Gibson to pull the coverlet over his love and leave her to sleep alone: it only broke his heart. One final weakness he permitted himself: when he drew the comb from her hair

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he put it, still warm, into his pocket. Then he pulled the curtains across the window, and went quietly downstairs, and walked home to his mother's flat in Kensington.

Martha had long before entered by the kitchen-window, and stuffed a pound of cold sausages into her hardy stomach, and gone to bed. She'd had a fine time.

"Good morning, Mater," said Harry Gibson. "Have you come to watch me drink my tea?"

"It won't be I much longer," said old Mrs. Gibson. Her bright shrewd eye, round and brown as a berry, glanced swiftly over the table; she was sixty-nine, and had been up to set it herself. "Eat your good eggs, Harry, and your toast and butter and marmalade. I like to see you!"

"I know you do," said Mr. Gibson grumly. "It's why I'm overweight."

"Who wants to see a big man like a scarecrow? Thank heavens your father put on some flesh before the end!" cried Mrs. Gibson dramatically. "That his last breath didn't smell of starvation!"

"It smelt of port."

"I thank heavens for that, too," agreed Mrs. Gibson resourcefully. "What an end for my Peter after all, to die with the smell of wine on his mouth!"

Those eggs are double-yolked."

Harry Gibson regarded them ominously. He had no appetite. But he wasn't certain whether or not his mother had heard him come in, and the best way to avoid questioning was to behave as normally as possible. As he cracked one of the double-yolked eggs, and began to eat it, it crossed his mind that he would at least have to explain his future non-absences on two nights of the week.

They were officially spent in Leeds, where he had invented a tie-up with a department-store.

Whether or not because he managed to swallow, his mother didn't question him, nor did she continue, for which he was thankful, in the vein of dramatic reminiscence. Quite apart from the fact that it was too early, Mr. Gibson had been trying all his life to shut his ears to just such recitals: the tale of his father's heroic flight from Moscow (1880), in search of political freedom and wider opportunities in the cheap-fur line, was something he strictly didn't want to hear. For Harry Gibson was British to the core. He was British-born, and proud of it, and did everything he could think of to make himself a true son of Empire. By a really remarkable feat of will, he couldn't remember any other surname than Gibson.

In 1914, at the age of thirty-two, he volunteered for Kitchener's Army (they wouldn't take him until three years later) and it was the greatest satisfaction of his life to have held the King's Commission. (He'd have given a leg to be decorated, and could probably have summoned up the necessary valor; but Service Corps rarely engage an enemy.) He could even recognise the slight un-Englishness of his relation with his mother: calling her Mater was an attempt to bring it into line.

In short, Mr. Gibson had all his life devoted himself to becoming a true-blue Britisher — solid, humdrum, unemotional; and succeeded so well that in middle-age his rejection of a genuinely exotic background took revenge, and he fell for a pseudo-Spanish rose.

"Dolores!" thought Mr. Gibson, in silent anguish. "What will become of you, O my Dolores, without your King Hal?"

The human countenance affording but a limited range of expressions, even a mother can-

not always read her child's mind. What old Mrs. Gibson saw in Harry's face was a justified regret that he hadn't been left a sounder business. She therefore made haste to direct a bright if oblique light upon his immediate prospects.

"When you see Miranda this evening, I shall not come with you, will just give her my best love. How glad I am you have always liked her!"

"I agree that it's something not to go bankrupt," said Harry Gibson.

With a sudden incautious gesture Mrs. Gibson flung up her hands.

"And I suppose it's something not to leave our nice flat! I suppose it's something not to sell my nice furniture, to buy bread! I suppose it's something your old mother won't have to go out as a scrubwoman! Aren't all these somethings, too?"

"At last you're being frank with me," said Harry Gibson. "And of course you are quite right."

He got up and went to wash his hands, as he'd always trained himself to do, after any meal, and got his bowler-hat and his umbrella, and came back to kiss the mater, before he went off. What pleasure these simple actions had given him year after year! Now he performed them as slowly as possible, not to savor them but to hold back the day's events.

A mile away, in Knightsbridge, Mr. Joyce also was leaving for the day's work. He was a small, spare man, half the bulk of Harry Gibson and

so much shorter than his daughter that she had to stoop to kiss his cheek as Aunt Beatrice pecked at him from the other side. Mr. Joyce stood passive between them, as he'd learnt to do, in his good custom-built suit and his neat spring overcoat—Miranda always had him tailored in Savile Row—and waited for her to pat down, as she always did, the neat pearl pin in his neat grey tie.

"What time do you want me back?" asked Mr. Joyce.

"Any time you like, Dadda!" said Miranda gaily. "So long as you don't come into the drawing-room until you're fetched!"

Mr. Joyce nodded intelligently, and with a spry step departed for Bond Street. This spryness was something of a trial for Miranda, who worked hard to make her parent look distinguished; even wearing the best Savile Row suits, once in motion Mr. Joyce looked chiefly spry. (Miranda had her eye on Harry Gibson's apparel also: she meant to tone him first down, then up.) Today, however, she was in no mood to regard anyone with discontent—not even old Beatrice, despite an overnight quarrel about the housekeeping.

"Auntie Bee, why don't you make us your special goulash? For dinner?"

"Does Harry like it?" inquired the old woman anxiously.

"Of course he likes it! Make us your mont blanc as well!"

There was nothing old Beatrice enjoyed more than a field-day in the kitchen. She began her preparations at once, while Miranda kept an appointment at the hairdresser's.

The child Martha was just waking up. She had naturally slept late. When at last her appetite roused her, she was pleased to find the little house so still. It gave her a free run of the kitchen, and there were eggs. Breaking three or four into the frying-pan she produced a sort of omelet, unorthodox, but satisfying; and finding a pair of kippers set them tails up in a jug of boiling water as a second course. An hour later she felt very comfortable.

It was only then that she remembered saying goodbye to Mr. Gibson. She logically presumed him gone for good. His departure didn't trouble her, however (she could take Mr. Gibson or leave him), except in its effect on Dolores: the aura of adult grief, on the verge of which she had stood the previous night, affected the child Martha as the aura of sickness affects an animal. But though the herd may shun the stricken deer, Martha couldn't altogether shun Miss Diver, and she hoped extremely that Dolores would soon cheer up.

In Martha's experience, what cheered adult females was tea. (Mrs. Battleaxe in Brixton had been used to brew a dozen cups a day, so cheerless she and her cronies: Martha remembered them huddled round the pot like a coven of witches—Miss Fish and Mrs. Hopkinson and Miss Jones—capping tales of wicked lodgers.) Dolores obviously hadn't breakfasted; Martha, therefore, and it must be admitted chiefly out of self-regardfulness, made a nice cup of tea and carried it upstairs.

The door stood ajar; she padded in—and almost, because the curtains were still pulled, back into pre-dawn. The light had also an odd watery quality; Martha couldn't help pausing a moment to observe Dolores' bedroom transformed into a marine landscape.

The big double divan loomed like a low rock, still half awash under the tides of night: beyond, between the windows, the dressing-table rose baroque and pinnacled as the pavilion end of a pier. But the tea was

cooling; Martha paused on it, kicking aside a shawl as she might have kicked aside a jellyfish, and gained the bedside table as she might have gained a buoy.

Dolores lay very flat—as though drowned. Beneath the coverlet her narrow shape thrust up only two small peaks of feet. Even her head was down flat, the pillow at some point in her sleep having been thrust away. She was, in fact, sound asleep still, but Martha wasn't going to waste pains.

"Wake up!" said Martha loudly.

Miss Diver stirred, reached out a groping hand, uttered a little unhappy cry, and slept again. There was nothing for it but to shake her, and Martha had no hesitation in doing so.

"Wake up!" repeated Martha impatiently. "I've brought you a nice cup of tea!"

With interest, but without surprise, she saw the cantrip work. Miss Diver opened her eyes and lifted herself a little. (Also, in the same movement, pulled the quilt higher, because she was fully dressed. So paradoxically do the conventions operate.)

"You've brought me a cup of tea?" repeated Miss Diver wonderingly.

"To cheer you up," explained Martha. "I'm sorry I've eaten everything else, but if you'd like some bread and jam I could get you that, too . . ."

By this incident was the immediate pattern of their lives decided. For all her brave words to Mr. Gibson, Miss Diver had reserved somewhere at the back of her mind the linked images of Martha and a nice orphanage. Miss Diver, with her closer experience, wasn't nearly so certain as Mr. Gibson that Martha was going to be a comfort.

They got on together very well, but never once in three years had a childish hand slipped confidingly into her own, nor a childish kiss spontaneously rewarded her care. In fact, had Miss Diver ever been able to pierce the clouds of self-induced romanticism she'd have described her niece Martha as perfectly heartless. Before the chilling wind of Mr. Gibson's dreadful news, those clouds momentarily parted.

Miss Diver's unconscious mind, while she slept, had consolidated a new image of Martha altogether, and one almost unfairly realistic. Waking alone, Miss Diver would certainly have re-examined the advantages to both of them of a nice orphanage . . .

Now Martha brought her a cup of tea—to cheer her up. What more could a child of nine do? The clouds re-formed instantaneously. Swallowing tea and tears together, Miss Diver smiled gratefully at the kind little soul beside her bed.

"You're my little comfort," affirmed Miss Diver.

Martha, again pleased to see the cantrip work, was far from realising what made it so efficacious. That very afternoon Miss Diver set out in search of some employment that would support them both.

Mr. Gibson's place of business was in Kensington; a very nice premises, taken when his father so rashly decided to launch out. It was over a high-class tailor's: there was a spacious showroom, with two private fitting-cabinets, a good workroom above, and a handsomely furnished office. The plate by the entrance still announced Gibson and Son: Mr. Gibson glanced at it without piety.

In the showroom Miss Molyneux, vendee and model, and Miss Harris, who fitted, were usual discussing the private lives of film stars. "Why not?" thought Mr. Gibson. They couldn't discuss the customers, because there weren't any; indeed, it was only the endemic slackness of trade that made

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* NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 23 Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 64 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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such pals of them at all. They broke off politely to bid their employer good morning, and Miss Molyneux had a message as well.

"Mrs. Whittingtall phoned, Mr. Gibson. The lady who looked at the nutria."

"The one we offered to remodel at cost," supplied Miss Harris.

"Well?" said Mr. Gibson. "She's decided against it, Mr. Gibson."

"Thank you," said Mr. Gibson. "Come up to my office, both of you, in half an hour."

"Both of us?" repeated Miss Molyneux, raising her plucked eyebrows. "Suppose there's a customer?"

"There won't be," said Miss Harris. But she was a good sort. "Not at nine-thirty, dear," she added tactfully. "Luxury goods, I've often noticed, ladies rarely shop for much before lunch . . ."

Mr. Gibson went on upstairs. He didn't go into the workroom, because there was no one there. (In his father's rash heyday it housed three girls and a cutter. Old Mr. Gibson's downfall had been a passion for auctions; he bought up any quantity of secondhand goods, expecting to remodel and sell them at a handsome profit. Harry Gibson was presently overloaded with such eccentric items as monkey-fur evening-capes.) Now there was no one at all in the workroom, and Mr. Gibson was momentarily glad of it.

There was naturally no one in the office. This also suited him: he needed the strictest privacy for his next act, which was to open the safe and place therein a Spanish comb. Recognising even as he performed it its futility, how much longer would that safe remain inviolate? Joyce's accountants had been through the books a month before, and almost cynically returned them to Gibson custody; they could still at any moment re-enter. In a week, in two weeks, he'd have to find another monstrance. But so brittle a treasure couldn't be carried in the pocket, and he was perfectly aware that at home his mother went through his drawers.

The tortoiseshell was still warm. Mr. Gibson's heart, if not his mind, refused to recognise that warmth as deriving from his own person. He shut Dolores' comb into the safe, first making a sort of nest for it with his handkerchief, as tenderly as if it had been a tress of her hair, newly shorn.

There wasn't anything much to take out, beyond the ledgers. Mr. Gibson studied them for some time—trying as so often before to spot where things had definitely begun to go wrong.

Essentially it all boiled down to the auctions: a chinchilla coat, for instance, property of a Russian princess, his father had paid six hundred pounds for was still knocking about in store, no yellower than when bought, and now definitely unsaleable.

A couple of bearpark rugs—"Who wants bearparks?" thought Mr. Gibson bitterly. "Are we in the stuffed-animal line?" —had cost the firm two-fifty. "They sent their equities to bid against him," thought Mr. Gibson full of hate for the entire Muscovite aristocracy, "and he fell for it every time. But it's I who am left holding the cub, and now in the Depression!"

It was the Depression that had finished him off. 1932 was the year of the Depression, the year when even people who could afford new furs wouldn't buy them, because it was the thing to go shabby. "All right, kill all trade together!" thought Mr. Gibson violently. "Where will taxes come from then?" But in his

heart he knew the Depression was only a final blow, that even if women started buying like mad again Gibsons' would never be able to unload a yellowing chinchilla coat . . .

The half-hour he'd allowed himself passed all too soon. All too soon—on the tick, in fact—Miss Molyneux and Miss Harris presented themselves in the doorway. There was nothing for it but to tell them.

"Come in, Miss Molyneux, come in, Miss Harris!" invited Mr. Gibson—he hoped heartily.

He hoped also that his heartiness would last out. Moderating it a little, he nonetheless achieved a fairly easy tone as he explained how a new era for them all was about to open.

"For all of us," insisted Mr. Gibson. "You girls can come along, too." He was right to insist: he had made the retention of Miss Harris and Miss Molyneux a point of honor and carried it with difficulty. "Couldn't leave my girls behind, could I?" insisted Mr. Gibson. "Couldn't let down the old Regiment! So if you want to come along you can—even though it's toodle-oo to G. and S. . . ."

THEY weren't so distressed as he'd expected. He hadn't exactly looked for tears, but they evinced even a certain pleasure, especially Miss Molyneux. Joyce's had such lovely salons and in Bond Street positively rejoiced Miss Molyneux: a girl showing furs at Joyce's was really, if Mr. Gibson understood, being really looked at by ladies who knew muskash from lapin. "And who buy," added Miss Molyneux. "Because depression or no depression in Bond Street, Mr. Gibson, you get all the foreign visitors. I believe I could sell sables there, Mr. Gibson; just give me the chance!" "Myself, I'm only too glad of any job with this depression on," said the more realistic Miss Harris, but she, too, looked pleased. "Mr. Gibson, I'll bring back monkey-fur!" declared Miss Molyneux earnestly. "With Joyce's decor I'll bring back monkey-fur. Then who's got the only skins in London?"

"We have," said Mr. Gibson grimly. "No one else is such fools." He didn't ask, he hadn't the heart to, why monkey-fur shouldn't have been brought back in his own showroom. He knew Miss Molyneux was right. It needed a decor like Joyce's to put monkey-fur across, and even if she succeeded in her mad project the Gibson skins were by now half bald . . .

The girls went off in high spirits, and Mr. Gibson should have been glad. He tried to be glad, but the evening's engagement projected too heavy a shadow. It was all he could do to keep a stiff upper lip.

He had to fight hard not to telephone Miss Diver, and went without lunch in case Miss Diver should telephone him. But she, too, wasn't letting down the regiment.

The few visitors to the showroom were such obviously poor prospects that Miss Molyneux didn't bother to summon him, or else Miss Molyneux, her spirit already in Bond Street, wasn't bothering with them. Whenever Mr. Gibson passed the door on his way downstairs (in case Dolores stood hesitant without) he heard nothing but heartless chatter about the beauties of the Joyce decor.

About four o'clock there arrived an immense bouquet of

pink carnations. "For Miranda, in case my busy boy forgets!" his mother had scrawled on the card. Harry Gibson certainly hadn't forgotten Miss Joyce, but it was true he hadn't thought of flowers. Fortunately he met the messenger on the pavement and so didn't have to explain them, to Miss Harris and Miss Molyneux. Even the former seemed by this time to have lost her head a little: if she could once style a genuine skunk, Mr. Gibson heard her declare, she'd show all Bond Street where it got off . . .

Essentially he spent the day alone; yet felt it pass all too quickly.

Dolores knew her comb in Mr. Gibson's keeping. When she had looked for it in the bedroom, and in the sitting-room, and in the hall and on the stairs, she knew he'd taken it. She wished it could have been—and for once the violence of romantic imagery was but plain-speaking—the ashes of her heart . . .

Time, however slowly, passes. No one has yet found a way to hold it back. At six o'clock that evening a maid ushered Mr. Gibson into the Joyce drawing-room—first floor, very good apartment in Knightsbridge—there to await his betrothed-to-be.

It was an excellent apartment. Considering that it housed only Miranda and her widowed father and her Aunt Beatrice, it was vast. The drawing-room alone, which Harry already knew fairly well, was at least four times the size of Dolores' sitting-room. Even a grand-piano didn't encumber it. From many points of view it was an ideal room for any confident suitor to be waiting in.

Seated in a handsome armchair, Mr. Gibson waited. Seated in the stocks he'd have been less ill-at-ease. Even physically he was uncomfortable, the great sheaf of carnations sat awkwardly on his knees and he didn't know where to put it down. But at least they were carnations, not roses . . . "My Spanish rose!" thought Mr. Gibson, shuddering so uncontrollably that the bouquet slipped down. He retrieved it furtively and laid it on the carpet beside him.

It was a good carpet, as the furniture was good furniture.

Joyce was a good firm.

Mr. Gibson fortified his mind with the memory of their audited profits over the last five years. He was on to a good thing, better than his situation deserved, and he knew it.

He knew he would never have been considered as a son-in-law (and derivatively as an associate) save as a last resort. Mr. Gibson dwelt on the point, leaned on it. In his present frame of mind he preferred to think Miss Joyce's advertised liking for him a myth got up among the women. He didn't want her to like him. He wanted her to want to be married, as he himself wanted not to be made a bankrupt. He had an idea that as between man and woman it came to much the same thing.

A quarter of an hour passed long as a century. To an impatient lover it would no doubt have seemed longer. Mr. Gibson was impatient only as a man about to be shot might be impatient. (Why hadn't he been shot, in '17?) The bitter parenthesis, by the memories it evoked, nonetheless helped his courage: when at last the door opened, like an officer and a gentleman Mr. Gibson clutched

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

STARS COME DOWN TO EARTH

★ Hollywood film stars, like most people who work for a living, appreciate few things more than "to get away from it all."

These candid shots, taken off the set, show some of the film colony's best-known personalities in casual relaxation.

FILM FAN-FARE

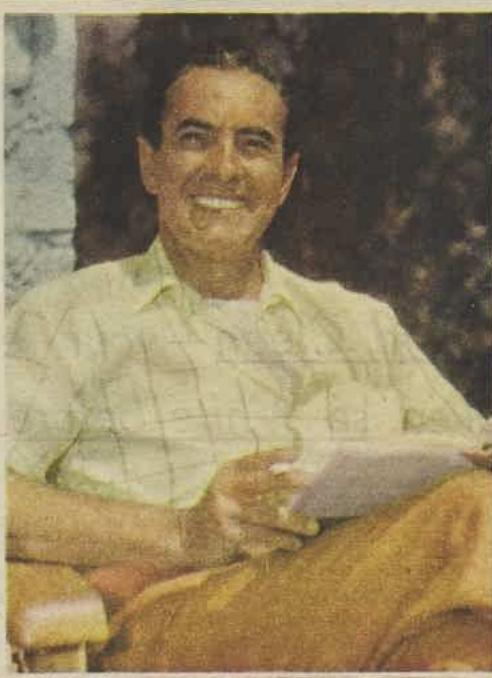
Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER



ROBERT STACK can look mean on the screen, but here, with his wife, Rosemary, he shows up as a nice fellow who is one of Hollywood's best husbands. His next film is Fox's "Gift of Love," with Lauren Bacall.



SIREN Ava Gardner likes dogs—as well as bullfighting. She has another siren role in "Goya," with Anthony Franciosa.



TYRONE POWER, often intense and moody on the screen, finds it easy to relax. Ty will be seen soon in United Artists' "Witness for the Prosecution."



YOUNG MAN about Hollywood Barry Coe (left) looks the part when he drops in on recording star Tommy Sands. Tommy has his debut film "Sing, Boy, Sing" coming up.

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New Film Releases

★★★ THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI

Columbia drama, with Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, Sessue Hayakawa. In Technicolor, CinemaScope. Lyceum, Sydney.

has established himself as an actor of quality.

Basehart has an interesting and subtle role as a clown who in trying to help the unfortunate girl brings about her destruction.

The shabby open spaces of the town outskirts and the strange, fascinating countryside are material for superbly composed shots against which the poor little tragedy of the mad girl is acted.

It is a pity so little care has been taken with the English sub-titles, and the jumpiness of continuity can hardly have been there in the film's original form.

In a word: HAUNTING.

★★ THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Paramount scriptural spectacular, with Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter, Judith Anderson, cast of thousands. In Technicolor, VistaVision. Prince Edward, Sydney.

SWEEEPING over the screen like the parting of the Red Sea, Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments" is a three-hour-39-minute deluge of drama.

Photographically "colossal" (to use DeMille's favorite word), the film swims with superb color, scenes of Pharaohs' palaces, suffering slaves, Moses, and miracles turbulently following one another.

Charlton Heston as Moses, first the princeling, then the prophet, brings power to his part.

Pharaoh's son, Yul Brynner, is Brynner again, and dominating performances come from Judith Anderson as Memnet, Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Sethi, and Yvonne de Carlo as Sephora.

Anne Baxter as Princess Nefretiri and the beauties who attend her are pure Hollywood. One expects them to lift the telephone and drawl "Hi."

Cameras, filming on the Biblical sites, followed "Moses" and his people from Egyptian captivity to the Red Sea, to Mount Sinai, and the borders of the Holy Land.

The actor-crowded landscape is always wonderful; the Red Sea crossing is astonishingly portrayed.

But the miraculous burning bush smacks more of pantomime effects than Divinity, while the Commandments seem inscribed by a flamethrower rather than God's hand.

Immense research went into the film's making—settings, costumes, and activities keeping to reality.

Actors such as Heston and Anderson maintain this illusion. Others, unfortunately, do not.—H.F.

In a word: ETERNAL.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average

his carnations and stood bravely up to meet the firing squad.

Curiously enough, Miranda Joyce bore a marked physical resemblance to Miss Diver. Both were tall, black-haired, and bony. They were about the same age. Miss Joyce had even certain advantages. Her makeup was better, she hadn't Dolores' slight moustache, and she was far better dressed. But whereas Mr. Gibson saw Dolores with the eye of love, he saw Miss Joyce as she was, and whereas the aspect of Old Madrid made his heart flutter with delicious emotion, the aspect of Miss Joyce sunk it to his boots.

"My dear Harry," cried Miranda gaily, "I've kept you waiting. Auntie Bee made me. Was she right or wrong?"

Doing violence to all his feelings, Mr. Gibson made a shot at gallantry. It seemed at the moment the only possible line. Moreover, the gallant answer, remembering his hideous quarter of an hour, happened also to be the true one.

"Wrong," said Mr. Gibson heavily. "Wrong every time."

She looked at him speculatively, but made no comment. Then she looked at the carnations.

"With the mater's best love," said Mr. Gibson, thrusting them into her hands.

"I don't think that's quite right," said Miranda, "though I must ask Auntie Bee. Give mine to your mother, of course."

"I will," said Mr. Gibson.

—Ominous, direful words. Words to seal a promise, a covenant. In this case the covenant already made his mater and with Fate, and now to be made, specifically, with Miranda . . .

Mr. Gibson wondered whether he turned as pale as he felt; but the fearsome object of his vows, now seating herself, appeared to notice nothing amiss. The dreadful moment passed. The one that succeeded it, as Miss Joyce sat obviously expectant, was merely, if intensely, awkward. To postpone the moment that must come after, Mr. Gibson very nearly asked her to play something on the piano.

He pulled himself together,

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right to turn me down to ask you to be my wife."

It was out. He'd got it out. Just before his knees gave way he lowered himself into the chair opposite Miranda's and waited for her reply.

"Oh, Harry!" said Miss Joyce.

"Well, what about it?" asked Mr. Gibson impatiently.

"I'm so surprised, too! I can't possibly answer straight away! I must have time to think!"

An appalling suspicion dawned.

"How long?" demanded Mr. Gibson.

"At least a week! Ask me again in a week's time—"

It was just as he'd suspected. He was to be put through the

"How masterful you are!" breathed Miranda, enchanted. "Oh, Harry, you just make me say yes!"

As she moved impulsively to accept his embrace, she impulsively pressed a bell; the maid who brought in the champagne must have been very handy.

"This is just for us!" said Miranda, "before we tell everyone . . . To you and me!"

Kissing her had been like kissing a seahorse. Mr. Gibson knocked back his drink thankfully. ("I shall turn into a sozzler," thought Mr. Gibson

—dispassionate as a physician diagnosing the course of a disease). For the moment, however, and although he'd had no lunch, he wasn't intoxicated. He still had himself well in hand—which considering Miranda's next choice of topic was fortunate.

Champagne, it seemed, turned Miranda into a woman of the world. With humorous understanding—

"Of course you have a mistress? Obviously," said Miranda Joyce.

It was fortunate that Mr. Gibson had himself in hand. He still couldn't control his blood. A long-disused system of arteries and capillaries rushed blood to his cheeks, up to his forehead, up to the roots of his hair. He blushed like a boy.

"My dear Harry, I don't mind!" cried Miss Joyce. "A passionate man like you—why not?"

"Who told you?" shouted Harry Gibson.

Miss Joyce looked pleasantly frightened.

"No one in so many words. But away two nights each week—! Your mother told Aunt Beatrice that. Of course you have a mistress. I'm sure I could find out all about her, or Daddy could, if I was inquisitive!"

Mr. Gibson perceived a possible course of action at all costs to be prevented.

"Since you know so much already—yes," said Mr. Gibson.

son. (Though how far from the truth the literal truth! How far from the truth of King Hal and his Spanish rose!) "Since you know so much already—yes," said Harry Gibson. "Do I need to tell you also that it's all washed up?"

A bony seahorse kiss rewarded him. Unfortunately, the seahorse was still being a woman of the world.

"Of course she's been provided for."

Mr. Gibson's control went. So did all his carefully cultivated British slang, giving place to an older habit of speech, the speech he'd heard between his parents when he was a young boy.

"And out of what, tell me, please, would I provide for her?" shouted Mr. Gibson. "You know, or at least your father does, my situation! How could I provide for a dog even?"

"You are passionate," confirmed Miss Joyce. "She must be behaving very well. Would it be kind if I went to see her?"

"If you do," cried Mr. Gibson, "if you try to I will never, this I swear, look at you or speak to you again. Is that understood, woman?"

"Passionate and masterful," murmured Miss Joyce. "Oh, Harry, I feel I've never known you before!"

Of the rest of the evening, of the intimate family supper that followed, Mr. Gibson retained little subsequent memory. He still wasn't intoxicated, but he was bushed. He told Miranda's Aunt Beatrice the same (unsuitable) funny story four separate times. The arrival on scene of his mother astonished him more than it should have done. He wanted to know why she'd changed her mind about not coming. That she'd come after all, he argued, made nonsense of sending her best love; he showed unexpected heat on the point. There was, in fact, a moment after supper when old Joyce, Miranda's father, led him away to a private sanctum—and then looked uneasily at the decanters there.

"I am perfectly sober," stated Harry Gibson pugnaciously.

"That's what I thought," agreed Mr. Joyce. "You'll find a chinchilla coat in stock worth two thousand!" shouted Harry Gibson. "Don't I know it son?" agreed Mr. Joyce placatively. "What did you call me?" asked Harry Gibson—and laughed like a drain.

He then returned to the drawing-room and demanded that Miranda should play the piano. As soon as the first piece was finished he demanded another. He kept her at the piano for one hour and twenty minutes. In a happy lover such conduct wasn't altogether inexcusable: old Mrs. Gibson and Aunt Beatrice, like a couple of experienced comedres, with many a beck and smile pulled off the feet of presenting it as infatuation.

"So much my Harry admires her playing!" murmured Mrs. Gibson. "It was music brought them together!" declared Aunt Beatrice. They had no audience except old man Joyce, perhaps they were rehearsing for the engagement-party, but their efforts weren't wasted. The evening not only passed off without disaster but could be accounted a positive success.

In the taxi going home old Mrs. Gibson wasn't even sleepy. Champagne and brandy, and wearing her best dress, and seeing her Harry at last on the way out of his troubles—all combined to rejuvenate her. In Moscow she'd have been ready to dance till morning . . . The slight bother of hauling Harry out and then getting him upstairs, and after that getting him to bed, tarnished her happiness not a whit. So a boy should come home on such an evening!

Loyal to their sad vows Mr. Gibson and Miss Diver refrained from all communication. Mr. Gibson's only solace, at this time, lay in remembering the hundred pounds put by April the Fifth into Dolores' post office savings account. He still wished he'd made her promise not to try her luck

To page 86

7 a.m... Anne takes a refreshing bath with Lifebuoy

5 p.m... An unexpected office date—but she still has that "just-bathed" freshness



Now Lifebuoy stops perspiration odour before it starts

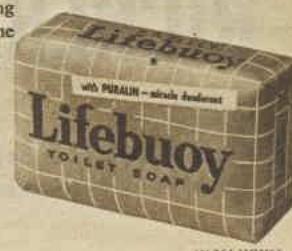
Contains PURALIN—most effective deodorant ever put in soap...

Even after the toughest day in the office, Anne takes off for a dinner date, sweet and clean as ever. Like all the nicest people, she knows a daily Lifebuoy bath keeps her fresh around the clock.

No ordinary soap will effectively remove the tiny active bacteria that cause perspiration odour. But laboratory tests prove that Puralin in Lifebuoy removes up to 95 per cent of these bacteria. You can't see Puralin. Or smell it. But it's the most effective deodorant ever put in soap. It stays with your skin, protecting you for hours after your bath or shower.

Lifebuoy is gentle, nice-smelling . . . good for every member of the family to use day after day.

Now the nicest people use Lifebuoy



W.364. WW66g

Dolores

"Never a day without washing on the line"

says Mrs. L. Lauder, of Jamieson Street, Cheltenham, Vic.



"They're quiet and clean — now," says Mrs. Lauder, the pretty young mother of the seven youngsters in the picture above. "But you should see them when they come home from playing in the park!"

"There's never a day without washing on my lines — never a day when I don't say a silent thank-you to Rinsso. It's wonderful the way those suds bring up the colours so beautifully again and again — without taking the life out of the clothes."

The shirts, the socks, the dresses of the Lauder children are all that little girls' and boys' clothes should be. Perfectly clean and crisp and bright. That's the happy result Rinsso gives seven out of every ten Australian housewives every washday.

Suds are mild and kind to clothes — and hands. You see, there's a secret in the rich, soft Rinsso suds that actually puts new brightness in clothes time after time. Why, your white wash positively dazzles with cleanliness. Yet Rinsso suds are so soft and gentle — keep your hands smooth and pretty.

BRAND-NEW BRIGHTNESS WITH RINSO'S RICHER, SOFTER SUDS

Proved safest and best! RINSO IS THE ONLY PRODUCT RECOMMENDED
BY THE MAKERS OF ALL LEADING WASHING MACHINES



Safe for clothes — and machines
Rinsso suds are so soft and rich they protect every stitch of clothing as well as the machine bearings and rubber rollers of your precious washing machine. That's why you'll find Rinsso — and only Rinsso — is recommended by the manufacturers of all leading washing machines.



1 LEFT. Gay night out in Paris with her father, Raymond, is spoilt for Cecile when her memories go back to the previous summer's events.

2 ABOVE. It had been an unconventional but happy life on the Riviera for Cecile, her father, and his current girlfriend, the easy-going Elsa.

★ First Francoise Sagan story to come to the screen is Otto Preminger's "Bonjour Tristesse," in an experimental mixture of color and black and white. David Niven plays the widower Raymond, Jean Seberg his daughter Cecile, with Deborah Kerr as Anne Larsen, the victim of father and daughter's foolishness. Geoffrey Horne plays Philippe, with whom Cecile falls in love, and newly risen Continental star Mylene Demongeot is Elsa, Raymond's blond girl-friend.



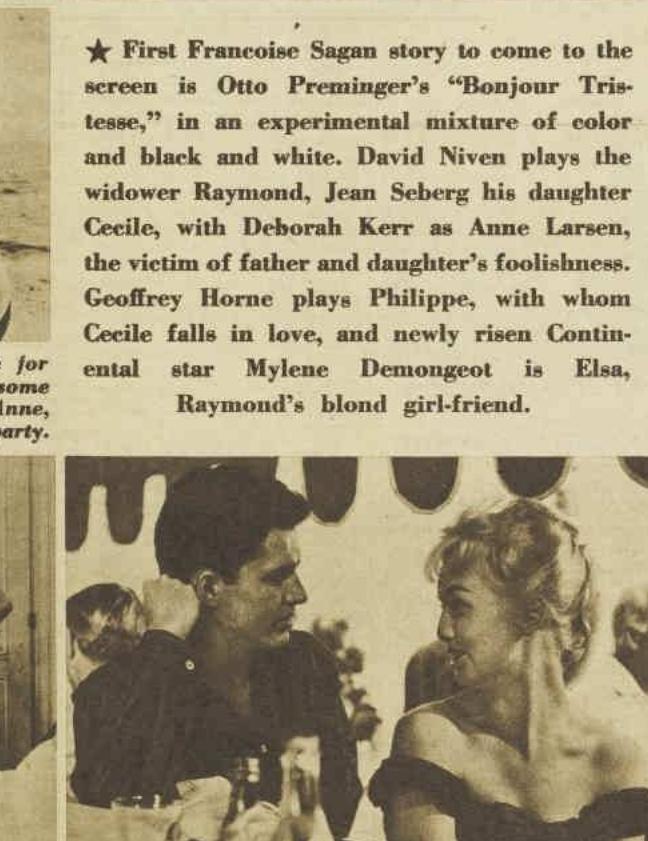
3 MAGIC of the summer was complete for Cecile when she fell in love with handsome Philippe. But the idyll was spoilt when Anne, a friend of her dead mother, joined the party.



4 ANNE, more mature than Elsa, was attractive to Raymond, and when they told Cecile they wanted to marry she was half glad, half resentful of the changes she sensed must come.



6 SHOCK of finding Raymond and Elsa together sent Anne to her car, and she drove away from the villa, refusing to listen to what Cecile wanted to tell her.

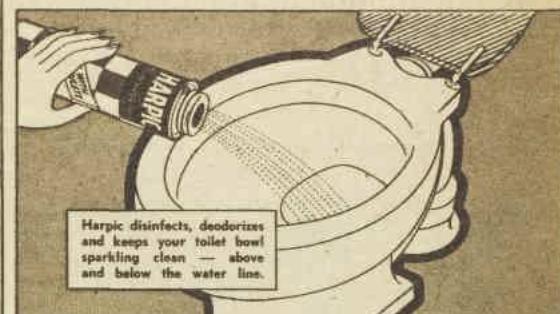


5 PIQUED, Elsa consoled herself with Philippe, whom Anne had forbidden to see Cecile after having found them kissing. Jealous of this new affair, Raymond rashly made a secret rendezvous with Elsa.

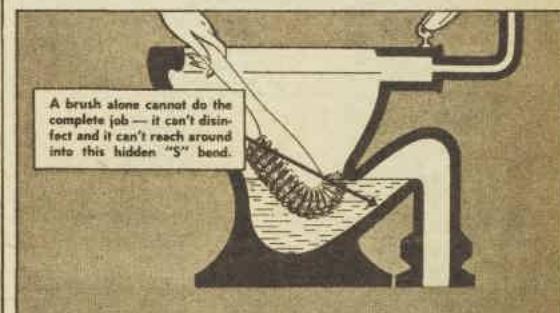


7 URGENT telephone message to the villa, where Cecile and Raymond were desperately trying to compose a note of apology to Anne, brought them — too late — to the scene where her car, driven at reckless speed, had crashed.

Now)
**Keep your toilet
fresh and bright**
— THIS EASY PLEASANT WAY!



Harpic disinfects, deodorizes and keeps your toilet bowl sparkling clean — above and below the water line.



Harpic leaves bowl hygienically clean

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria... leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

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SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

HP152

Pussitively
Kitten soft...



...but not too precious to be practical. Garments of "Ban-Lon" textured yarn are breeze-cool in the heat, snuggly warm in the cold, say "shoo!" to moths. "Ban-Lon" washes 'n' dries quick as a kitten, too. Purrr-fect.

All leading stores recommend garments of

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**THE
BEST COOKS**

use
FAULDING essences

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"I've found there's only one Baby Powder — **that's Johnson's**"

says Mrs. Agnes Lucke, mother of the famous Lucke Quads.

Continuing **The Eye Of Love**

from page 89

again, for it was inconceivable to him that the future held any more luck for either of them, in either great things or small.

Dolores, treading the round from agency to agency and from shop to shop, was of the same mind.

Alas that her romanticism wasn't more flexible, that she had seen herself too long as a Spanish rose to see herself now a *Sleeping Beauty*! It would have helped her, if only a little; the image moreover would have been a truer one—supposing *Beauty* waked not by the Prince but by the vanishment of her enchanted palace. Essentially, for ten years, Miss Diver's life had been as sheltered as the sleeping princess' and as cut off from all reality.

When she needed money Mr. Gibson supplied it, and the common rubs of social life never bruised her, for she had none. She had sought no friends, because she didn't want any. (An early overture from Number 10, where there were so many rowdy parties, she'd snubbed at once. "Quite right," said Mr. Gibson. "I like my little woman to be particular . . .")

Dolores basked in his approval, but, in fact, the gesture cost her nothing. Even before the advent of Martha, the work of the little house, and a little small-talk in the local shops, and a novel borrowed from the library, easily filled each day until King Hal came at evening to his Spanish rose. Even when he didn't spend the night he came each evening for half an hour.

In their secret garden (5 Alcock Road, W.2) she'd dreamed away ten years and woke ill-prepared to face the world without.

She had lost, for example (dreaming in Mr. Gibson's eye of love), all ideas of what she looked like to any other eye. The first time the girls in the queue laughed at her she didn't even notice; the second time she was panic-stricken.

There was always a queue if any shop had a vacancy. One vacancy drew twenty or thirty applicants.

Dolores on this second occasion was well towards the front, and had dressed with particular care to make herself look as young as possible. Perhaps her skirt was on the short side—considering the boniness of her legs; perhaps her blouse too peek-a-boo, considering the salt-cellars at her collarbones; but when the girls behind snickered she at first, again, didn't realise who was their butt.

"Skinny Lizzie," they'd been whispering, but no one behind, or indeed before (Dolores looked both ways), seemed to

deserve the cruel jibe. Many of those queuing were certainly thin, but only with a thinness that was regrettably commonplace; so that it needed a figure of fun indeed to attract ribald comment . . .

"O Skinny Lizzie," breathed a wicked voice, "how's Scraggy Sister Maggie?"

"Careful! You'll put Lizzie in a tizzy!"

"Careful! Sister Maggie'll come and *scrag you-all!*"

They squealed with laughter, four young girls enchanted by their own wit, while Miss Diver looked about in perplexity. It was the kindest among them who enlightened her, a little creature of sixteen or so, suddenly moved to compassion.

"Poor old thing, it's a shame!"

Dolores heard her hiss rebukingly, and with astonishment felt a bag of peppermints pressed into her hand. "Go on, have one!" adjured the Samaritan. "And don't you take no notice—Skinny Lizzies themselves!"

AFTER this Dolores was afraid to queue again. She had valid excuse; even a week had taught her that there was no demand for shop assistants over thirty—there was no demand for anyone over thirty—and this saved her from examining her fear too closely, so that she was able to forget the incident quite soon. In fact, what had rightly terrified her was no less than a threat to her identity.

The queues of job-hunters found ways to keep their spirits up. Each familiar face—and how many grew familiar!—had its sobriquet; Miss Diver herself could already recognise Ginger, and Russian Boots, and Once-I-Had-My-Own-Shop; a hilarity in the circumstances admirable fixed them like characters in a comic strip. In such company there was a place ready-made for Skinny Lizzie; Dolores' instinct warned her to flee while she was still a Spanish rose.

Not to betray the past; not to shoddy (even though he would never know it) King Hal's image of his love was now Dolores' only ambition and not an ignoble one. That it led her to risk a more fatal metamorphosis still, by advertising for a lodger, was in the circumstances inevitable.

Originally it was a blow to Miss Diver to discover that she couldn't afford all sub-let. The terms of the lease of the little house in Alcock Road she found didn't allow it.

This now appeared a rare piece of fortune. Only behind

those pink curtains could she find refuge from the unkind world, and luckily she hadn't speaking to the agent, mentioned lodgers.

Martha lettered the card beautifully—the single word "Apartments" in a fancy script copied out of a "Tatler". It was her first encounter with Indian ink, and to employ its turgid blackness on smooth white pasteboard ravished her. That she made more cards than one was still due mainly to a search after perfection; when the fourth and last appeared in the dining-room window it was a masterpiece.

Miss Diver meanwhile arranged the empty bedroom opposite her own, under Martha's attic, as the hybrid known technically as a bed-sit. This involved the purchase of a bed, but the rest of the furnishings came from the dining-room—two oak chairs, one with arms, and the sideboard translated into a bureau-cum-dressing-table—and the hall denuded of its coat-cupboard.

Miss Diver wished to lay out as little cash as possible, and was prepared, so long as the sitting-room remained inviolate, to strip the rest of the house to the bone. Actually nothing was missed, in a practical way; only twice a week had the dining-room been put to its proper use, in honor of Mr. Gibson; the hall-cupboard was always kept empty, sacred to Mr. Gibson's big overcoat. Dolores and Martha ate commonly in the kitchen, and the lodger was to be fed from trays.

"Put 'With Service,'" instructed Dolores.

Martha willingly took down the card and made another more beautiful still. It looked practically irresistible.

"What happens if we get two lodgers?" asked Martha.

"Then we must let the dining-room as well," said Dolores, looking brighter than she'd done for days.

"Suppose we get three?"

"Then we must let your room," said Dolores, "and you must come in with me."

Martha liked this less. The lettering (and the furniture-shifting, as an unusual employment) she'd enjoyed; the prospect of surrendering her privacy she couldn't. But she was very anxious not to see Dolores relapse, and so raised no objection.

In fact, the point remained academic. No lodger came at all.

As regarded his own fortunes, on the other hand, Mr.

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IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

GREEN baskets filled with red flowers are the motifs featured on Iron-on Transfer No. 1004G. This attractive and versatile design is suitable for decorating clothing or household linens.

These handy transfer sheets save hours of tedious embroidery because they can be applied in minutes by pressing with a warm iron. Each sheet costs 2/-.

Also available is the pattern for the little girl's dress illustrated at right. The simple design comes in sizes to fit 2, 4, 6, and 8-year-olds. Price 2/-.

Order your transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

Continuing . . .

The Eye Of Love

from page 86

Gibson had been over-pessimistic. In Kensington, things were looking up. The shop over the tailoring establishment was discovered to be not such a dead duck after all. In fact, Joyce decided to keep it going.

"For a year, maybe two, making a little experiment," explained Mr. Joyce. "Why not?"

Mr. Gibson's response to this reprieve was less welcoming than resentful. His spirit was so thoroughly attuned to self-immolation, he was so ready to throw up the sponge and bury himself in some subordinate post at Bond Street, he even entered into argument.

What was the point, demanded Harry Gibson, of a show-room without a clientele? Admittedly certain old customers used to return year after year for remodelling, but even this trade had been killed by the depression. "Why not show 'em something new?" suggested Mr. Joyce. "Could they buy even lapin?" countered Harry Gibson. "With my label in it, they might," said old man Joyce.

Which was, of course, the point, and as the scheme developed Miss Harris and Miss Molyneux began to back it. They saw the shop in Kensington, a branch of Joyces in Bond Street, whereat ladies of more taste than means (but whose cheques didn't bounce) might befall themselves in guaranteed Bond Street style.

"Truly, Mr. Gibson, I believe we could make a very

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscripts in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4885W, G.P.O., Sydney.

nice thing of it," said Miss Harris. "I'd looked forward, I admit it, to working on skunk, but if musquash means bread-and-butter I for one shan't quarrel." "There'll be skunk to show, dear," said Miss Molyneux consolingly. "Mr. Joyce promised . . ."

Already they quoted Mr. Joyce as though they'd worked for him all their lives.

Harry Gibson saw the scheme's advantages himself. What the Kensington business lacked was prestige. Any woman with money to buy a fur naturally preferred a Bond Street label on it: the new sample tabs displayed by Miss Harris took care of just this idiosyncrasy. Joyce of Bond Street and Kensington ran the silken legend—sinking Gibson and Son without trace. "And as Mr. Joyce says," added Miss Harris encouragingly, "the depression can't last for ever. Think how nice it will be, Mr. Gibson, when we're all going strong again in the old home!"

She was a good sort. So was Miss Molyneux a good sort. Miss Molyneux had thoroughly looked forward to peacocking about the Joyce salon, but she swallowed her disappointment so as not to spoil things for Mr. Gibson. "I can see where style's needed," declared Miss Molyneux nobly, "and it's here. You've been ever so thoughtful of us, Mr. Gibson, and I'm sure I'm only too glad to repay . . ."

Harry Gibson, ungratefully, wished he could simply shoot himself. In addition to all emotional distress he now suffered from a feeling that he'd somehow been diddled. He couldn't put a finger on it: old

BOND'S

"Cottontails"
designed by Munsingwear (U.S.A.)
are also in cosy Interlock?



They boil as beautifully as
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The elastic waistband lasts the life of the briefs • Nylon-reinforced legbands fit snugly, can't bind or cut • Warm and cosy to wear • Fit is smooth, sleek, wrinkle-free • Wonderful to wear with slacks and sheath dresses, for business or housework, for winter sports or balls • Cut sufficiently long in the seat so that they won't ride up or pull down from the waist • "Action Gusset" is cut wide enough for movement, can't bunch or chafe. "Cottontails" wash easily, need no ironing

Peach and white, SSW-OS.

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Girls' sizes:
3-7, 6/3;
9-13, 6/11.
SSW-W, 7/11.
White, navy,
grey, peach
and fawn.



"LUXUREE" VESTS

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| Wool | 60% |
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Wool for warmth, silk for smooth texture and terylene for extra strength! "Tru-Size" means the fit is right. No skimping but a generous cut, and a comfortable fit. Easy to wash (shrink resistant) and no ironing. In Ivory.

Sizes:
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Girls' sizes: 2-3, 5/6;
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13' 6

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BOND'S



TWO THRILLING NEW MODELS CELEBRATE

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• New Jubilee Minx and Station Wagon sparkle with beauty, style, glamour

WHERE women's flair for style and love of comfort influence the decision on the family car, Hillman must get many new adherents with the new Jubilee Minx and Station Wagon.

THE NEW JUBILEE 4-DOOR STATION WAGON

— exciting newcomer to the Hillman range. Combines saloon comfort with de-luxe station wagon versatility. Beautifully finished, ideally designed for long distance touring, camping, shopping and all pleasure and business purposes.

Sweet to handle, alive with flashing power, superbly finished — these Jubilee Hillmans combine glamour and comfort with economy to put them in a class by themselves. The Hillman Jubilee marks 50 years of outstanding success. For pace, performance and perfect handling, and year in, year out reliability, you can't beat a Hillman.



Low initial cost, low running cost and high resale value have also helped to establish Hillman's wide popularity.

The new Jubilee Minx and Station Wagon are both available with manumatic, two-pedal control. Choose from 26 fashionable colour schemes, both two-tone and single tone in high-bake enamel.

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BETTY KENDALL, former fashion editress of "Woman's Day" and "Woman" magazines, says: "The new Jubilee Hillmans are perfect for the modern woman who likes to be smart as well as practical. They give her good taste a perfect background."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958

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things. Mr. Joyce merely made a note to have it insured.)

Nor did the question of where they should live, so often a problem to young couples, present any more difficulty; there was plenty of room in the Knightsbridge flat. "Naturally you and Miranda will have your own sitting-room," explained Mrs. Gibson. "You will not have to be all the time in that old Beatrice's pocket!"

Her encouragements were superfluous; the last thing Harry Gibson wanted was to be shut up alone with Miranda. If his mother had been coming along, too, he'd have rejoiced, but the mater on this point was wiser. "It will be nice for you to have somewhere to visit," she said slyly. "Even Miranda will not mind you visiting your old mother, boy!"

Mr. Gibson surrendered all initiative willingly. Indeed, he felt it would have been beyond his powers to deal with any one of these matters himself, so poignant were the memories they stirred. The only jewel he ever gave Dolores was a garnet—but what pleasure he'd taken in choosing it! The leasing of the little house in Alcock Road—what a delicious, rash adventure! Mr. Gibson did his best to set such memories aside; but only succeeded, he hoped, in not betraying them.

"So much my Harry relies on Miranda's taste!" cried old Mrs. Gibson, faced by his stubborn refusal to look at wallpapers for the new sitting-room. "Whatever Miranda chooses he will think perfect! She will have everything her own way!"

The single occasion of his expressing an opinion was the night Miranda produced a sample of curtain-stuff. It was rose-pink brocade. "I don't like the color," said Harry Gibson. "But what could be prettier?" protested Miss Joyce. "Blue," said Harry at random.

He spent as much time as possible at the shop. There at least he had the illusion of being still his own master, and it was to a certain extent the truth: Gibsons of Kensington (though as to name sunk with-

Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 87

out trace, even the door-plate had by now been changed) so benefited by having a Gibson on the premises to act as link between old and new that old man Joyce left his prospective son-in-law pretty well alone.

As the days and weeks passed, Harry began to recover confidence in the security of his office; gradually assembled there one or two objects of special value to him. As the mementos of a ten-year-long romance, they weren't much. He had no photograph of Dolores (she had one of him; in uniform). It used to stand on the ermine-cabinet; now it stood beside her bed) and no gages d'amour, because for his birthday and at Christmas Dolores always gave him liqueur-chocolates. Since she gave them because he had a passion for them, they were naturally all eaten.

Mr. Gibson was in fact reduced to a couple of theatre programmes, a Derby Day race-card marked by Dolores' hand, and a bottle of anti-rheumatism pills Dolores had merely recommended. He also, one morning, on the pretext that it needed cleaning, brought from home a rather loud checked tweed jacket and hung it on the hook behind the door. It was obviously no nest of erotica that Mr. Gibson arranged for himself, but in the office above the showroom, beside his still inviolate safe, he passed the few tolerable hours of life.

At least once a day he took out Dolores' comb and warmed it back to life between his hands. He had to hang on hard to his Britishness, not to press it to his lips. A sad and ridiculous sight was Harry Gibson—large, stout, fifty years old—holding himself back from mauling a wafer of tortoiseshell, as a child holds back from sucking a forbidden sweet.

Dolores, his Spanish rose, had a good deal more to

cherish. She had her King Hal's pyjamas, also his dressing-gown and bedroom slippers. For several weeks she arranged them each Monday and Thursday night appropriately about the divan. But Martha, who helped make beds, directed too inquiring an eye, and presently Miss Diver laid all away together in her wardrobe drawer. (Sprinkled with pot-pourri; it being obviously impossible to sprinkle underwear with liqueur-chocolates. Again the spirit of the

change than in its mistress' heart.

On one other point besides that of the curtains Harry Gibson stood firm. He insisted on a six months' engagement. Considering how smooth was being made his path towards matrimony, the ensuing argument, sustained vicariously on the bride's side, by Mrs. Gibson and Auntie Bee, was only to be expected: Harry Gibson stood firm. Three months he wouldn't hear of.

"But so well you children know each other already!" protested Mrs. Gibson. "And



"Don't tell me there's nothing wrong, young man! I was in failing health before you were born!"

absurd like a poltergeist haunted King Hal and his Spanish rose.)

Dolores had also her Harry's photograph—splendid with two stars on each shoulder-strap. It was the sole object she had moved from the sitting-room, where nothing else was changed by a hairsbreadth, where in her daily dustings she was careful to replace each object exactly as it stood when Mr. Gibson's eye last fell on it. If Mr. Gibson had suddenly walked in again, he would have found no more

the paper-hangers need only a week!" cried Auntie Bee. "It is not as though people might think anything!" added Mrs. Gibson—at the time a little flown with wine. Harry Gibson stuck to his guns and wouldn't hear of a September wedding.

Appropriately enough, the spring of his intransigence was now economic: the reverse of his suspicion that he'd been diddled was that he now felt the gift of Miranda's hand less inexplicably above his deserts. In fact he felt Joyces were doing pretty nicely out of him.

A spouse for the unmarriageable daughter, besides the makings of a very sound little business—Harry Gibson belatedly recognised that there were no flies on old man Joyce; but as well felt himself less of a pauper, less entirely on the receiving end.

When Mrs. Gibson suggested that Miranda might take offence, Harry Gibson laughed quite coarsely—and stuck to his guns. He would have liked a year, but this he did know to be impossible; six months was the longest grace he could win for himself—accurately he calculated it out to December the sixteenth—and he succeeded in winning it.

"Suppose Mr. Joyce changes his mind?" asked old Mrs. Gibson, at last coming down to brass tacks.

"He won't," said Harry.

He knew Joyces too committed to their new enterprise to draw back. The little strips of woven silk, at first so hateful, now gave him courage.

"I consider six months a proper time," said Harry Gibson, "and I am surprised Miranda doesn't think so also."

Once again his masterfulness did the trick. This last exchange with his mother took place at breakfast; that evening before dinner, in the Knightsbridge drawing-room, Miranda fluttered gratefully into his arms.

"It was only your mother and Auntie Bee," whispered Miranda, "who wanted to hurry things so! I need six months at least to get used to my big fierce lover!"

What Mr. Gibson gained by this delay he knew only too well: simply delay. For what was there could happen in even six months to restore King Hal to his Spanish rose? There was nothing; he was simply postponing the nightmare moment when he would indeed be shut up alone with Miranda Joyce. It was still, as his mother would have said, a something . . .

All that evening Miranda behaved even more vivaciously than usual—a pretty upsurge of spirits natural to a maiden

reprieved from the Minotaur. She played and sang, and sang and played, and teased Harry for his indifference to wall-papers, then relented and showed him the new curtain-stuff, blue because it was his favorite color.

"To match his eyes!" cried Miranda—swiftly the little tease again. "I truly believe that the reason! Oh, how vain my Harry is!"

Nothing could have been less like sulks; with some complacency, Mr. Gibson sought his mother's eye—and was astonished to surprise her in the act of directing a soothing glance upon Auntie Bee.

They were always exchanging glances of some kind, however, far too complex for any male to interpret, so he paid no attention. He asked Miranda to play another piece on the piano, and she played one. He didn't ask for an encore, and she stopped playing. It was altogether one of the least disagreeable evenings he'd ever spent at Knightsbridge; and, as a further proof of independence, the evening after that he didn't dine there at all.

Miranda took the opportunity to have a little talk with her father.

"Dadda," said Miranda Joyce.

As a rule she followed Auntie Bee to the drawing-room, and Mr. Joyce would have preferred her to do so now; for once unencumbered by guests he'd meant to have a good go at the port. But his look of surprise was ineffectual as Auntie Bee's beckonings; Miranda stayed.

"Dadda, there's something I want to talk to you about."

Mr. Joyce pulled out an evening paper. —Again, she didn't take the hint.

"Because I do sometimes feel, Dadda, that before we're married I ought to know more about Harry's past."

"Has he got a past?" inquired Mr. Joyce unco-operatively.

"He admitted it to me, Dadda, the night he proposed."

"Then that should be

To page 90

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"enough," said Mr. Joyce. "He hasn't got a present, has he?"

"No, I'm sure not," said Miranda positively. "From his mother I know how he spends every minute."

"Poor devil," said Mr. Joyce. After knowing Harry Gibson off and on for years, on closer acquaintance he'd taken quite a liking to him. (He'd enjoyed, at the family engagement-party, hearing Harry tell unsuitable stories to old Beatrice, and looked forward to hearing him tell her a few more.)

Miranda's probings into Harry's past, and even more the rapidly organised supervision-system now revealed, had the effect of putting him on Harry's side. "You leave well alone," Mr. Joyce assured his daughter. "I consider six months a very proper time myself. You leave well alone—and let sleeping dogs lie."

Miranda hesitated a moment, then jumped up and kissed him affectionately.

"Wise old Dadda, who always knows best!"

Continuing . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 89

"And don't go hiring detectives," added old man Joyce.

It will thus be seen that Miranda, too, had her anxieties. She didn't exactly think her big, fierce lover would get away—she trusted Dadda too well for that; but what she did fear was the additional three months' strain on Mr. Gibson's moral character. Such a passionate man as he was—a man who'd had a mistress! When he told her that was all washed up, Miranda believed him; but would it stay washed up, for half a year? Wasn't some interim back-sliding at least possible? Without, she assured herself, the least jealousy or curiosity, Miranda couldn't help feeling she ought to know more of the facts—just in case Harry ever needed her help.

She didn't hire detectives. It was a curse she had indeed envisaged—actually half-way through Chopin's "Nocturne in

G Major"; at the very moment when Harry surprised a glance between the master and Aunt Beatrice—but only with her father acting as principal, to bear if need be the brunt of Harry's wrath; and wise old Dadda had made his position lamentably clear. What other course lay open?

Pumping old Mrs. Gibson was no use, the latter, with excellent sense, having contrived to know exactly as little about her son's private life as Harry hoped she did—"Two nights from home every week? In Leeds," said Mrs. Gibson firmly. "How glad he is, too, now no more tiresome railway-travel!" Miranda was left anxious; her happiness in the possession of a big, fierce lover was by no means unflawed.

Upon Dolores this postponement—for such she instinctively felt it to be—of the Gibson-Joyce nuptials worked almost as disquietingly. Dolores, daily searching the social columns of her newspaper, and finding at last the announcement she dreaded, read of a mid-December wedding with something like terror.

For next month or in six months, what difference?—while to know her beloved for six months more still not irretrievably another's prolonged the worst of her anguish, which was to hope. There was nothing that could happen, in six months, to restore him to her; yet until those six months were run out, how could she find the graveyard-peace of hopelessness?

The one person completely happy at this time was old Mrs. Gibson. Old Mrs. Gibson was rejuvenated. Wearing her best dress so continually that she would soon need another—continually popping round to Knightsbridge, even though she dined there most evenings, for coffee and cakes with Auntie Bee—old Mrs. Gibson bloomed. Her berry-brown eyes gleamed bright; her small spare frame eagerly braced itself to meet every demand.

It was she who tirelessly accompanied Miranda on shopping expeditions, when fat old Beatrice flagged. Miranda's trousseau, promised Mrs. Gibson, would be something in the old style—three dozen of each, also monogrammed! "In the depression, does it look so good?" objected Harry censoriously. "All is British, even to the brassieres!" swore his mate. "It is praised already, at all the stores, how we buy only British!"

From the smaller shops, especially where she knew the management, she often came away with a little something for herself. A pair of gloves, a pair of stockings, once a nice embroidered blouse—there was no refusing them, when the shop-people were so kind! Even a box of handkerchiefs she didn't turn up her nose at, but added complacently to the growing pile of loot. "One would think I was starting a trousseau for myself!" cried old Mrs. Gibson happily. "One would think it was I going to be a bride!"

The child Martha also was happy, but she wasn't being much comfort to Dolores.

It was a failure of sympathy. June passed into July, July wore on to August, and never once did Martha forget Miss Diver's early cup of tea. She could easily fit in any piece of routine. But whereas to Dolores the little house, though still a refuge, without Mr. Gibson's daily visits was also a desert, if anyone had asked Martha what difference his absence made, she would have replied, in the food.

More precisely—and food was one of the only two sub-

jects Martha ever was precise about—kippers instead of chops. On bread and margarine and kippers, and other such low-priced comestibles, she and Dolores now largely subsisted. Martha didn't particularly mind. She liked kippers. She would simply have been giving a straight answer to a straight question—and arguing post hoc ergo propter hoc. Mr. Gibson's role had never been clear to her economically, otherwise she would have missed him more.

"I don't believe you miss him at all!" cried Dolores bitterly. "Miss who?" asked Martha. Another failure of sympathy. To Dolores the masculine pro-

"In Kensington High Street, over a tailor's," explained Miss Diver. "At the corner of Kensington High Street and Almaviva Place." (She had never been there; but could have mapped like a surveyor Mr. Gibson's daily route between home and shop.) "Kensington Gardens is where you like to go and play, isn't it, dear? Well, the High Street is just the other side . . ."

Martha said yes, and you could also take a bus.

This was her greatest failure of all. For Miss Diver and Mr. Gibson, though they had bound themselves not to communicate, hadn't bound the child Martha, and Miss Diver couldn't help dreaming dreams. Martha had only to run across the gardens, (or, if she preferred it, go by bus), and then again, in the sitting-room, without exchanging a caress, or even a word, would have comforted her. Miss Joyce might still have been right to take alarm, as she undoubtedly would have done, had she heard Mr. Gibson's address so perpetually drummed in Martha's ears. It was an oddity of the situation that Miranda now recognised Mr. Gibson's passionate nature better than Dolores did; and wouldn't have trusted him in Alcock Road a moment.

Again the point remained academic, because as far as Martha was concerned Mr. Gibson's shop might have been in the moon. She had no idea why Dolores, (recapitulating familiar topography), bent such pressing looks on her.

And after not very long Dolores herself lost heart. Something peculiarly stolid and self-contained about Martha—as she squared her elbows on the kitchen-table to draw a saucepan, or a casserole, or a mustard-spoon soaking in an egg-cup—caused Miss Diver to lose heart.

To be continued

Fathers and sons
are much more con-
siderate of one
another than mothers
and daughters.
—Nietzsche

noun had only one reference; to Martha it might mean anyone from Mr. Punshon to the milkman.

She was also, at the moment of Miss Diver's outburst, occupied in trying to draw a saucepan hanging on the kitchen wall. It was unexpectedly difficult. Martha had never tried to draw anything before her encounter with Indian ink; now every old envelope bore her blots. She didn't draw landscapes. The hard outline Indian ink so satisfactorily produced had alerted her eye instead to small, hard-outlined objects—like saucepans. The trouble with Indian ink was that it was too final. Martha had, in fact, started off in the wrong medium. This naturally had to dawn on her at some point, and it happened to dawn on her then. "Can I have the laundry-book pencil?" asked Martha. "Miss who?"

If Dolores didn't tell her, how could she guess?—But Miss Diver didn't even answer about the pencil, but instead, with extraordinary irrelevance, cried that Martha hadn't even been able to thread beads.

"I didn't want to. It was silly," explained Martha, surprised but patient.

"And why shouldn't you sometimes do something you don't want to? If you'd looked sweet, if you . . . if you'd twined yourself about his heart," reproached Dolores passionately, "who knows?"

Martha suddenly perceived that the whole shape of the saucepan, foreshortened pan-part and straight handle, fitted into another, invisible shape: a long oval. It was a very happy moment.

"You're not even listening!" cried Miss Diver.

"Yes, I am.—Who knows what?" asked Martha. "Can I—"

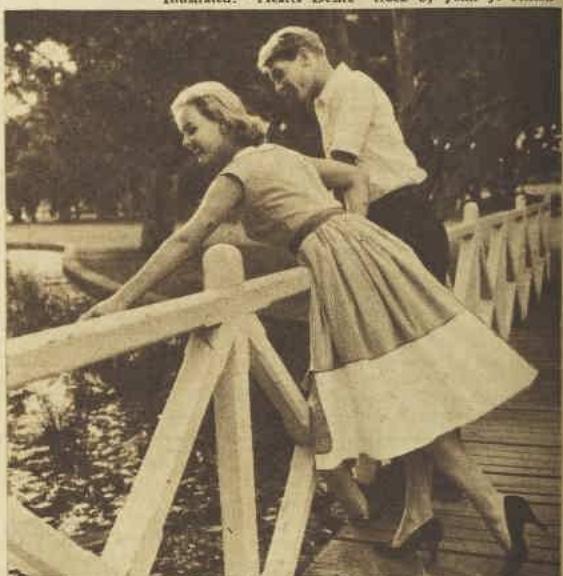
Miss Diver flung down pencil and laundry-book together and retreated to the sitting-room in tears.

More and more of their conversations ended thus unfortunately; Martha sensibly went on drawing. In pencil it was easier; she started all over again and drew the invisible oval first. She put Miss Diver's incomprehensible remarks out of her head at once.

Indeed, a great many of Dolores' remarks, or ejaculations, were at this time incomprehensible to her: "King Hal!" for instance, Dolores would cry—before the bronze lady: an obvious piece of nonsensicality. Or—"Big Harry!" ejaculated Miss Diver, caressing a stuffed emuine. Martha took as little notice as possible.

She was thus unsurprised, (and took equally little notice), when Miss Diver repeatedly described the situation of Mr. Gibson's establishment.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1958



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JELLIES

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Mar. 24



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a magnetic personality.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 — MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, navy-blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a private venture.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 — JUNE 20

* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in club work or sports.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 21 — JULY 20

* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in knowing the right people.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 21 — AUGUST 20

* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck on the highway.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 21 — SEPTEMBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in an opportunity.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 21 — OCTOBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck through the opposite sex.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 21 — NOVEMBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a job well done.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 21 — DECEMBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in romance and popularity.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 20

* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck on your doorstep.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 21 — FEBRUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 1. Luck color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, cream. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in a communication.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 19

* Lucky number this week, 7. Luck color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in finances.

* This week your job is what you choose to make it. Follow your hunches, stick to your own ideas. If others will not co-operate, that is their loss.

* While there may be a little modest prosperity to make your purse heavier, you will be fairly canny when it comes to parting with that hard-earned cash.

* Pleasant relationships with workmates could bring an attractive opportunity to your notice. With an introduction to an important personage, the rest is up to you.

* This is no time for hiding your talents. Whether as a paid employee or a voluntary worker show your ability in your special field. There is a lot at stake.

* Distant pastures always look greener and in some cases, they really are preferable. Those of you who yearn to travel may find it possible to mix work and play.

* The pay envelope is the thing you need money? If your current tasks are routine, monotonous, comfort yourself with the thought you are salting away the wherewithal.

* There may be an unusual amount of sociability connected with your job. You may enjoy it, yet grow restless. Learning to get on with people is a great asset.

* Those who are applying for a first job or a new job, are under kindly stars. The housekeeper who tackles that postponed task will find it easier than expected.

* You are on the spot when there is a job to be done. You fall right into what you hoped for easily. Indications at present are almost too good to be true.

* A number of you may resign from your jobs. Some prefer to stay at home or take a short holiday before beginning another chapter. Watch future possibilities.

* If your qualifications for your work are not all that you could wish, part-time study is the solution. Others may transfer to a new district or branch.

* Whether you are doing business on behalf of your firm or acting as purchasing agent for your own home, your capacity for handling money will earn praise.

* You are on the warpath this week. Husbands who fail to hang up their clothing, children who leave their toys about, are in for a bad time. Try to be calm.

* Do they all go off to their various vacations while you stay home? You can do something about that. Allot yourself time each day for hobbies, interests, activities.

* Just among friends it is lovely to talk together over cups of tea. Consider taking along that cardigan you've just started, or sewing to be finished.

* Walk in and look at your home through the eyes of a visitor. A number of small changes, the shifting of ornaments or furniture can improve the scene.

* Should it happen that you are moving into another home, you may say goodbye with regret to familiar scenes, but the future has unknown exciting possibilities.

* Some of you decide to share your home with a friend in order to share the work and reduce expenses. Be businesslike about the details. Others find a new personality.

* Your home may be filled with people for a special occasion such as a birthday. This means work for the homemaker, but gives happiness to relatives and friends.

* You might scrap social life or your usual pursuits in order to concentrate on the job which is nearest your heart. Whatever it is, it will have priority.

* If there is an Easter bride among your family or friends there will be kitchen showers, home parties, preparations for the big event. Otherwise, plan for the holidays.

* You will be happy in your home this week, especially if the outside world has been too demanding or hard to please. Within your own walls you are boss.

* Those who have children of school age will be trying to settle them into a schedule of work and play; in the modern home a quiet corner is hard to find.

* Handling of household finances is often the hardest task for the homemaker. That budget rarely covers everything; surprise items can play havoc with it.

* If you've fallen for a boy, although you must let him take the initiative in asking for a date, you can show that you like him in a friendly way.

* A minor adventure could throw you into the arms of a total stranger, a most attractive lad. He may doubt whether you wish the acquaintance to go on. It's up to you.

* Perhaps he has been up to now just a member of your crowd; you have liked him mildly but scarcely given him a thought. You discover he has a worthwhile character.

* You are likely to meet a candidate for your regard on an important occasion in a crowd where conversation is difficult. Find out who he is. Try to make an impression.

* Journeys end in lovers' meetings. If he has been away, greet him with enthusiasm. If you've been away, bring a small but not sentimental souvenir as a gift.

* A cloud on your horizon? You and your beloved may disagree or quarrel and forget it, but if the matter is important, consider your future relationship.

* For the teenager, romantic and idealistic first love. For the slightly older, a quiet understanding which means you are prepared to wait. For the twenties, an engagement.

* Working together on any project is good for you and your beloved, whether this means helping others in a community or youth programme or furthering an ambition.

* You experience a burst of popularity and you may be in that enviable position of having two beauties to choose from. Do not prolong this situation, because it is unfair.

* You may be asked to help entertain a family friend. Don't be annoyed if he isn't up on the latest jokes of your crowd. He's a nice person, and you'll like him.

* If there is a dearth of boyfriends or you do not care for those available, join a group that has fun, and you will find many interesting contacts.

* The first flush of romance must be maintained by systematic effort. If your best-beloved is keen on a particular sport or hobby, join in. Take a real interest.

* You can measure your popularity and will be surprised at the number of folk who like you and show it. For some of you an invitation opens up a new world.

* The old crowd may be good enough for you. You know them; they are easy to get on with. Think twice before ditching them for an unknown quantity.

* If you are on a committee, you are in danger of providing so many suggestions you leave them bewildered. Offer one or two and remember to delegate authority.

* You may be called upon to act as hostess, make a speech, organise a social event, or otherwise take a leading part in what is going on. The stars are on your side.

* A number of you will be associating with people from whom you can learn much. If the atmosphere is slightly highbrow, don't grow resentive; try patient listening.

* Fund-raising for charitable purposes will occupy some of you. Others may begin to acquire a new skill. Results of what you are doing may not be evident at once.

* Very little time to yourself, many little conflicts to be smoothed down. You will be managing people, discovering their talents, and helping them to find the right niche.

* This could be a quieter week than for some time, socially speaking. You may even prefer time out for your private affairs, or to prepare for other activities.

* There is a burst of social glory that carries you with it; the unexpected will push you into doing things you would not normally attempt, but results are good.

* Life is so serious you just haven't time to play! That is foolish, for you need recreation to offset those hours of work. Get a new hold on life. Take up a new hobby.

* With thoughts turning towards outdoor activities, expeditions to new places, you may arrive at an important decision influencing your spare time.

* You would rather buy your fun than make it yourself, nor is a spectator you are likely to enjoy most forms of amusement, but active participation may not appeal.

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are visiting Professor Pell's laboratory with the Chief of Police. They suspect that the professor's experiments are connected with the strange appearances of the whirling green vacuums into which a number of people have vanished.



Pell turns on his machine, and a green "thing" appears. Bullets have no effect on it, and it rejects a chair that is thrown to it. Mandrake decides that the only way to solve the mystery is to see where the green spiral leads. He leaps into the vacuum with a protesting Lothar trying to hold him back. NOW READ ON:



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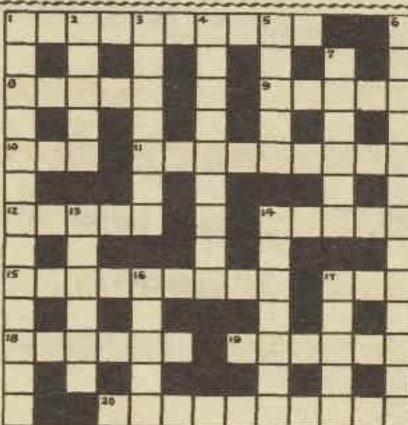
TEENA® BY billy temo



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- In spite of their name they rather serve baronets than finish them off (10).
- Mist with spirit centre (5).
- Easily imposed on color (5).
- Water frozen in static electricity (3).
- Monstrosity you can try in a mob (9).
- Avarice ending in a marsh plant (5).
- Covered approach to a doorway used by the Stoicks (5).
- Improvement starting with the end of a prayer (9).
- Study in inconsistency (3).
- Pubs where the temperature is high (6).
- Wish of the French progenitor (6).
- Flowers produced with handy gears (10).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Man whose books are about books (13).
- Wake or use (5).
- Mere lad (Anagr. 7).
- Written acknowledgment of debt be in a set of teeth (9).
- Fit out or have a feeling of chill (5).
- They are useful for people who only have large bank-
- notes but their tables once were overthrown (5-8).
- Elder but not necessarily a tree (6).
- Happenings with a smooth start (6).
- Top rent (Anagr. 7).
- Fifty fifty in a day to waste away (5).
- Onion-like herb mostly for housing bees (5).

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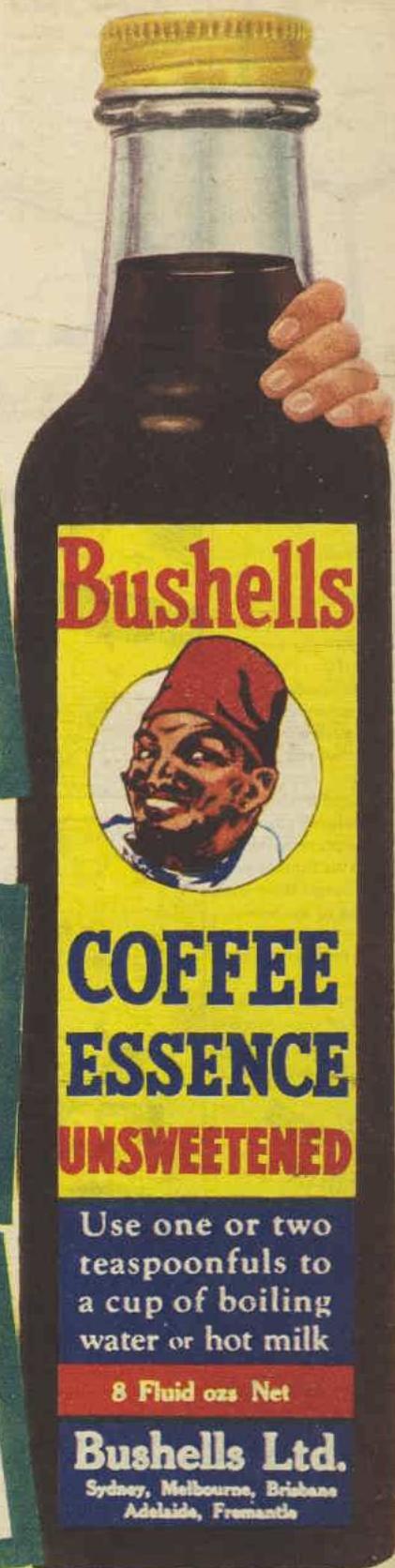
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